THE LITERARY DIGEST

PUBLIC OPINION (New York) combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST

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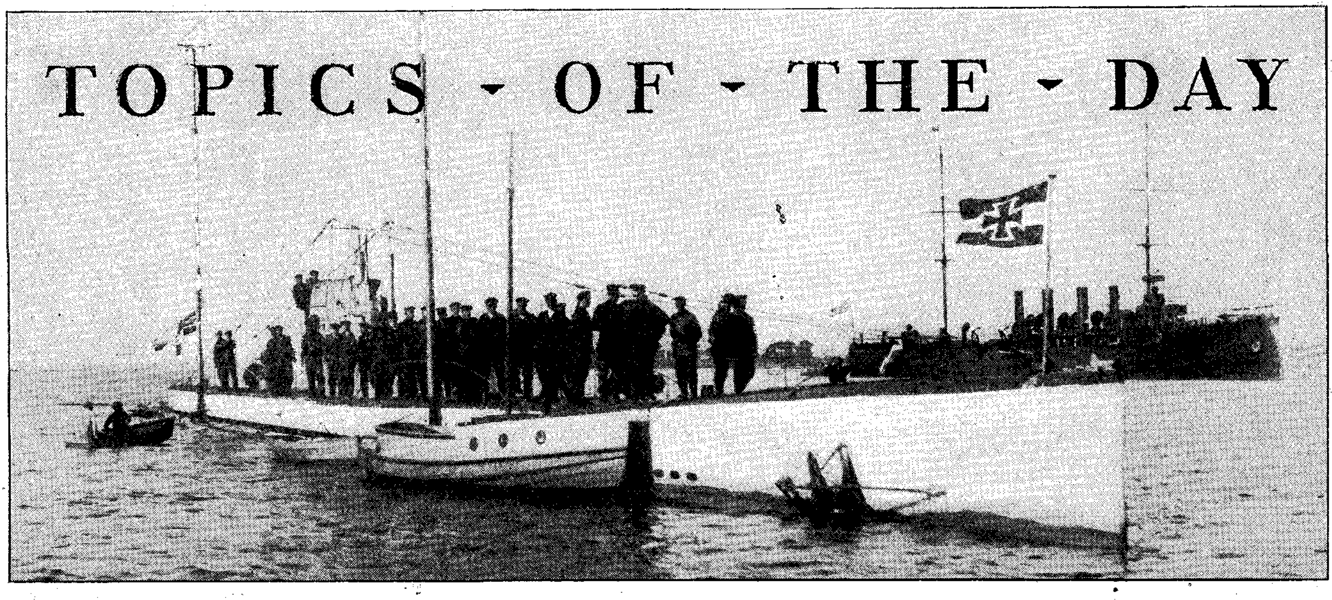
TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY



THE *U-53* AND HER CREW IN NEWPORT HARBOR.

Not many hours afterward she had made marine-insurance rates jump 500 per cent. and had struck $500,000,000 from Wall-Street prices.

BRINGING THE WAR TO OUR DOORS

A STARTLED CONSCIOUSNESS that the war, to use Colonel Roosevelt's vivid phrase, "now stares at us from just beyond the three-mile limit," was the first reaction of the American mind to the commerce-destroying exploits of the German submarine *U-53* off the New England coast on October 8. "The principal significance of the feat is as a warning as to what we might expect if we should have war with Germany or any other great European Power," remarks Hudson Maxim, of the Naval Consulting Board; and Henry Reuterdahl, who has for years made a special study of our naval problems, rejoices that the shock of this incident will awaken from their dreams "the contentment-at-any-price people" who "have been telling us that everybody who is formidable is thousands of miles away, and that the oceans between us are impregnable fortresses." "The one great, big fact established by this affair, and that will remain with us for ever and ever, is that distance has been annihilated by new inventions," notes George W. Perkins, who is convinced that "certainly there is no one left now who can say that we enjoy splendid isolation because of the oceans that separate us from other countries."

It is true that all witnesses agree that the initial operations of this new submarine campaign off the American coast were conducted with a scrupulous regard for the promises made by the German Government in its note of May 5, when it assured the United States Government that merchant vessels "shall not be sunk without warning and without saving human lives, unless the ship attempts to escape or offers resistance," but editorial comments and Washington dispatches alike reflect anxiety over the ominous possibilities involved in thus bringing the war to our very doors. American war-ships looked on while the *U-53* sank the British liner *Stephano*, which carried American passengers, and in rushing to the rescue of the *Stephano's* boats the United States destroyer *Balch* passed directly between the submarine and the deserted liner which it was then trying to sink by shell-fire. Thus a Washington correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, a paper whose attitude is the reverse of jingoistic, reports that "in quarters close to the Administration—quarters usually absolutely well informed—the extension of the German submarine campaign to the Atlantic seaboard of the United States is regarded as constituting the gravest menace to the maintenance of good relations between the two countries which has appeared since the sinking of the *Lusitania*." As viewed in Administration circles, he says, "it is largely a question of luck whether they can keep on sinking ships without violating some one of the conditions the President made as necessary for Germany to live up to if she would preserve our friendship." Questions of a delicate nature are already raised, according to the Washington correspondent of the New York *Times*, "by the sinking of merchant vessels a few miles from our shores by a belligerent undersea craft within a short time after she had left an American port." Yet another correspondent at the

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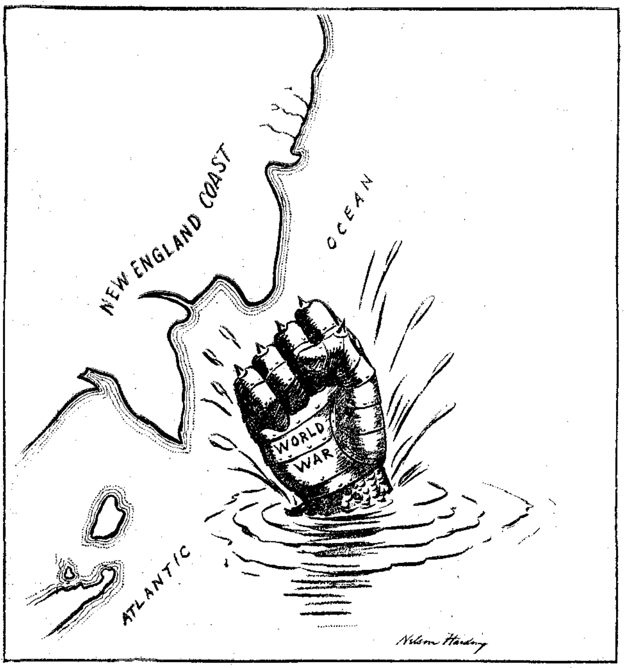
capital notes that "any violation of Germany's pledge so near home would aggravate public opinion to such an extent that the President and his advisers would hardly hope to control it"; and he adds: "A mistake, a misunderstanding of orders, and a thousand and one other possibilities which can not be foreseen, might at any moment compel this Government to take action."

An extension, or even continuation, of the program pursued by Capt. Hans Rose and his *U-53* on October 8, many of our editorial observers insist, would amount to a blockade of American ports. As one remarks, "visions of a possible paralysis of foreign trade are called up by the reflection that if Germany can send one submarine to prey on American commerce virtually under the guns of our fortifications, she can send twenty or fifty." The main object of such a blockade, it is generally admitted, is to break up the shipment of war-munitions between the United States and British and French ports. This move on Germany's part, suggests an expert of our Navy Department quoted by a Washington correspondent of the New York *World*, may prove the prelude to a great naval battle in the North Sea. According to this view—



RIGHT UNDER HIS NOSE.
—Harding in the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*.

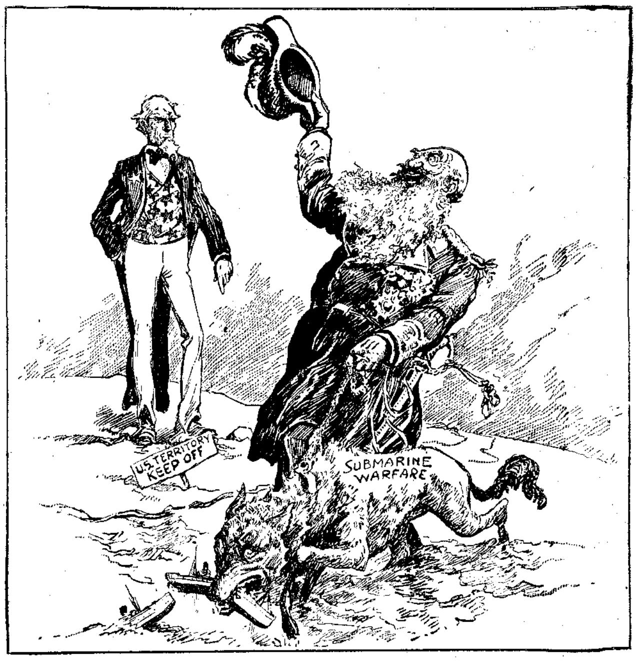
> "Such German strategy will compel Great Britain to send a much larger number of naval vessels to this side of the ocean, thus weakening the forces in the war-zone and giving submarines and other German naval vessels there a better chance to operate with success.
>
> "Should a sufficiently large number of light British ships be sent across the Atlantic, another engagement between British and German forces in the North Sea might be looked for."

Still another anonymous authority points out that submarine activity on this side of the Atlantic might interrupt the Allies' munition-supply and "might slow down materially the great drive in progress on the Somme." Moreover—

> "In addition to munition-ships, transports bearing thousands of Canadian troops are constantly leaving this shore. It would be of greater advantage to destroy one of these ships than it would to attack a freighter loaded with explosives, and a submarine would have a greater opportunity of meeting them in western waters."

Turning to the questions of international law involved, we find in the New York *Times* this clear statement by Prof. Ellery C. Stowell, Associate Professor of International Law at Columbia University:

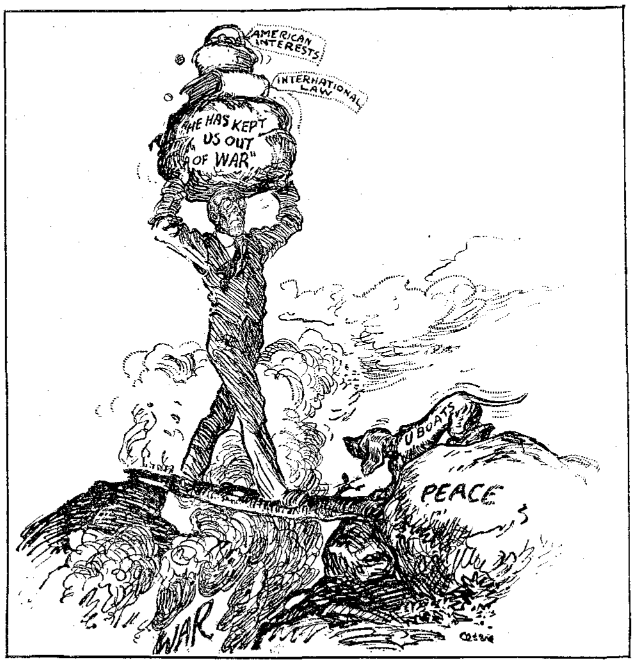
> "The Germans must not sink passenger-ships without warning, of course, as that is a distinct violation of one of the most firmly established rules of international law, and in other ways they must observe the rules that apply to warfare on the open sea. But, of course, that still leaves the submarines power to do a vast deal of damage, and to be a terrific menace to commerce.
>
> "The Allies, moreover, are handicapped in this oversea fight. They haven't the opportunities for self-defense that they have in their home waters. It would be contrary to international law and would make the property and lives of neutrals thoroughly unsafe on the open sea for the Allies to spread submarine nets in the waters off the American coast, as they can do in the waters in close proximity to their own territory. These submarine nets are said to carry submerged bombs, and, of course, such contrivances can not be turned loose in the open ocean, which is the common property of all countries and has long been recognized as such. Our own submarines, too, would be endangered in their maneuvers by such sunken nets, and if they were near enough to the surface to be effective, practically all commercial vessels would be endangered. It looks as tho the Germans must be allowed an open field for operations off the American coast. . . . . . .
>
> "The tendency shown by our Government authorities in their handling of the *Appam* case left the Germans no alternative but to destroy these prizes being captured by the submarines, we must admit. These new attacks show again the necessity of merchant-ships carrying effective armament if they are to protect their property.
>
> "If it is true that there were passengers on some of the ships sunk, and that they were permitted to leave the vessels in life-boats before the ships were sunk, a point of doubtful legality, from the view-point of international law, has been touched on. It is exceedingly doubtful if a ship of war can be justified in thus turning passengers loose on the open sea in frail little craft of this sort.
>
> "A new point may be raised by the operations of the submarines. At present America recognizes the right of ships of warring countries—and the submarines must for this purpose be classed with other war-ships—entering American ports for a period of twenty-four hours, but this is permitted only once in three months for each ship. According to the reports, the *U*-boat did not take on fuel in the American port. In the absence of knowledge that it acquired information there as to the movements of the ships that it has since attacked, it must be presumed that it did not gain such information while in port. That is, it seems that the submarine did not use the port even to the extent it would have been legally entitled to use it, and so a question might be raised as to whether it could return to another American port within the three-month limit in the event that another visit were necessary.



U. S.—"Don't bring the beast too close, Admiral."
—Carter in the New York *Evening Sun*.

> "The situation is likely to raise a number of new points and establish many new precedents. In the event that there are a

> number of these large German submarines near America, they might try to get fuel and provisions from small friendly craft putting out from American ports. This would constructively make a base for them of American territory, despite the fact that the provisions would not be actually transferred to them on American territory. It may be contended that provisions can be sent from our ports to Great Britain or other Allied countries, but in that case the provisions are sent to land before they are placed in use. From the legal view-point it would be the same to supply the ships on American soil as to ship supplies from American soil to the open sea for the submarines to receive them there. If this is attempted, the United States should have to take reasonable action to keep the efforts from being successful. . . . . . .
>
> "The greatest danger to American passengers traveling abroad or returning is not that the ships will be sunk without warning, but that the captains of the ships might try to resist or flee. In that event there would be no redress if the ships were sunk and the passengers killed."



THE PATH PERILOUS.

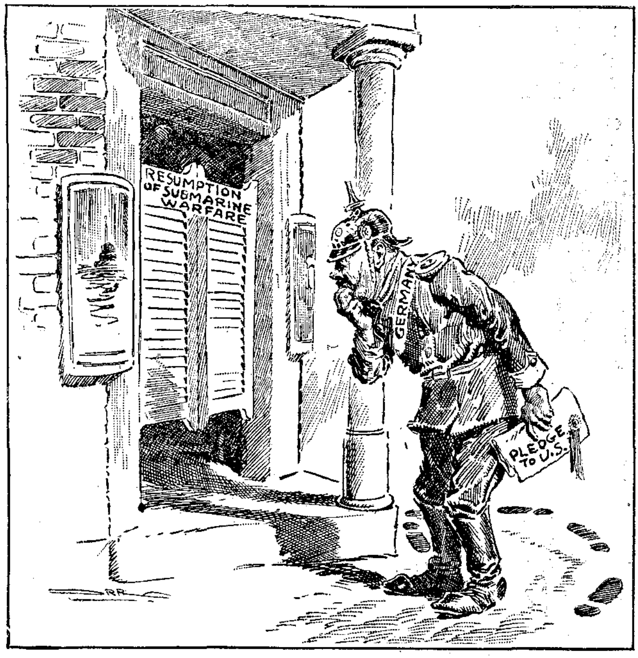
—Cesare in the New York *Evening Post.*

The operations of a German war-submarine in the steamship lanes outside of American harbors remind the New York *Sun* that our Government recently protested against the hovering of British cruisers near our ports, declaring it "vexatious and uncourteous to the United States." Moved by the same thought, the London *Pall Mall Gazette* suggests that Washington will either have to protest against the activities of the German submarine or withdraw its protest against the surveillance exercised by British war-ships. The exploits of the *U-53* have also recalled the recent memorandum sent by the Entente Allies to neutral Governments contending that the "use of neutral waters, roadsteads, and ports" should be denied to "belligerent submarine vessels, whatever the purpose to which they are put." In this memorandum the Allied Governments presented their argument in the following words:

> "In the case of submarine vessels, the application of the principles of the law of nations is affected by special and novel conditions: First, by the fact that these vessels can navigate and remain at sea submerged, and can thus escape all control and observation; secondly, by the fact that it is impossible to identify them and establish their national character, whether neutral or belligerent, combatant or non-combatant, and to remove the capacity for harm inherent in the nature of such vessels.
>
> "It may further be said that any place which provides a submarine war-ship far from its base with an opportunity for rest and replenishment of its supplies thereby furnishes such addition to its powers that the place becomes in fact, through the advantages which it gives, a base of naval operations.
>
> "In view of the state of affairs thus existing, the Allied Governments are of the opinion that submarine vessels should be excluded from the benefit of the rules hitherto recognized by the law of nations regarding the admission of vessels of war or merchant-vessels into neutral waters, roadsteads, or ports, and their sojourn in them. Any belligerent submarine entering a neutral port should be detained there.
>
> "The Allied Governments take this opportunity to point out to the neutral Powers the grave danger incurred by neutral submarines in the navigation of regions frequented by belligerent submarines."

Our Government's reply, rejecting this view, reads in part as follows:

> "In the opinion of the Government of the United States, the Allied Powers have not set forth any circumstance, nor is the Government of the United States at present aware of any circumstances, concerning the use of war- or merchant-submarines which would render the existing rules of international law inapplicable to them. In view of this fact, and of the notice and warning of the Allied Powers announced in their memoranda under acknowledgment, it is incumbent upon the Government of the United States to notify the Governments of France, Great Britain, Russia, and Japan that, so far as the treatment of either war- or merchant-submarines in American waters is concerned, the Government of the United States reserves its liberty of action in all respects and will treat such vessels as, in its opinion, becomes the action of a Power which may be said to have taken the first steps toward establishing the principles of neutrality, and which for over a century has maintained those principles in the traditional spirit and with the high sense of impartiality in which they were conceived.
>
> "In order, however, that there should be no misunderstanding as to the attitude of the United States, the Government of the United States announces to the Allied Powers that it holds it to be the duty of belligerent Powers to distinguish between submarines of neutral and belligerent nationality, and that responsibility for any conflict that may arise between belligerent war-ships and neutral submarines on account of the neglect of a belligerent to so distinguish between these classes of submarines must rest entirely upon the negligent Power."



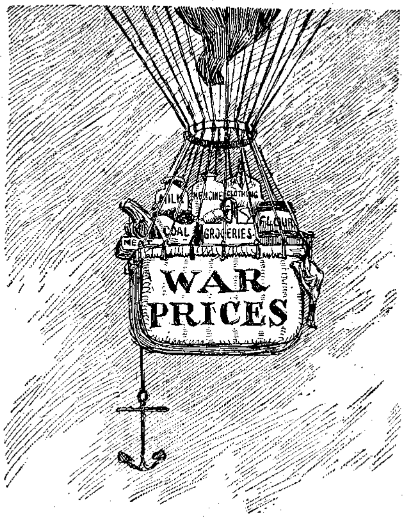
BACKSLIDING ?

—Orr in the Nashville *Tennessean.*

It is interesting to note that Holland, at the very beginning of the war, anticipated and guarded herself against just such an embarrassment as now confronts the United States, by a proclamation forbidding belligerent war-ships to enter Dutch ports or waters except under stress of weather, or because of damage. As a result of this rule—which does not extend, however, to Holland's colonies—one German and one British submarine are now interned in Dutch ports.

WAR-PRICES FOR FOOD

When the housewife lays down six cents for a five-cent loaf of wheat bread she has "tangible evidence that there is a war in Europe," the Chicago *Tribune* observes, and she is actually paying a 20 per cent. war-tax on the prime food of the family. Other editors agree in finding the war wholly or largely responsible for the recent rise in food-prices, and they regretfully add their conviction that living costs will continue to mount while the war lasts. Bread is by no means the only food to pay a "war-tax." As *The Tribune* notes:



"The sirloin steak has advanced nearly 10 per cent. since June, 1914, a month before the war opened. So has ham. So has bacon. Wheat flour and sugar have advanced much more. But it is worth noting that in the cases of the first three commodities there had also been an advance of 10 per cent. before the war broke out, in the period when the Underwood tariff went into operation. From 1912 until 1916, in the fifteen food commodities which the Government bureau quotes, there was an average increase of 14 per cent. For what a dollar then would purchase $1.14 is now required."

Figures from *Bradstreet's* showing how the prices of certain staples have soared in four years have been presented in the press as follows:

	1912	*1916*
Flour (winter straight), per barrel	$4.65	$8.40
Beans (New York), per 100 pounds	4.95	9.45
Potatoes, per 180 pounds	1.50	2.75
Sugar, granulated, per pound	4.90 cents	6.47 cents
Lard, per pound	10.50 cents	15.30 cents
Pork (mess), per barrel	$17.77	$30.00
Wheat, per bushel	1.06	1.69

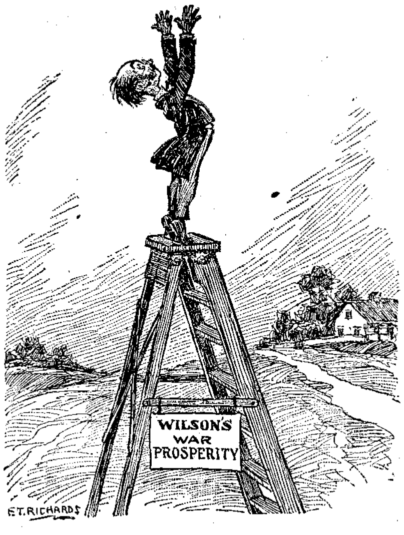
The rise in the cost of living has been brought home to non-housekeepers by the advance of five cents on the most popular dishes served by several of the large chains of low-price restaurants in New York, Chicago, and other cities. In justification of these advances, restaurant-owners point to increases in the cost of food-supplies, of which these samples are cited by the New York *American*: veal jumped from 19 cents a pound last year to 21 cents this; bacon from 12 to 14 cents; sugar from 5 to 8 cents; fowls from 14 to 21 cents; butter from 28 to 36 cents; eggs from 36 to 44 cents.

The New York *World* offers its readers some consolation by telling them that they are really the most favored of consumers. For the Government statisticians point out that—

"If the cost of living for the American people is higher than it was two years ago, it is much higher for practically every other people under the sun, whether participating in the great war or not. British food prices are up 55 per cent. when our own were up only 12.6 per cent. German prices for meat and provisions are up 100 per cent. and more; Austrian prices for the same articles are up 500 per cent. The prices of twenty-seven household necessaries in Norway are 63 per cent. higher, and all the other neutral countries of Europe record similar advances.

"We cry out loudly over the high cost of living. But, as Secretary Wilson says, the American consumer is the most favored in the world to-day, and he is favored not only by a smaller advance in living prices than besets other countries, but as a rule his wages have more than kept pace with prices and with a promptness never before known.

"This higher cost of living the world around is a direct consequence of the great European conflict, and it will continue and tend higher as long as that conflict lasts. So great a diversion of labor and property from production to destruction as is there involved could not possibly have any other result."



AS SHERMAN SAID.

—Richards in Philadelphia *North American*.

As for what will happen when the war ends, *The World* quotes the conclusion of a body of British scientific authorities that "immediately after the war there will be a fall in general prices, but that fall will not restore the prewar level."

If our prosperity, of which we hear so much, "is almost wholly due to the impulse of our vast exports of war-munitions and food for the use of belligerent nations," then, remarks the Paterson *Press-Guardian*, "it would seem to be a dearly purchased prosperity when the price is the highest cost of living to our own people that they have ever experienced." "In spite of overtime work, bonuses, and raises in rate of pay obtained by various labor-unions," says the Republican New York *Tribune*, "the war-prosperity seems not to have reached many classes of workers, while the rise in prices of foodstuffs has hit all."

Prices and dividends, we read in the Socialist Milwaukee *Leader*, "are sailing skyward at a rate never equaled." Mr. Berger's paper cites the huge earnings of American Beet Sugar, General Motors, Lackawanna Steel, Anaconda Copper, American Smelting and Refining, and United States Steel common. It is labor, we are told,

"that must pay all of these profits and that is paying and producing them to-day. These profits are taken from the tables of the people of this country in higher prices. They are gathered from every market-basket in America.

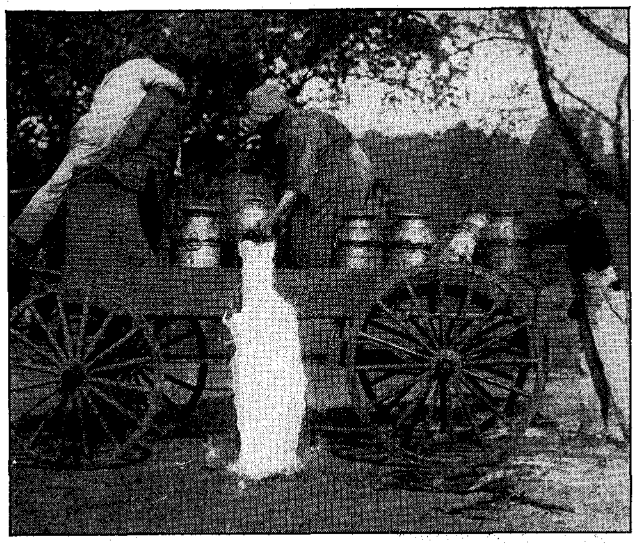
"Goods cost less to produce to-day than in any day the world has ever known. The laborers who produce them are getting just what they have always received, a bare living. . . . . . .

"Has Wilson anything to say about this robbery of labor through high prices for the benefit of dividends? Did Hughes say one word on this subject while speech-making across the nation? Can you find any mention of this subject, which you must discuss every day of your life, in either the Republican or Democratic platforms? . . . . . .

"The only way to fight high prices is to vote for the party that exists only to abolish dividends. That party is the Socialist party."

This method, of course, is not advocated by non-Socialistic papers. There is some demand for an embargo on food-supplies, which will be mentioned again in connection with the wheat and bread situation. There are also demands for an immediate investigation of the country's food-problems by the Federal Trade Commission. But getting relief by such methods, in the Worcester *Gazette's* opinion, means a long wait and usually small relief. The only way consumers can help themselves, says this editor, is "to begin to economize. To buy as little as possible and to make it go as far as possible will be certain to check the advance of prices and it will tend to lower the prices of some commodities." The New York *Journal of Commerce* comes to a similar conclusion in the following editorial discussion of the rising food prices:

"The great bulk of food-supplies does not go to the rich, but is very widely distributed. In the distribution and consumption there is a great deal of unnecessary waste. The greatest need in this country, so far as cost of living is concerned, has long been that of real economy in making the most and best of our supplies of food products. If this could be done now, it would afford the most effective defense against those who put prices up needlessly and selfishly, and it could be done without any real privation in healthy sustenance and comfort. The demand for raw food products can be greatly reduced when the supply falls off, by a skilful resort to economic methods."



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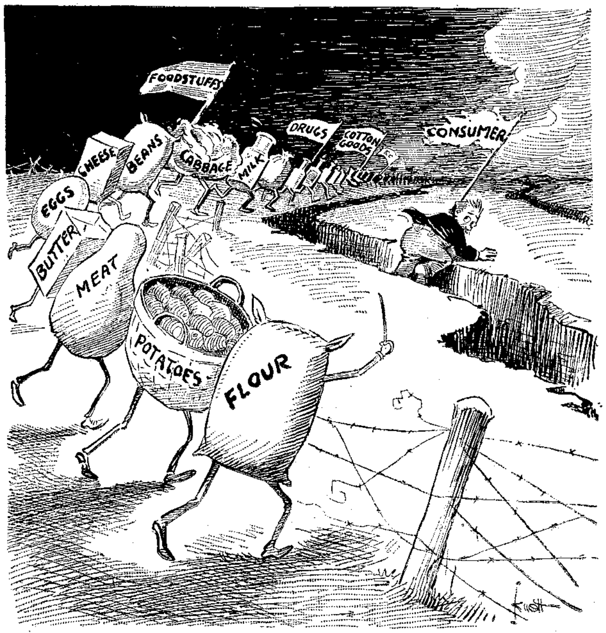
MILK GOING DOWN MAKES MILK GO UP.

Striking farmers who refused to supply milk to the distributers at the usual prices dumping the milk of an independent dairyman who tried to pass the pickets at Brewster, New York.

The war and the weather must share the responsibility for the price of bread. According to the Government's October estimates the total wheat crop of the year will be only 607,557,000 bushels, as compared with last year's bumper crop of over a billion bushels and an average of 728,000,000 for the five preceding years. This is less than we need for domestic consumption, tho we still have a surplus from the 1915 crop to draw on. Then there are the discouraging conditions in Argentina, and the demand of the Allies for all available Australian and Canadian wheat. The natural result, to quote a New York *Times* editorial, is that "nearly sixty cents a bushel has been added to the price of wheat here in the last three months, while the increase in the price of flour has been more than 50 per cent." Part of this upward movement has been ascribed to the action of speculators and large buyers for foreign markets. So that we find the bakers' position thus briefly stated by a New York organ of the trade, *The Mediator:* "The gamblers and the foreign buyers near doubled the cost of flour—the baker has to pay, and must therefore ask more for bread." This is being done in the principal cities of the country. The small five-cent loaf is being abandoned altogether or is being sold for six cents. Some bakers are retaining the present ten-cent loaf; others are either adding two cents to its price or slightly diminishing its weight. Mrs. Julian Heath, of the National Housewives' League, has been investigating the new prices and believes them justified because of the increased cost of flour and other ingredients in bread. Leading bakers express sympathy with consumers, but can find no help save in an export embargo on grain. President S. F. McDonald, of the Master Bakers, says, as quoted in *The Bakers' News* (Chicago):

> "This year, with a wheat crop which the Government reports to be scarcely adequate to supply domestic requirements, the Government ought at once to place such restrictions on the export of wheat as will insure to our own people an adequate supply at a fair price to the grower. . . .
>
> "Placing such restrictions on wheat exports as will insure the keeping of ample supplies for our domestic requirements at home will undoubtedly save to the consumers at least fifty cents per bushel in the price of wheat, or approximately $300,000,000."



THE GREAT ADVANCE.

—Knott in the Dallas *News*.

Why, asks Charles A. Collman in *The Fatherland*, "should 100,000,000 peaceable Americans be penalized into paying six cents for a loaf of five-cent bread because there is a dearth of wheat in England? Why should the cost of living be doubled and tripled in every American home because a small group of Wall Street war-agents wish to make millions by supplying the Allies?" And he adds:

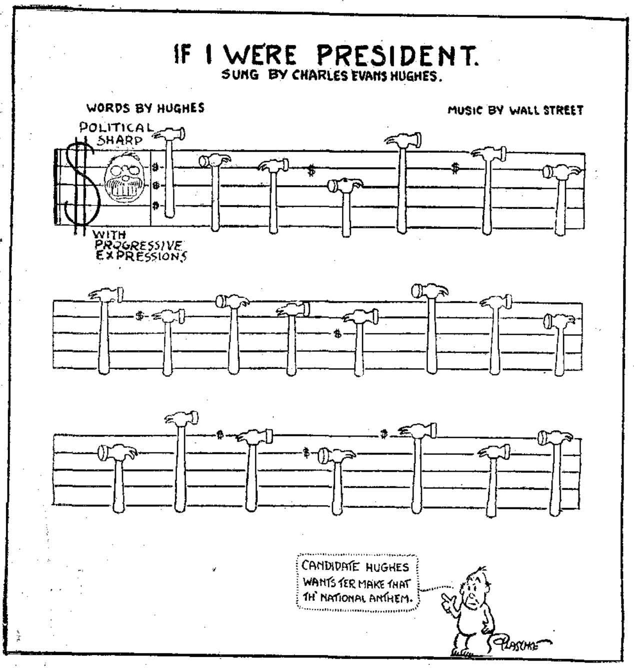
> "With one stroke of the pen, President Wilson could reduce the prices of commodities to normal. . . . It is to be hoped that he will not hesitate or falter now—that he will save the interests of his countrymen in placing an export duty or an embargo on foodstuffs, to decrease the cost of living in accordance with his pledges of four years ago."

But such a remedy would be worse than the disease, in the New York *Commercial's* opinion. If necessary, it says,

> "We can import wheat and other foodstuffs without dislocating our trade relations or interfering with the liberty of the individual. . . . It will be time enough to talk of an embargo when we face danger of starvation."

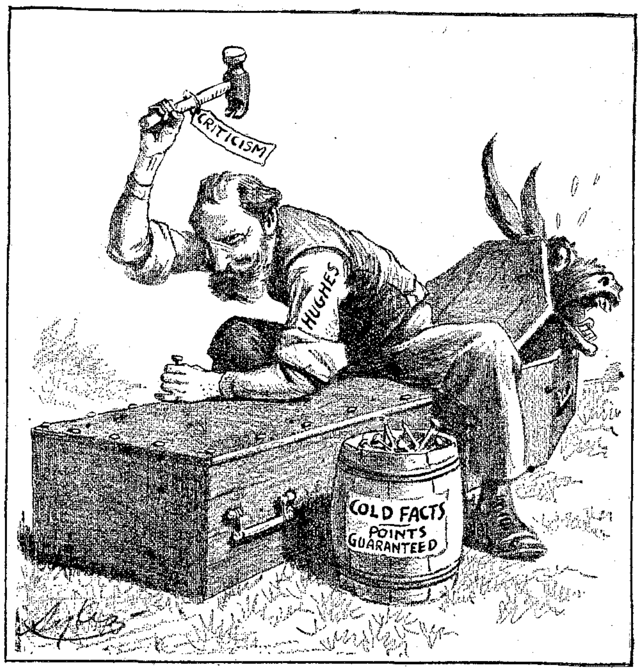
The higher price of milk in our large cities is not ascribed to the war; the farmers have been simply demanding more for their milk. New York has been going through a "milk strike" following the traction disturbances and preceding the riots in near-by Bayonne, so that its people are beginning to sympathize with the Egyptians of the seven-plague epoch. The farmers tributary to New York have been asking more from the big distributers. They have at the same time been organizing a Dairyman's League, to enable them to bargain collectively with the middleman, or even eventually to dispense with his services. As a New York correspondent of *Hoard's Dairyman* (Fort Atkinson, Wis.) puts it, the question is not so much the price of milk as "whether we shall have any part in placing a price on it." About a third of the city's normal supply was cut off for days. In order to discourage "non-union" farmers, milk consigned to the big New York concerns has in several instances been poured out on the ground. This "waste" has shocked some metropolitan papers, tho editorial support has not been lacking to either party in the controversy. The distributing companies have made some concessions and the situation has grown less acute.

Coal is not food, but it is just as much a necessity. A short coal-supply and consequent high price are ascribed by *The Black Diamond* (Chicago), a trade authority, to a shortage in labor and cars, and the consumers' lack of foresight in not buying coal before the autumn rush.


IF I WERE PRESIDENT.
SUNG BY CHARLES EVANS HUGHES.
WORDS BY HUGHES
MUSIC BY WALL STREET
POLITICAL SHARP
WITH PROGRESSIVE EXPRESSIONS
CANDIDATE HUGHES WANTS TER MAKE THAT TH' NATIONAL ANTHEM.
PLASCHKE

SONG WITHOUT WORDS.

—Plaschke in the Louisville *Times*.



WHY DEMOCRACY OBJECTS TO A "HAMMER" CAMPAIGN.

—Sykes in the Philadelphia *Evening Ledger*.

CAMPAIGN KNOCKERS AT WORK.

SIZING UP THE GERMAN VOTE

As "HYPHEN-TOWN SEES IT," things are looking "gloriously fine" as election day approaches, remarks the Springfield *Republican* after looking over the results of the fall primaries. But these same primaries prove to the New York *Times* (Ind. Dem.) that "the German vote is a myth, and where not a myth, it is a minority." These conclusions, arrived at by trained political observers, both supporting Wilson, are so diametrically opposed that it is worth our while to examine the facts on which they are based.

Running back over the history of the campaign, *The Republican* (Ind.) calls attention to the lengthening "list of events since June 1 that have caused public exultation in hyphentown." "It now stands as follows":

> "1. Nomination of Justice Hughes.
> "2. Maine election results.
> "3. German-American sweep of the Republican primaries in Chicago.
> "4. Defeat of Robert Bacon for United States Senatorship nomination in New York.
> "5. Martine's success in New Jersey primaries."

Texas, observes the Dallas *News*, is the only State in which "hyphenism has made an open fight and lost." *The News* continues, speaking first of the result in Chicago:

> "The contest was for county nominations on the Republican ticket between a faction led by ex-Governor Deneen and a faction led by Mayor Thompson. Mayor Thompson loaded his slate with Germans, and it won, with the result that every place on the Republican ticket except four goes to a German. Of the four exceptions, one is a Swede, so that three places out of twelve fell to unhyphenated Americans. . . . . . .
>
> "In New York the German-Americans feel, and not without reason, that Mr. Calder's success over Mr. Bacon in the Republican primary for the Senatorial nomination was a victory for them. Now Senator Martine's renomination by the Democrats of New Jersey is said to have been due chiefly to the support of the German-Americans and the Irish-Americans. . . . . . .
>
> "When the German-Americans reflect that, in addition to these victories, they had much to do with bringing about the nomination of Mr. Hughes, and that he is showing a full consciousness of that fact, they have every reason for feeling that they are a power in politics."

But *The Times* feels prepared to prove that this power and these victories were myths. After noting some defeats and unexpectedly narrow victories for candidates who catered to the German vote in the spring contests, it turns to examine the results of the September primaries. In New York, we are reminded, William M. Calder had the support of the State organization for the Senatorial nomination, had been campaigning for three years, and had rallied a strong following. He "reasonably expected a unanimous nomination," but Robert Bacon became a candidate just before the legal limit expired. The latter "made his campaign as an extreme advocate of Americanism, of vigorous foreign policy, compulsory military service; he declared himself 'an avowed unneutral,' a friend of France." Mr. Bacon accomplished the impossible, says *The Times*, reducing "the 75,000 majority which had been figured out for Calder to about 8,000. Yet Calder had never truckled to the German vote; Bacon was merely more outspoken than he." *The Times* proceeds:

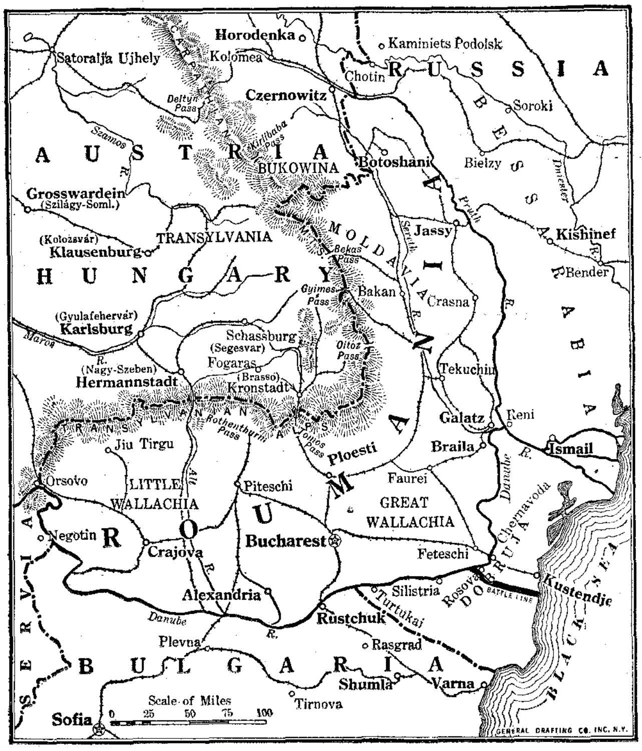
> "In Ohio, the State of Cincinnati and the Germans, Myron T. Herrick, ex-Ambassador to France, ran for the Senate. Harry M. Daugherty, his opponent, thought to capture the German vote by attacking Herrick as the friend of France. . . . He was defeated. On the Democratic side, ex-Congressman John J. Lentz ran as a pro-German candidate against Senator Pomerene; he, too, was defeated. . . . . . .
>
> "In Texas ex-Governor Colquitt believed that the German vote could nominate him for the Senate. . . . He had the advantage of whatever dissatisfaction with Mr. Wilson's Mexican policy may exist in Texas; but he was defeated by 75,000 majority. *If he got the German vote, he repelled the American.*"

In New Jersey the issue, continues *The Times*, arose in but two Congressional districts. In one the candidate of the "hyphenates" lost, in the other he won by a close margin against a divided opposition. The *Staats-Zeitung* did urge Germans to vote for certain candidates, such as Martine and Frelinghuysen, who were elected, but the campaign was made on other issues, and most Jerseymen had no idea that "hyphenism" was involved until the primaries were over. Therefore, says *The Times*, "while New Jersey is claimed by hyphenism as an exception, as out of step with the rest of the Union on this question, there is no warrant for the charge; the result in the only two districts where the question was an issue gives the contrary impression." So *The Times* concludes that—

> "The German vote is a myth, and where not a myth it is a minority as against the votes of outraged men who put this country first. While the lessons of the primaries we have discust point all one way, there is not a single State primary, not even in New Jersey, where the results point in the other direction."

ROUMANIA'S REVERSES

ROUMANIA'S VENTURE into the European war-pit is developing so unpropitiously that King Ferdinand now appeals to the Allies to save his country from the fate of Servia and Belgium. Six weeks after the Roumanian declaration of war virtually all the territory taken by the first drive of her armies into Transylvania was wrested from her again by strong Teuton forces under General von Falkenhayn, who was recently Germany's chief of staff, while a powerful army of Bulgars, Teutons, and Turks, commanded by General Mackensen, held many square miles of her Dobrudja district and menaced the vitally important railroad bridge across the Danube at Cernavoda. Meanwhile, her losses in men, according to German estimates, have amounted to not less than 100,000, or 25 per cent. of her entire army. Results to date foreshadow, in the opinion of the New York *Evening Mail*, "the early elimination of Roumania as a military factor in the war." In concentrating so much of their effort against this Balkan country, notes the New York *Evening Sun*, "the Teutons are employing an ancient rule of fight—to concentrate the blows against the weakest point." Roumania is now the weakest member of the Entente Alliance, adds the same paper, "because she has the fewest forces in proportion to her front, and is the least provided with facilities to replenish her munitions." But against the probability of Roumania's fate duplicating that of Servia, *The Evening Sun* places these facts:


Horodenka
Kaminiets Podolsk
Satoralja Ujhely
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Chotin
R U S S I A
Czernowitz
Soroki
Deltyn Pass
CARPATHIAN MTS.
Kirlibaba Pass
Szamos
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B E S S A R A B I A
A U S T R I A
BUKOWINA
Botoshani
Bielzy
Dniester
Grosswardein
(Szilágy-Soml.)
Pruth
Jassy
Sereth R.
Kishinef
(Kolozsvár)
Klausenburg
TRANSYLVANIA
M O L D A V I A
Bekas Pass
Bender
R.
H U N G A R Y
Gyimes Pass
Bakan
Crasna
(Gyulafehervár)
Karlsburg
Maros R.
Schassburg
(Segesvar)
Oitoz Pass
Fogaras
(Nagy-Szeben)
Hermannstadt
(Brasso)
Kronstadt
Tekuchiu
TRANSYLVANIAN ALPS
Rothenthurm Pass
Tomos Pass
Galatz
Reni
Ismail
Jiu Tirgu
Ploesti
Braila
R O U M A N I A
Orsovo
LITTLE WALLACHIA
Alt
Piteschi
Faurei
GREAT WALLACHIA
Danube R.
Chernavoda
Negotin
Crajova
Bucharest
Feteschi
DOBRUJA
Kustendje
BATTLE LINE
Silistria
Rosova
Alexandria
Turtukai
Danube R.
Rustchuk
Plevna
Rasgrad
BLACK SEA
S E R V I A
B U L G A R I A
Shumla
Varna
Scale of Miles
0 25 50 75 100
Tirnova
Sofia
GENERAL DRAFTING CO. INC. N.Y.

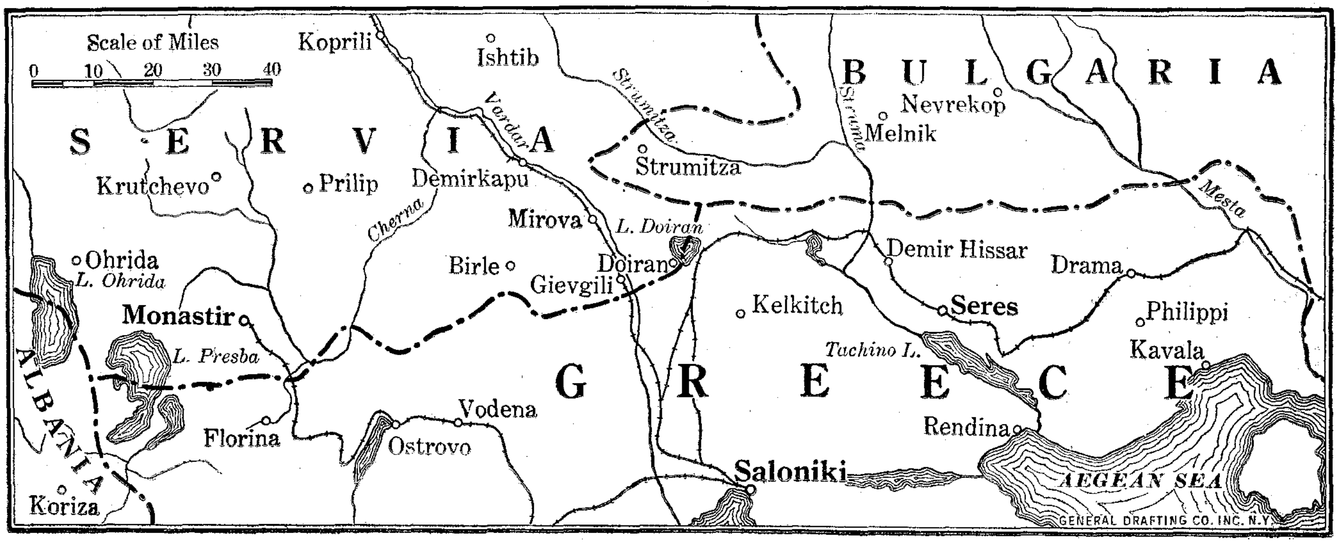
WHERE THE ROUMANIAN ARMIES ARE FIGHTING.

"Roumania excels Servia in numbers, in the facility for importing supplies, and, above all, in the proximity to Russia; whereas Servia was totally cut off from reenforcement until the Bulgarian attack gave the French an excuse for landing a hastily improvised force at Saloniki. Roumania is accessible to Russian supporting troops, which can be poured in by land, by sea, or by the Danube waterway. Nor is there any assassin lurking in the rear to turn the trick as Bulgaria did with Servia."

That Roumania's outlook is ominous, however, is admitted by the New York *Tribune*, whose sympathies are frankly with the Entente Allies. Despite much that remains obscure about the Balkan situation, remarks *The Tribune*, "it is patent that the Roumanian armies have suffered severe defeats, the Roumanian invasion of Transylvania has been flung back, and an Austro-German force is on the point of entering Wallachia, as a Teuto-Turk-Bulgar army has already penetrated the Dobrudja." The same paper thus briefly reviews the story of Roumania's campaign:

"We have first the precipitate invasion of Transylvania with the incidental neglect of the Dobrudja. The rapidity of the decision for war in the last hours brought on the conflict before the Russians were on the field, and there was left in front of the seven divisions of Mackensen, mainly Bulgarian, only two Roumanian divisions. Mackensen accordingly pushed up from the Rustchuk-Varna Railroad, destroyed one Roumanian division and defeated the other, approached the Bucharest-Constanza Railroad and was only stopt when the Roumanians abandoned the invasion of Transylvania and hurried their troops back to the Dobrudja. This opened the way for the Falkenhayn stroke, which is still going forward, has brought considerable defeats to Roumanian armies in Transylvania, and seems to threaten an invasion of Roumania and a possible thrust at the capital."

But the writer goes on to balance against these items the fact that von Falkenhayn's army is apparently a force originally gathered for a great counter-attack against the Russian offensive. "In other words, Roumania has taken off of Russia's shoulders the whole Falkenhayn army, she has been jolly well beaten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Ishtib
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Nevrekop
Vardar
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Krutchevo
Prilip
Demirkapu
Strumitza
Mesta
Cherna
Mirova
L. Doiran
Ohrida
L. Ohrida
Birle
Doiran
Demir Hissar
Drama
Gievgili
Monastir
Kelkitch
Seres
Philippi
L. Presba
Tachino L.
Kavala
ALBANIA
G R E E C E
Vodena
Florina
Rendina
Ostrovo
Saloniki
AEGEAN SEA
Koriza
GENERAL DRAFTING CO. INC. N.Y.

WHERE ALLIED FORCES ARE FIGHTING TO RELIEVE THE PRESSURE ON ROUMANIA.

On the left, from a point in Albania not shown in this map, an Italian army is operating toward Monastir, which is also the immediate goal of the reorganized Servian army. In the center strong French forces are exerting a northward pressure, while on the right British troops are driving toward the railroad between Seres and Demir Hissar. A further diversion of Teutonic troops from the Transylvania front is evidently one aim of the suddenly intensified activity of the Italians in their drive toward Trieste, also not shown on this map.

to pay for her effort, she may suffer far more heavily, but the net result of her intervention has been to occupy two armies, that of Mackensen and that of Falkenhayn, which, had she stayed out, would have been used against the Allies in Galicia and in Macedonia." As for the future:

"It is too early to forecast the outcome of the present operations. The Germans have approached the Roumanian frontier, but it is a strong frontier, easily defensible and now difficult to penetrate because winter has reached the mountains. If Falkenhayn is now checked, as Mackensen was two weeks ago, the net result will be that a great German army, designed to overthrow the Russians in the east, will have been tied down in Transylvania. The battle-front of the Central Powers will have been extended by several hundred miles and a new strain will have been put upon their resources in men and munitions.

"On the other hand, it is clear that, unless there is a sudden and sweeping change, Roumania stands to lose, for the time at least, those prizes which she expected to drop like ripe fruit into her hands. And in the same way it would seem the Allies have lost one more golden opportunity in the Balkans, in that Near East which has so far been the graveyard of many Allied combinations. Not impossibly we shall find later that the failure has been due to two circumstances: the course of Roumania in invading Transylvania, instead of striking Bulgaria first, and the failure of the Allies to munition and equip the Sarrail army at Saloniki in time for the great crisis produced when Roumania came into the struggle."

Russia, thinks the Chicago *Post*, is not going to let the rash intrepidity of her Roumanian ally spoil the chance of reaching Constantinople through Bulgaria. And in support of this belief it cites the rumored recall of the Grand Duke Nicholas to take command of the Balkan forces.

Turning to the Saloniki front, where a general northward drive of the Allied forces has been expected for months, we find the principal activity on the two wings, where the Servians in the west are pushing toward Monastir and the British in the east are reaching out for Seres. The comparative inaction of this great Saloniki force under General Sarrail is attributed by the New York *Tribune* to an inadequate supply of guns and munitions. Of this Saloniki campaign the military expert of the New York *Times* writes:

"On the Monastir front, in spite of the oft-reported successful resistance of the Bulgarians, the Servians have been going ahead consistently. . . . . . .

"On the Struma front, where the British have been hammering their way, the Bulgarians are making a very stiff resistance. The advance is slow, one village after the other being taken, after the most severe fighting. The British are aiming at the Seres-Demirhissar Railroad, the breaking of which would probably cause the Bulgarians considerable embarrassment. Here is another country where roads, other than railroads, are conspicuous by their absence. The armies operating here are entirely dependent on railroads for supplies, and the cutting of any one of these all too few lines can cause considerable trouble.

"Between these two flanks—that of the Servians and of the British—there is a very ominous quiet. Along this stretch is the only section of the entire Teuton battle-line where the Allied pressure is not being exerted, in fact, being increased, as time passes. But Sarrail is quiet and does nothing, even tho his flanks are so extremely active. He knows what he is doing; we do not. We can but guess, taking into consideration all the facts as they are presented. In spite of the fact that the line of the Vardar is the one restful place in all this battle-line, there is still no reason to doubt that the final and deciding step of the Allies will be an attempt to advance up this valley.

"This belief is strengthened rather than weakened by the activities in other directions. If it were Sarrail's plan to move up the Vardar, what would be more logical than to permit these flank attacks to go on, and when they had drawn away all possible forces from the center to guard their flanks, to strike the center with full force? Suppose that the British, in their effort, should be able to push their way forward to the valley of the Strumitza toward which they are headed. This valley runs east and west and ties up with the valley of the Vardar. Suppose, further, that the Servians are successful in their efforts, while the Italians guard their flank, and reach Prilep. A smashing attack up the Vardar would then entirely discount the advantages of interior position which the Teutonic Powers hold and result in the establishing of a practically continuous line from the Struma, across the Strumitza Valley to the Vardar, and from there to Prilep. It is difficult to see any other way in which the Teuton advantages can be overcome."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

WE do not know how the war can be ended unless Germany lends some of her generals to her antagonists.—*Florida Times-Union.*

ALCOHOL has been declared the best substitute for gasoline. The trouble is, so many fellows try to mix them.—*Pittsburg Gazette-Times.*

KING CONSTANTINE steps into the war with all the enthusiasm of a singed cat marching into a roaring furnace.—*Boston Herald.*

WON'T be long before we'll find out what the country thinks of a deserving Democrat.—*Wall Street Journal.*

SCARCITY of milk should be an excuse for boosting price of coconuts. —*Wall Street Journal.*

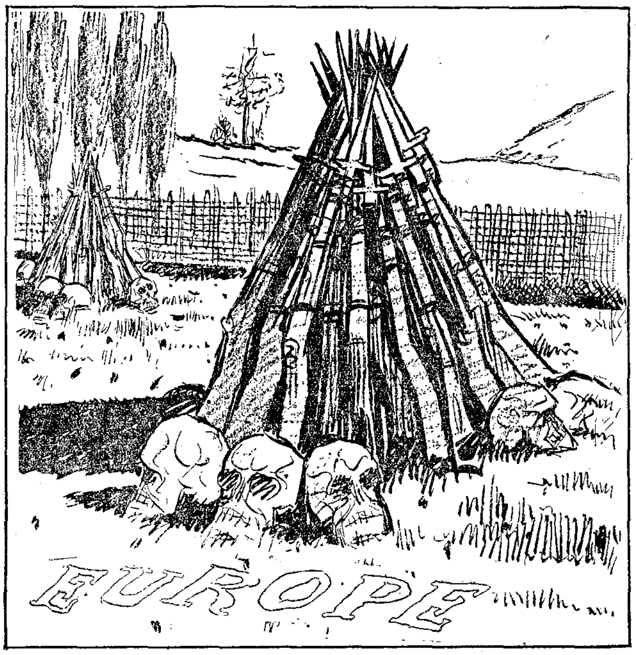
THAT Germany is fighting in self-defense now is not questioned; the controversy is in regard to the self-defense of August, 1914.—*Philadelphia Record.*

THOSE new British "tanks" are somewhat more effective than the kind they had in England before Lloyd-George closed the saloons.—*Boston Transcript.*

"BURGLARS Invade Oyster Bay Homes."—Head-line. Perhaps some regular Republicans dropt around to see their old pal, Colonel Roosevelt. —*Wall Street Journal.*

A NEW HAMPSHIRE person says that Theodore Roosevelt is a "survival of a pre-Neocene era of human thought." It sounds awful, but T. R. survived it and the rest of 'em didn't.—*Detroit Free Press.*

MAJOR-GENERAL TURNER, of the British Army, says Hindenburg has little brains. That's a good deal harder on Hindenburg's antagonists than on Hindenburg.—*Charleston News and Courier.*



"WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN AND THE FODDER'S IN THE SHOCK."

—Westerman in the Columbus *Ohio State Journal.*

IF Constantine ever loses his job as king he ought to be able to make a good living as a cabinet-maker.—*Boston Transcript.*

IF the price of steak keeps on climbing skyward we shall have to get along with fewer yachts and autos.—*Philadelphia Record.*

THAT Taft-T. R. hand-shake would have looked more realistic if they had both worn six-ounce gloves.—*Philadelphia North American.*

RUSSIA'S population is now 182,182,600. Berlin papers please copy.—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

PARIS reported to be too serious for the one-step. The goose-step didn't get a foothold either.—*Wall Street Journal.*

THE hyphens seem to be running things. There are Lloyd-George and Bethmann-Hollweg. — *Kansas City Times.*

IT is feared that the Colonel lacks some of his old-time form, as he hasn't driven the proletariat to the dictionary since June.—*Washington Post.*

CARRANZA can easily force the United States Army to move—but he may not like the direction of the movement. —*Philadelphia North American.*

IN moving from New London to Atlantic City the Mexican Commission confounds those critics who say it is making no progress.—*Boston Herald.*

WITH Jeremiah O'Leary taunting the President with impending defeat on account of his pro-British attitude, and George Sylvester Viereck predicting the defeat of Hughes because Roosevelt has indorsed him, and Frederic Franklin Schrader asserting that neither Wilson nor Hughes can be elected without the support of the German-Americans, the Presidential prospects of Governor Hanly are improving every day.—*Des Moines Register.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

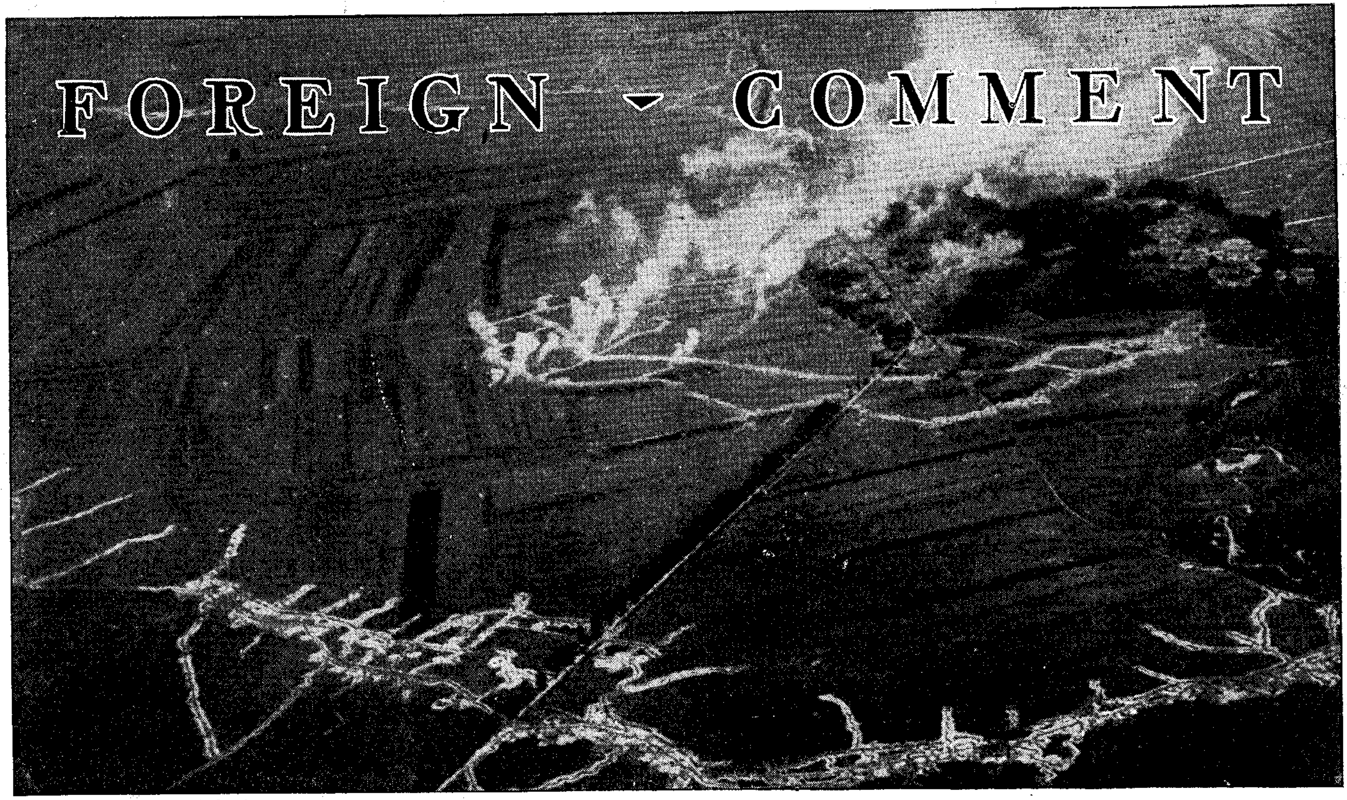


Photo by Central News Photo Service.

THE BATTLE FOR COMBLES VIEWED FROM AN AEROPLANE.

French shells are seen bursting over the trenches defending Combles, while fires caused by the bombardment are occurring in the town. The trenches in the foreground form the French first line. Note also the saps pushed out into No-Man's-Land between the two lines.

THE ALLIES WORRYING SWEDEN

THE PRESSURE OF THE ALLIES upon Sweden in order to tighten the blockade against Germany has produced so much friction that the possibilities of a break have seemed at times liable to develop into probabilities. Altho all the Allies protest that they have the friendliest feelings for Sweden, it must be admitted that the restrictions they have placed upon Swedish commerce, by denying her the right to import certain raw materials, are many, and, from the Swedish point of view, grievous, so much so that the Government of King Gustav has been provoked to retaliations. The details of the quarrel, as the Allies view them, are conveniently summarized in a leading article in the Manchester *Guardian*, which says:

> "Friction with Sweden is as old as our blockade. The Swedes are irritated by our restrictive measures, and, unlike Denmark, Norway, Holland, and Switzerland, have refused to set up an organization for controlling Swedish import and export trade so as to exclude supplies for Germany. They have preferred to counter our measures with reprisals. The first of these was to check the transit of munitions across Sweden to Russia; the second was to hold up the mail; the third was to prohibit certain exports.
>
> "The most serious of all is the decree of July 19, against which the Allied Governments have protested. This decree permits the passage of belligerent mercantile submarines through Swedish territorial waters, but instructs Swedish ships to fire on any belligerent war-submarine passing through territorial waters. Further, by closing the Kogrund Passage to foreign shipping it leaves German commercial ships free access to both the east coast and west coast of Sweden, while it prevents Allied ships passing from the North Sea into the Baltic. As the Germans have the Kiel Canal open to them, the first of these provisions discriminates heavily against the Allies, who alone are under the compulsion to send their submarines by sea into the Baltic. The second not only discriminates against the Allies, but, according to their contention, is in violation of their treaty rights."

The closing of this tiny, insignificant strip of water, the Kogrund Passage, nearly resulted in an actual rupture between the Allies and Sweden. This little channel, described in *Le Journal* by Count Gyldenstolpe, the Swedish Minister in Paris as "a channel which can only take ships of shallow draft and lying entirely in Swedish waters," is yet the only passage by which merchantmen could safely enter the Baltic without passing through the German mine-field which guards the entrance to that landlocked sea, and its closure by Sweden led to an exchange of sharp notes between the Allies and the Swedish Government. An Allied note, published in the Paris *Figaro*, categorically charged the Swedish Ministers with favoring Germany. Dealing with the closing of the Kogrund Passage, the Allies said:

> "The result is that German commercial vessels will have access both to the east coast and the west coast of Sweden, whereas, in consequence of the closing of the Kogrund Passage, commercial vessels of the Allies in Russian ports will have access only to the east coast and other Allied commercial vessels only to the west coast. In other words, Sweden has completed the barrier which the Germans had set up against the Allies in the Baltic.
>
> "In order to prevent the possibility of a violation of Swedish waters by Russia, the Royal Government increases its watch upon its coasts and threatens the immediate employment of force. On the other hand, to prevent a similar possibility on the part of Germany, the Royal Government removes all object for the entry of German naval forces into its territorial waters by suppressing absolutely any commercial navigation which Germany might desire to disturb.
>
> "There is, therefore, in the attitude adopted by the Royal Government with regard to the two belligerent camps a signal difference which seems incompatible with the duties of a loyal and impartial neutrality."

This evoked a sharply worded reply from the Swedish Minister of Foreign Affairs, which, as published in the Stockholm *Dagblad*, ran:

> "You infer that there is in the attitude adopted by the Government of the King toward one or other of the two belligerent camps a notorious difference, which would seem incompatible with the duties of loyal and impartial neutrality.
>
> "The Government of the King feels bound to dispute in the most formal manner the correctness of the opinion thus exprest. It can not enter into a discussion on the sincerity and impartiality of its neutrality, which have been abundantly demonstrated

throughout the whole duration of the present war. It would, however, observe that an allegation of this character is not well founded when it is based only on isolated and imperfectly investigated facts."

In dealing with the closing of the Kogrund Passage, the note protests that Sweden in taking this step—

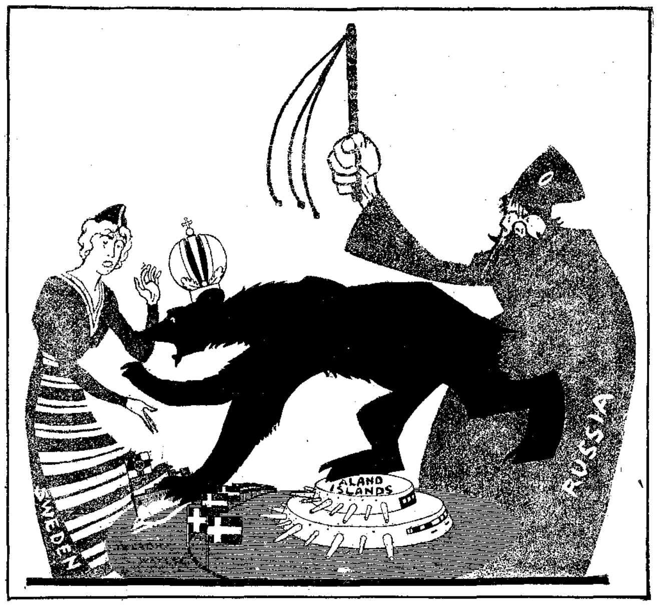
"only safeguards its neutrality in the manner which it finds most appropriate to the object. The measures taken might appear needless in view of the repeated assurances which the King's Government has had the satisfaction of receiving from both sides, and which go to show that the maritime territory of Sweden will be strictly respected. But the King's Government is indisputably the sole judge when it has to select lawful means for maintaining its rights and fulfilling its duties."

The Swedish Prime Minister, Mr. Hammarskjöld, in an interview quoted in the *Stockholms Tidningen*, protests that Sweden has no leanings to either of the belligerents, and remarks:

"All rumors or accusations that she has done or intends to do anything inconsistent with this attitude are due either to failure to comprehend her situation or to some less creditable reason. And whenever Sweden has taken any step displeasing one or other belligerent Power her action has been dictated solely by considerations of the Kingdom's own necessities and of its future welfare, and not by any partizan reasons. We hope sincerely that the belligerents will not make it impossible for us to maintain this attitude to the end."

Russia has intensified anti-Ally feeling in Sweden by fortifying the Aland Islands, which lie off the Swedish coast just at the entrance to the Gulf of Bothnia. These islands, while they belong to Russia, are inhabited by a people Swedish in blood and language, and the new forts command the Alands Haf, the deep-water channel into the Gulf of Bothnia. This step has led many Swedes to believe that Russia has sinister designs upon the integrity of Scandinavia, but the Russian papers deny the charge and protest that the Government of the Czar entertains only the most amicable desires toward Sweden. Thus the Petrograd *Ryetch* insists that Russia is at one with her Allies in desiring to mitigate the hardship that the blockade necessarily inflicts upon the Scandinavian countries and that she has not the least wish to force an issue. The *Ryetch* proceeds:

"The Entente Powers have absolutely no desire to induce the Scandinavian monarchies to take part in the war, or to make any attempt upon their neutrality. The conduct of the Allied Governments, in a number of incidents unavoidable in wartime, serves as convincing proof of the most considerate attitude on their part toward the rights of Scandinavian neutrality. However, besides rights, there are also duties of neutrality, and while respecting the rights, the Allies permit themselves to insist upon the fulfilment of the duties. Not all the citizens of the Scandinavian States concentrate their attention upon the cultural-humanitarian side of the war. There are not a few among them who profit by this war. The chief source of this profit consists in supplying Germany with raw materials and food-products which she lacks. And herein the root of all misunderstandings is hidden. The Allies consider themselves right in insisting that the blockade of Germany, established by them, should not be broken by contraband through neutral countries. Therefore the problem is simply to establish such a control over the sea commerce of these countries as, while protecting the rights of the blockading Powers, will not be too restrictive to Scandinavian interests."



THE STEPPING-STONE.

The Russian Bear seeks a way out.

—*Continental Times* (Berlin).

ISOLATING ENGLAND

HINDENBURG'S TASK, all German critics are agreed, is to secure first the isolation and then the humiliation of England, but in considering this object two schools of strategy have arisen among the German writers, one of which favors a "decision in the West," the other advocating the straining of every nerve to obtain a crushing victory over Russia, whose elimination would leave the Western Allies exposed to the full shock of the German arms. Both these schools admit that the great aim of the German nation is to crush England because she aims—in the words of the *Kölnische Zeitung*—at "an absolute industrial supremacy over Germany." Writing in the Berlin *Tag*, Baron von Zedlitz says:

"It appears gradually to have become the commonplace of public opinion in Germany that England is our worst enemy and the soul of the whole coalition against us. On the other hand, opinion widely differs as to what we have to expect or to fear from England in the making of peace and after peace. In order to obtain a correct judgment on the matter, one must go back to the grounds of British enmity against Germany, for there are, in fact, two leading motives for this hostility.

"Get the idea of the British world-empire into your mind as it appears to the new Imperialism of Great Britain. Its principal requirement, next to its complete supremacy on the sea, is the territorial connection of the three great Asiatic and African colonial possessions, on the one side of India with Egypt and on the other the linking up of these countries, and all their accessories, with South Africa.

"It is easy to understand from this what a central position the land of the Nile holds in the new journalistic world-empire plans, and why it is that the protection of Egypt in this war has been so near to the heart of England. On the other side of the Channel they regard the German fleet as a serious danger to their supremacy on the sea, while between the British possessions in North and South Africa lies the dividing line of German East Africa, and between India and Egypt lies Turkey.

"That Germany, according to this idea, both in relation to British sea supremacy and Africa, blocks the way to the accomplishment of Britain's world plans, and must be put out of the way, is easily grasped. Just as the Russians are convinced that the way to Constantinople and the Dardanelles can only be won by way of Berlin, so is Britain convinced that Germany can only be brought to heel by the destruction of Turkey, which is absolutely necessary for the connection of India with Egypt. From these ideas sprang England's new Imperialistic enmity to Germany."

To defeat England's aims, the Baron argues, she must be isolated from her present Allies, and this can be done most easily by detaching Russia. Moreover, any British trade war following the conclusion of hostilities would be impossible without the cooperation of France and Russia, and he writes:

"If, therefore, Russia or France were compelled by us to lay down their arms, not only would the completion of the British Empire be impossible, but it would also prevent the defeat of German competition. . . . Peace does not depend upon England; deprive her of her Allies, and she would be unable to continue the struggle alone."

In indorsement of the Baron's views, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* writes:

"Baron von Zedlitz is probably right in thinking that the conclusion of the war against Germany by no means depends exclusively upon the pleasure of England, and that, on the contrary, Great Britain can, in spite of her naval power, be compelled to conclude peace by the situation on the Continent. If the Entente collapses at an important point, England, alone, is not able to fight us with arms or with the blockade. The moment at which these changes will occur may be still distant, but we can await it calmly. Of course there can for Germany be no question of a peace which would end the war of arms, but would continue the economic war against Germany which has been initiated by the British Government. No peace is at all possible while an enemy trade-coalition remains."

Another school advocates a concentration of all the forces of the Empire upon England, which must be conquered before any understanding with Germany is possible. This school is supported by the Berlin *Deutsche Tageszeitung*, which quotes with approval the sentiments exprest in the pamphlet issued by the committee for the "Swift Conquest of England." The extracts quoted run:

"England is by far our most tenacious enemy. Up to now she has realized all her menaces. By compulsory service she has created an army of millions. She has introduced compulsory labor for producing war-material, and she has cut us off from the sea, and forced neutrals into her service. With her money, through American and Japanese industry, in 1916 she transformed the inexhaustible Russian masses into gigantic armies who are better equipped and stronger than heretofore. Thanks to the cooperation of America, England will continue doing this till we are exhausted. She is firmly determined to destroy us, and will do everything to realize her aim. The hope for an understanding with unconquered England is a delusion."

Without England, it is agreed, her Allies will be impotent, and the pamphlet concludes:

"Therefore, down with England! The history of the last three centuries shows that England can only be conquered on the sea. England is not only our most dangerous, but also our most vulnerable enemy, because an island lives and dies with its shipping. Can we conquer England on the sea? Yes. The deeds and experiences of our Navy up to the present give a sure guaranty of this."

"THE APATHY OF AMERICA"

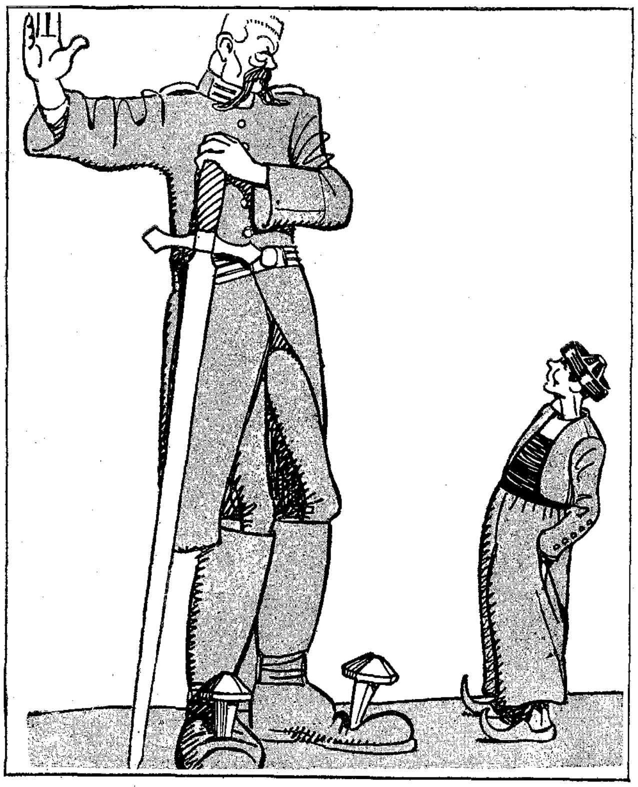
AN INSOLUBLE MYSTERY to all Englishmen is America's attitude to the war; for the English are profoundly convinced that the "cousins-across-the-sea" and the "blood-is-thicker-than-water" sentiments, so frequently exprest at Pilgrim banquets, represent something more solid than after-dinner platitudes. Now a writer in the London *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. William Fitz-Gerald—better known by his pseudonym of "Ignatius Phayre"—a journalist of considerable American experience, explains to the British public that such notions are erroneous and that the American people are soberly satisfied with their leaders who have so successfully avoided entanglement in the chaos of Europe. To understand the American view-point, he tells his readers that they must disabuse their minds of certain preconceived notions:

"Over here old traditions linger obstinately about the New World. That the United States, for example, is a 'nation' in the compact European sense, capable of complete unity in each momentous crisis. That her 'cousinship' with Britain is a fact. How should it be otherwise, seeing her Colonial origin, her English tongue, traditions, and heroes, from Washington himself unto our own day? These are the rooted fallacies which tend to deepen bewilderment and work downright mischief, as our people survey the long series of preposterous affronts put upon a Power of almost fabulous material wealth and a hundred millions of population."

He proceeds to enlighten the English, to tell them what America really is, and he does it none too kindly:

"Now I shall present America as it really is, and as the German minions know it.

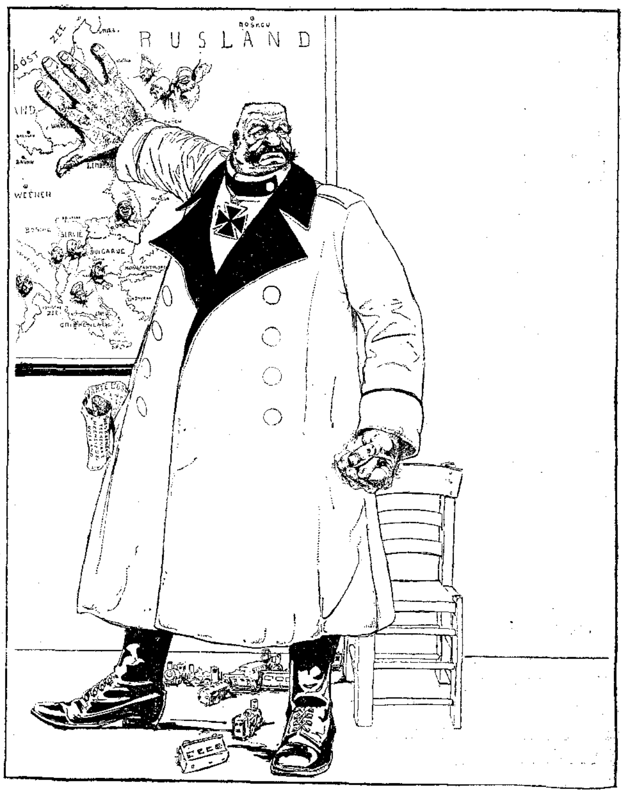
"What is this land which confest impotence over her semi-aliens at the bar of her own Federal Capitol? It is no 'nation' at all, of course, in our homogeneous sense, but a vast and virgin continent sparsely peopled by a hundred millions, of whom one in ten is a person of color and the rest a welter of all Europe, with a leaven of Asia, from Syria to China and Japan. Due appreciation of the American problem is not possible unless we



HINDENBURG OF THE NAILS.

NEUTRAL—"Why don't you advance, Hindenburg?"
HINDENBURG—"Advance? I have something else on foot."

—*Iberia* (Barceona).



HINDENBURG'S NEXT STEP.

"Hindenburg's interviewer writes: 'He strode to a large map of Poland hanging on the wall and, laying a hand almost as large as a medium-sized breakfast-tray over the center, said: "It is here that European and Colonial affairs will be decided, here and nowhere else."'"

—*De Amsterdammer.*

NEUTRAL VIEWS OF HINDENBURG'S TASK.

keep before us this idea of a sprawling continent instead of a country, and instead of a race all the races of earth—white, yellow, and black, with an abnormal mixture of Jews who pursue the paths of peace and prosperous days."

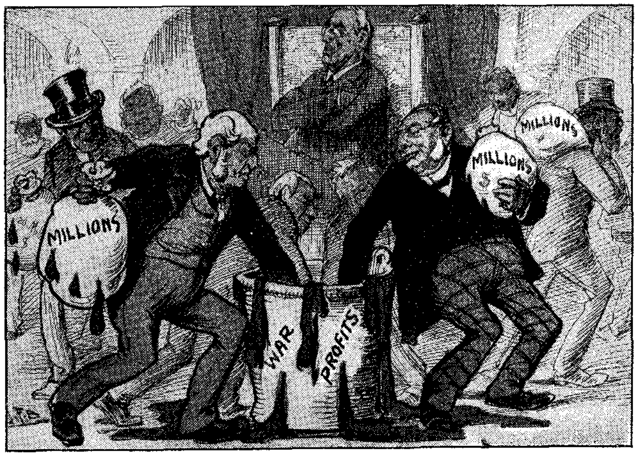
Mr. Fitz-Gerald thinks that problems of the "melting-pot," and of our ever-growing commercial power, provide the American people with sufficiently engrossing tasks at home, and he says:

"Prussia's Great Adventure has left the United States less inclined than ever for interference with Old-World affairs. She has no ear for Root or Roosevelt heroics, no desire to lead the lesser neutrals in crusading protest, from Norway to Spain, from Holland to Brazil and beyond. So President Wilson moves in perfect accord with his apathetic people's wish to 'Keep Out' and not embroil them with enemies, hyphenate or foreign—German, Mexican, or Japanese. A few American thinkers view with horror and amazement the present lapse of progress and the night of civilization in which we grope. The masses see themselves richer than ever through the war, and wooed by all belligerents for the sake of material resources in their vast and virgin domain—wheat and cotton, copper and steel, as well as machines of endless ingenuity adapted to the ends of war."

This discerning but unflattering writer unkindly suggests that we have refrained from putting a finger in the European pie not merely because we would not, but because we could not. He recalls how President Roosevelt sent the fleet round Cape Horn to the Pacific Coast, and proceeds:

"It was probably the last instance of spread-eagling on the part of Uncle Sam. For to-day he knows his military weakness, wailed as it is from the housetops by Admirals and Chiefs of Staff, by President and Ministers, too, and all responsible publicists—as well as by sensation-mongers who drop 'Get-Ready' pamphlets from aeroplanes upon ecstatic peace-meetings and Christian Science assemblies.

"Never again will America's Chief Executive throw down the challenge—'Arbitrate or Fight,' as Grover Cleveland did over the Venezuelan affair. The illusion is gone that the United States can 'lick creation' with volunteers enrolled in the leisurely fashion of the Civil War. America is older—wiser far and more averse than ever to the blood-lust of armed strife, tho it surge at her very door, as it did for many months in chaotic Mexico, where bandits wiped the winter streets with the Stars and Stripes and shot Americans with ultra-Prussian ferocity."



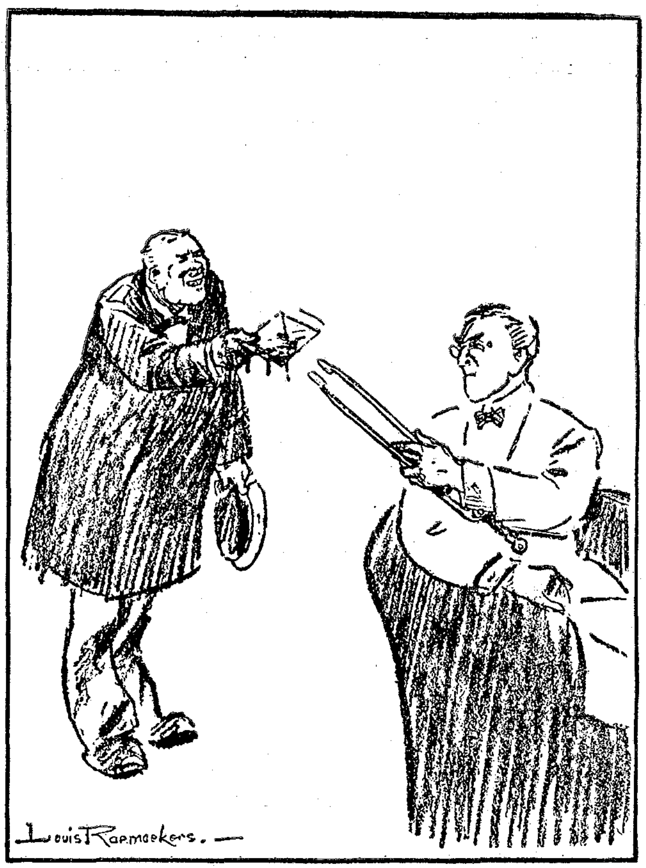
APATHETIC AMERICA!

American progress continues its unbroken way.

—*Nebelspalter* (Zurich).

This idea of American "impotence" seems to be general in Europe, for Mr. Fitz-Gerald goes on to cite French and German papers which express such views. For example, he quotes and comments as follows:

"The *Hamburger Nachrichten* ticks off the list of drowned Americans with scornful nonchalance, winding up with the *Sussex* and the 'poking and peering of Wilson's attachés.' 'What if they do find bits of our torpedo? Who on earth cares about such trifles in Germany?' Who, indeed! 'What can America do?' askes the Berlin *Montag Zeitung* with the same serenity. 'She has no army. And such as it is, her navy must stay at home. Her threats are ridiculous, and we should be more ridiculous still if we took them seriously.' It is clear that Count von Bernstorff has had the same calm estimate all through the tragi-comedy he staged."


Louis Raemaekers.

THE KAISER'S LETTERS.

THE U-BOAT CAPTAIN (to President Wilson)—"My dear Sir, it's only a little *Lusitania* blood that you see on the envelop!"

—*De Telegraaf* (Amsterdam).

None the less, able to intervene or no, America is determined, says Mr. Fitz-Gerald, to keep clear of the European War:

"Accord is complete in respect to this war, however loudly the cultured minority may protest. 'Keep Out!' is America's real watchword, less exprest than understood, like a summer sea. The Kansas farmer, the Texan planter, and grain-men of Buffalo and Duluth—these regard the vengeful 'sewers' that seam France as proof positive of European evil, which must needs burn itself out like a forest-fire, grandiose and glowing, with distant menace in the sky."

A MISUNDERSTOOD PEOPLE—A little paper published for the German soldiers on the Western front, the *Liller Kriegszeitung*, thus apostrophizes the German Michel:

"Michel, listen! To understand is to forgive. But nobody understands, nobody wishes to understand, our nature, our ways, our striving toward good, or our honesty; hence the irreconcilable hostility of the whole world against everything German. Give up, therefore, dear Michel, the vain and dangerous pursuit of grasping your enemies' point of view. Thus only will you succeed in acquiring the ruthless temper which is necessary in order to attain victory. Give up all attempts to clear yourself of the abominations that are related about you in the hope of gaining the regard of 'enlightened' enemies. You have no enlightened enemies.

"Everybody considers you as 'a dirty pig,' my dear Michel. You can not alter that. Then have the courage to make up your mind about it.

"England wishes to crush Germany, the whole of your Germany, my dear Michel. Would you then hesitate when it is necessary to inflict a few 'inconveniences' on a country which you have conquered with the blood of hundreds of thousands of your people? It is impossible for us to come to any understanding with our enemies throughout this and the following generation."

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

EARTH AS MEDICINE AND FOOD

MODERN MEDICINE BORROWS the greater part of its remedial agents from the plant and mineral worlds. Several varieties of earth served as remedies in remote antiquity, as we are informed by Pliny, Strabo, and other Greek and Roman writers. Clay containing iron, in particular, was used. Italy and Greece and their islands, such as Lemnos, Samos, and Chios, furnished the greater part of the medicinal earths. Dioscorides, as we learn from Professor Rabitsch, who writes on this subject in the *Deutsche Rundschau für Geographie* (Vienna and Leipzig), used the burned clay of Eretria (Eubœa). So did Hippocrates and Galen, the most famous physician of antiquity. To increase the domestic supply, there was imported from Spain the *Almagro*, or clay of Estremoz, which, mixed with pimento, is still used to-day by the aristocratic ladies of that country as a sort of dainty.

At Ochrida, in Macedonia, and in some villages of Sardinia, a fine white earth forms an essential part of the local bread, and is brought to market together with other articles of food. Other countries of Europe where earth is eaten are Treviso, in upper Italy, Styria, in Austria, and certain parts of Germany around the famous Kyffhäuser, and in the heath of Lüneburg. Here the workingmen butter their bread with a fine clay, nicknamed by them "stone-butter." Finally, in the northernmost parts of Sweden, and on the Peninsula of Kola, in the government of Archangel, a fine clay, cleaned of mud and pulverized, is mixed with flour to make the bread tasty.

But the real home of earth-eating is Asia. The famous earth of Nishapur, Persia, is used either raw or roasted and is often prepared with spices and perfumes. A short time ago the German traveler, A. Goebel, brought with him from the salt marshes of southern Persia an edible earth, called *G'hel-i-G'ireh*, containing a rich mixture of the chlorides of magnesium and lime, which is used both as yeast and as an article of food. According to the traveler Saller, the Eskimos are great consumers of various kinds of earth. By way of parenthesis, be it said that the ladies of China have used since immemorial antiquity a fine clay as a cosmetic to obtain and preserve pallidness of skin.

Passing to India, we are told by Dr. Rabitsch that in the markets of Calcutta burned clay is offered for sale in the shape of small disks. The women are its principal consumers. Women and children in Siam consider steatite a delicious dainty. The women of the coast towns of Java swallow their *ampo* in the form of small square tablets or tubes, mainly with the purpose of preserving their slimness. Upon the island of Timor, of the Malay Archipelago, burned clay is consumed with solemn religious rites.

The earth-eating centers of Africa are Nubia and certain parts of the western coast. The negroes of Guinea, for instance, have become so fond of their *couac* that no means of persuasion is strong enough to prevent their overeating. On the shores of certain rivers in Senegambia the natives use a white, soapy earth, as soft as butter, to replace fat in the preparation of their food.

We know nothing, so far, about the earth-eating proclivities of the natives of the Australian continent, but earth is eaten upon the islands of Melanesia. The inhabitants of New Guinea consume great quantities of a greenish soapstone, while the natives of New Caledonia eat a ferruginous clay either fresh or preserved in the form of dried, perforated cakes for their dessert.

A classical land of earth-eating, according to our authority, is South America, where we meet with it under its most various forms, from the Rio Grande del Norte down to Parana and Pilcomayo. In many parts of Mexico earth is eaten passionately not only by children and women but by grown men; and in the markets of Guadalajara, San Luis, Puebla, and other towns, pastils of white, burned clay are offered as dainties. The inhabitants of Guatemala use instead of powdered sugar a white and yellowish earth, probably an efflorescence of volcanic ashes. On the western coast of our continent, we find earth-eating populations from Colombia to Bolivia.

Alexander von Humboldt speaks of the Indian women on the shores of the Magdalena River as swallowing, during their work, large lumps of clay. The traveler Chudi tells us of the similar tastes of the natives of Peru, and in the neighborhood of Oruro, Bolivia, is found a white, extremely delicate clay which is sent to the neighboring markets. The Indians eat this earth either raw or prepared as a sauce, in preference with boiled potatoes.

Even the white races do not disdain this particular clay. They clean it of mud, mix it with perfumed resins, and, in the shape of small pots, pitchers, monstrances, saints' statuettes, etc., it is eaten mainly by women. The Indians along the Orinoco, before the rainy season sets in, collect their preferred species of clay, preserving it in the shape of dried balls for the six to eight weeks of high water, as their principal article of food. Along the Rio Negro and the Xingu, a large southern tributary of the Amazon, Indians eat clay as our children eat gingerbread.

Evidently, earth-eating is not limited to any particular latitude, altho most prevalent in the tropics. Women are its principal adepts. Our authority does not agree with the famous ethnologist, Dr. F. von Kellwald, in finding a close relationship between malaria and earth-eating.

The ultimate reasons for this dietetic curiosity are manifold: necessity, the agreeable, salty taste, and a perversion of appetite, generally met with in people suffering from chlorosis and hysteria. Sometimes, however, it is the medicinal instinct, the craving for a cure for certain, mainly tropical, sicknesses, which drives man to indulge in this strange dainty. This explains the use of earth by some of the greatest physicians of antiquity. Curiously enough, earth-eating, if not abused, is not detrimental to health. But with certain people—above all, children and young girls—the craving is often so strong that harsh preventive measures, such as iron masks or the tying of hands, must be used.

WARNING TO FISHERMEN—He who fishes with a steel rod should be careful when there are live wires near his trout-stream. This is no imaginary danger. Says *The Popular Science Monthly* (New York, September):

> "While fishing in a small Pennsylvania stream the Rev. W. P. Perry was killed almost instantly when the steel rod he was holding became entangled in high-tension transmission wires over his head. He was wading in the stream at the time and whipping the water in the usual way. With no thought of the live wires he made a cast with the line and there was a blinding flash. The current of twenty thousand volts leaped down the rod, coursed through his body, and killed him before he could make an outcry. This is said to be the first instance on record of the death of a man under such circumstances. During severe winter storms it is not infrequent to hear of electrocutions due to fallen live wires hidden in débris."

WIRELESS FOR WOMEN

WHY HAS NOT WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY been taken up to a greater extent by women, either as a sport or as a business? According to *The Electrical Experimenter* (New York, October) the girls and women of the United States "are rapidly awakening to the fact that radio operating is a worth-while accomplishment, both vocationally and intellectually." *The Experimenter* presents several facts bearing on this subject and illustrates what it offers with reproductions of photographs showing girls or women as wireless operators, some of which we give herewith. We are first introduced to Miss Kathleen Parkin, of San Rafael, California, who, tho only fifteen, is an expert radio operator and mechanician. Miss Parkin is beginning her third year of high school at the Dominican College, San Rafael, where a small wireless set has been installed for the instruction of the physics class. She recently received a first-grade commercial radio operator's license from the United States Government. Here are her sentiments on "wireless for women":

Copyrighted by Paul Thompson.

THE FIRST WOMAN TO SERVE AS A COMMERCIAL WIRELESS OPERATOR.

Miss Graynella Packer, of Jacksonville, Florida, operating the radio set on the Clyde liner *Mohawk*.

"I think wireless telegraphy is a most fascinating study, and one which could very easily be taken up by girls, as it is a great deal more interesting than the telephone and telegraph work, in which so many girls are now employed. I am only fifteen, and I learned the code several years ago, by practising a few minutes each day on a buzzer. I studied a good deal and I found it quite easy to obtain my first-grade commercial government license, last April.

"It seems to me that every one should at least know the code, as cases might easily arise of a ship in distress where the operators might be incapacitated, and a knowledge of the code might be the means of saving the ship and the lives of the passengers. But the interest in wireless does not end in the knowledge of the code.

"You can gradually learn to make all your own instruments, as I have done with my ¼-kilowatt set.

"There is always more ahead of you, as wireless telegraphy is still in its infancy."

Next on the *Experimenter's* list is Miss Graynella Packer, of Jacksonville, Fla., who is the first woman wireless operator to serve aboard a steamship in a commercial capacity. She has served aboard the Clyde liner *Mohawk*, in full charge of the wireless, and it is her ambition to handle atmospheric electricity aboard some of the big ocean liners. The writer goes on to say, in substance:

"Wireless-telegraphy instruction was a special feature of the work done in a girls' camp at Rowayton-on-the-Sound, Conn., this summer. There is a demand for women wireless operators, and they are particularly preferred as wireless operators in department stores, where there is an increasing demand for them. The girls at the camp were instructed first by communicating with motor-boats on the Sound, and as they became proficient they operated larger apparatus and communicated with regular radio stations.

"We show here two views of the women being instructed in military training-camps. They were very enthusiastic over the wonders of the radio system and proved adepts at learning the dots and dashes of the Continental code, in which practically all wireless messages are now transmitted and received.

"There has been an unprecedented demand for radio operators in the past two years, owing largely to the great number enlisted in the American and foreign armies and navies. Besides this, there is room right now for women radio experts in many capacities. Owing to the marine laws now in effect calling for two operators on each steamer, and for several other reasons, it is self-evident that normally the best chances for women operators will be in land stations.

"Which brings to mind, among other facts, that of a progressive Boston young lady who, being a radio operator, found she could not gain a position on a certain ship, as two operators were required and one of them was a man! What did she do? Very simple—she married him!

Illustrations with this article by courtesy of "The Electrical Experimenter," New York.

AN EXPERT WIRELESS WOMAN AT FIFTEEN.

This youthful operator, Miss Kathleen Parkin, of San Rafael, California, has made her own apparatus.

"When the country-wide call was made recently by the Navy Department for wireless operators who would be available in time of war the first of sixteen to answer in Duluth, Minn., was Mrs. Otto Redfern, wife of the manager of the Marconi station in that city. At Boston, Mass., one of the Back Bay society girls who recently attended the 'Women's Plattsburg' at Chevy Chase, Md., has just been awarded by the United States

Government an amateur wireless operator's license of the first class and is the sixth young woman in the United States to enjoy that distinction.

"When she left for the National Service School she took her license along and qualified as a wireless operator in the field.

"Mrs. Alexander MacKenzie, of the New York State Woman's Suffrage party, Yonkers, is the woman who provided material for a very good wireless story several years ago.

"Mrs. MacKenzie's son had rigged up a wireless outfit on the roof of her Yonkers home and she learned to send messages and to receive them to a limited extent. During the summer of 1915 she went to the instruments every day at stated hours, morning, noon, and night, and flashed out the words—'Votes for women'—400 miles into space. Usually she got replies, sometimes from land wireless stations and sometimes from ships at sea, ranging from 'Good for you, old lady!' and 'We're with you!' to 'Oh, piffle!' Then again she assumed to be the Goddess of Liberty, and made quite a wireless 'speech' explaining how she had grown old waiting for woman suffrage.

"The Yonkers women used wireless in their twenty-four-hour demonstration, election night, last November. They made speeches in Manor House Square and a wireless station above the platform received messages from various celebrities and prominent suffragists. Women radio operators will figure in the adoption of wireless on Hudson River steamers.

"Wireless telegraphy as a means of livelihood for women and as a means through which they might actively aid their country in time of war is one of the callings in which the members of the Girls' Division of the United States Junior Naval Reserve are receiving instruction. The girls' division of the Naval Reserve was formed to instruct girls in the importance of a navy and a merchant marine for this country in the expectation that a few years hence, when the teachings have had time to permeate among the girls and young women of the country, it will have a tremendous influence on the adoption of a thorough-going preparedness—military and commercial as well as naval—by the Federal Government.

"The preliminary work of organization of the girls' division has been painstakingly done, and two posts have now been formed. One is the Martha Washington Post, of Edgewater, N. J., and the other the Betsy Ross Post, of Bay Ridge, Brooklyn. These two posts form the nucleus of the Girls' Division of Naval Reservists.

"The organizers of the movement have refrained from publicity and soliciting enrolments until they were in position to handle the girls who volunteer. They are now in such condition, and the organization of new posts will be carried on rapidly, as many applications for membership in such posts in various cities have been received. The girls' division of the Naval Reserve has been formed, not for a handful of girls whose parents can easily afford to pay for a few weeks' training in a camp, but to reach out to girls who need the training and discipline which the reserve assures them, but are unable to pay for such training. Funds to help them in the work prescribed are needed.

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WOMEN IN CAMP COPYING DOWN MESSAGES AS THEY ARRIVE.

"There are many girls who are desirous of such training to make them better citizens, who are inspired with patriotism that is just as keen and unselfish as the patriotism that sends the young men and youths of the land into the militia and regular Army or the Navy. With the training which the Naval Reserve will give them these girls will be fitted for hospital attendants, Red-Cross nurses, operators of wireless telegraphy, and many other positions in case of need.

Copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood.

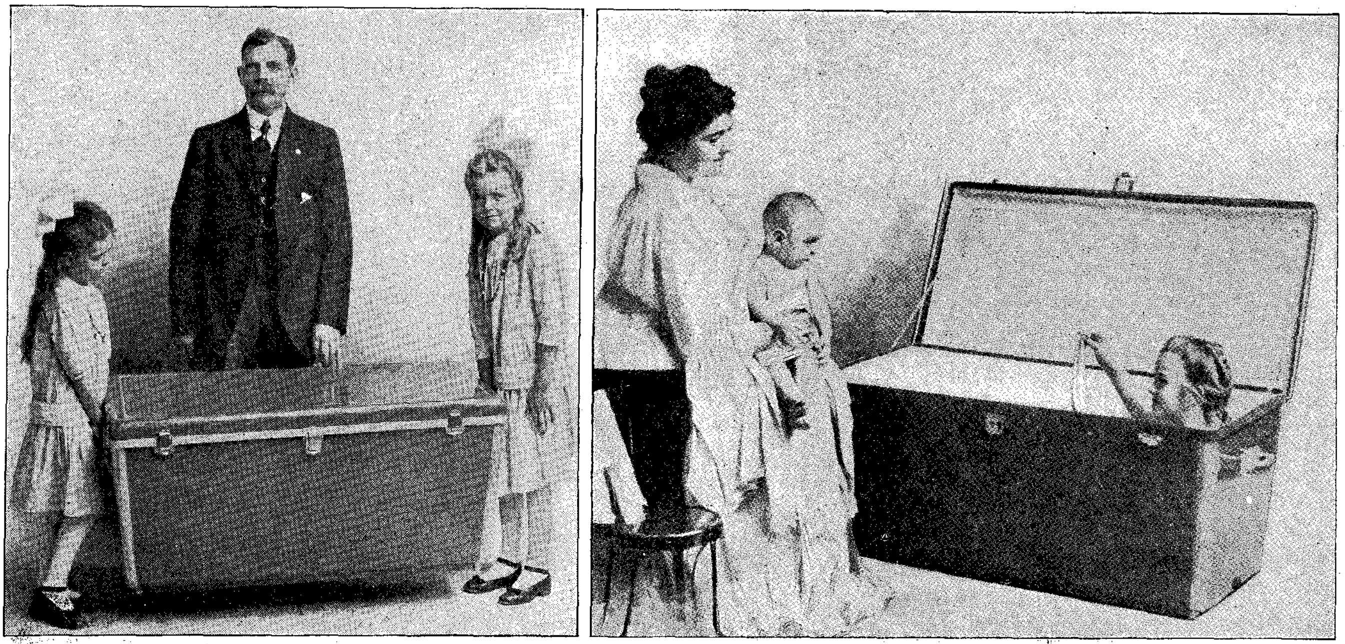
STUDYING RADIO-TELEGRAPHY AT A SUMMER PREPAREDNESS CAMP.

"The training of the girls who volunteer for work will not be altogether with a view to service to their country in the time of war, but in the time of peace as well.

"Again, this is not the end and all of the proposition at all. We have before us the great, and as yet but little explored, field of radio engineering. Women seem to progress excellently in the engineering branches. Primarily this is so because a woman's brain is quick of action, and moreover she usually will be found to have extremely well-balanced ideas as to proportions, so essential in designing. A wonderful imagination coupled to a number of other worthy faculties helps to make a really fine combination, so that we find a steadily growing number of women architects, mechanical and electrical experts, radio operators, civil engineers, *ad lib.* What we need is more of them in the higher positions, where the square root and binominal theorem are every-day quantities."

COPPERLESS LOCOMOTIVES—How the resourceful Germans are succeeding in building locomotives without the use of copper is described in *The Engineering and Mining Journal* (New York, September 16), which gets its information from *The Iron Age*. The ordinary locomotive is composed of 6 per cent. of copper, by weight, or six tons in a hundred-ton locomotive. This is how the Germans go without these tons of copper:

"The fire-boxes and stays are now made of cast iron. All the smoke- and steam-tubes and the oiling-cocks and thin pipes are of weldless drawn steel. For the rod-bracings, axles, grease-boxes, and the bracing parts, the difficulty is believed to have been overcome by using cast iron and a special alloy called flange metal, which is a mixture of tin, lead, and antimony. It is regarded as possibly dangerous to use this metal unless the pins and axle-journals are previously bushed with white metal. Cast iron is used for piston-boxes, side-valve rods, frames, and lubricators, lubricator covers, and step-bearings. Bronze covered with vulcanized rubber, which was the standard metal for the various hand-wheels, is being replaced by cast-iron wheels covered with ordinary string or jute fabric. German engineers are now experimenting with a new rolling process for preparing the flange metal referred to, having an equivalent of bronze, which will dispense with antimony."



Courtesy of "The Popular Science Monthly," New York.

A DOUBLY USEFUL TRUNK.

Rivaling the elephant, who can give himself a shower-bath with his very useful trunk, the owner of this new invention can use it as a bath-tub between trips. It costs little, keeps the clothing dry when traveling, and defies the baggage-handler.

WHY BOYS ARE HUNGRY

A GROWING BOY of school age requires about 50 per cent. more food than a hard-working adult farmer. This striking statement is based on measurements made recently in a well-known food laboratory. The writer of a descriptive editorial in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago, September 9) tells us that while there have been plenty of investigations of the food-requirements of adults and also those of infants, the normal boy has been somewhat strangely neglected. We realize that he requires more than the normal amount of food to enable him to keep up his growth, but exact measurements have been lacking until now. Says the writer:

"There is a singular dearth of statistics pertaining to the actual food intake and consequent dietary habits of young boys and girls. Indeed, both the physiology and pathology of the adolescent period offer abundant opportunity for the extension of knowledge.

"Somehow it is difficult and unusual to collect the basic facts regarding the functional needs and performances in this period of youth. Du Bois has shown, by accurate measurements in the respiration calorimeter at the Russell Sage Institute of Pathology, that the basal requirements of boys in metabolism is 25 per cent. above that of the adult. A recent investigation by Gephart, of the same laboratory, affords an insight into the actual amounts of nourishment taken by more than 300 boys in one of the largest private boarding-schools in the United States. The total animal supply for such an institution containing 355 boys was computed as follows, in metric tons:

	Protein	*Fat*	*Carbohydrate*
Food-supply	20.5	25.6	60.5
Waste	3.8	5.4	4.2
Food fuel	16.7	20.2	56.3

"The quantity of food, computed on the basis of the individual meal served, appears as follows:

	Pounds	*Calories*
Protein	0.1107	206
Fat	0.1332	562
Carbohydrates	0.3717	692
		1,460

"The food was of the best quality, and included 193 separate varieties. The cost per meal was twenty cents, or 13.8 cents per thousand calories. This is twice what the poor man in New York City pays for his food. But these growing athletic boys were not satisfied with the conventional 3,000 calories per day. The investigator of their dietary ascertained that besides the 4,350 calories which they consumed daily at the table, they bought 650 additional calories in food at a neighboring store, the principal item being chocolate.

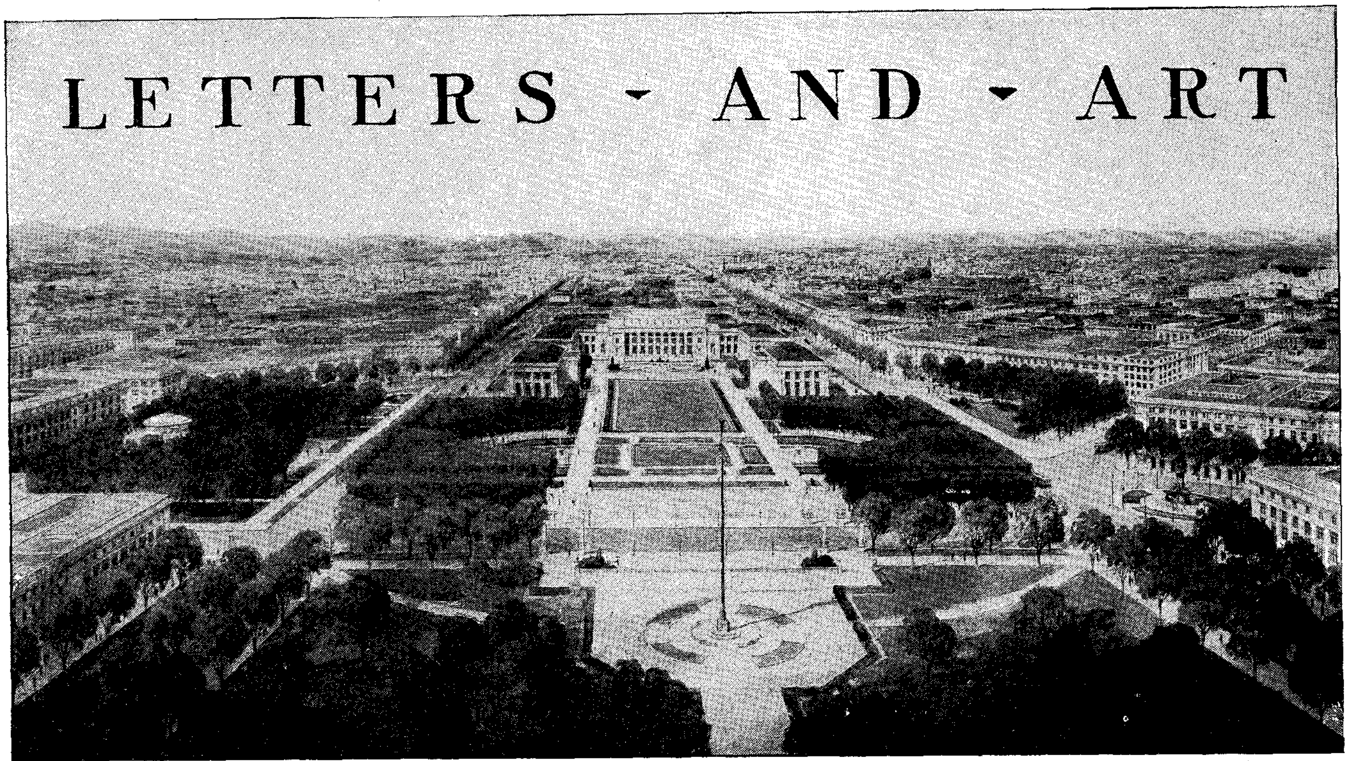
"Lusk has called attention to the fact that the 5,000 calories thus contained in the daily diet of active American boys of school age are half again as much as a farmer at work is believed to require. This salient statistical discovery, based on a liberal series of observations rather than on a few scattered data, deserves emphasis to medical men, who are often called on to advise in matters of diet during childhood and adolescence. The total fuel intake of the boarding-school boys was three times that of the basal level of from 1,700 to 1,800 calories, which is the heat-production of boys from thirteen to sixteen years of age when resting or asleep. Such findings explain the ravenous appetite of boys. Lack of appreciation of this factor, says Lusk, and lack of provision for it, are the probable causes of much of the undernutrition seen in children of school age.

"A liberal and adequate dietary does not necessarily draw heavily on many sources of food. In the selections for the school referred to, twelve dietary items yielded 75 per cent. of the requisite fuel value, the remaining 25 per cent. being distributed among the 181 other varieties of food. It is surely not without significance that bread, butter, milk, and sugar together furnished half of the food fuel. They form an exceptionally wholesome combination."

BATHING IN A TRUNK—A combination trunk, laundry-basket, and bath-tub, the novel invention of Ole C. and Hannah Lee Ronan, of Montana, is described and illustrated in *The Popular Science Monthly* (New York, September). Says this magazine:

"The trunk is made of sheet metal, enameled inside and outside to adapt it for use as a bath-tub or laundry-tub, and it is also provided with an outlet at the bottom, to which a hose can readily be attached to draw off the water. Besides giving very satisfactory service as a bath-tub, the trunk is a clean storage place for laundry. That an article representing an investment of $15, the cost of an ordinary trunk, should be useful only as a container for clothing when traveling struck the inventor as a waste of capital. What is more, the ordinary trunk does not protect the contents from dampness. This led to the invention of a metal combination trunk, which, while comparatively light in weight, is strong enough to stand the rough handling trunks are apt to receive at the hands of baggagemen. Altho the inventor has made his bath-trunk in only one size, it can be made in other sizes."

LETTERS AND ART



Illustrations by courtesy of "The International Studio," New York.

Frederick Law Olmsted, Landscape Architect. Arnold W. Brunner, Architect.

DENVER'S PROJECT FOR A CIVIC CENTER.

"Fine natures only," says Mr. Charles D. Lay, "can join in effort and make of themselves one creator of a work of art." Mr. Olmsted and Mr. Brunner in this work submit themselves to the problem of expressing "Denver's ideals and individuality."

SUPPLYING OUR LACK OF LEONARDOS

OUR BRIDGES and other public monumental utilities often suffer because the modern world produces no Leonardo da Vincis. He was architect, engineer, painter, and sculptor, all rolled into one; but no man of these days finds it possible to practise more than one of the arts successfully and simultaneously. So when a work like the building of bridges comes to be undertaken it must enlist the service of several. It is fortunate for the result if the two men who put their heads together to design a bridge are in perfect sympathy. Generally, says the landscape architect, Charles D. Lay, in the *International Studio* (October), "bridges are designed by engineers who sometimes ask an architect to decorate it, or, at least, to give its lines some semblance of beauty." It also happens that "an architect will design a bridge and afterward ask an engineer to build it so. The engineer, being human, can not refuse a good commission, and later, if excuses are necessary, can only say, 'I had to serve my master.'" This, thinks the writer, is "the case with most of our sky-scrapers, and also the reason why most of them fail as works of art." The future, he is confident, will have "no praise for the engineering structure decorated by the architect nor for the architecture for which a skeleton has been fitted by the engineer." A case of harmonious collaboration is cited in the bridge across the Maumee River at Toledo, designed and built by Mr. Arnold W. Brunner, architect, and Ralph Modjeski, engineer:

> "It was not enough to have the bridge carry the traffic; it must carry it cheaply and well, and at the same time express the importance of that artery of the city and of the shipping that goes through it. Such a happy result has, I believe, crowned the efforts of these two eminent men, for mechanically the bridge is unusual and wholly successful and the illustration shows how well it fulfils the other requirements.
>
> "Another bridge, where the conditions were somewhat different, is that of the Long Island Railroad over Queens County Boulevard.
>
> "Brunner was asked to collaborate with the railroad company's engineers in the design of this bridge, in which the desire was less to make an important bridge show its importance than to make a necessary structure dignified; to give a feeling of substantiality to the flimsy-looking traceries of steel commonly used in railroad bridges. It was not a question of decorating a bridge already designed, but of arranging the ordinary and simple components of such a structure so that they should express their dignity and strength and be free from the casual appearance so often found in the work of the structural engineer.
>
> "The Manhattan Bridge, over the East River, New York, is an example of an engineer's bridge decorated by an architect, and also of the futility of such a proceeding, for the bulbous finials and the other appliquéd decoration do not add in the least to the beauty of the structure. Nor will the elaborate masonry approaches now being constructed add to its impressiveness. Whatever beauty it has comes solely from the lines of its cables and from the arch of its roadways, and whatever importance from its height and span. No decoration can help those flimsy steel towers."

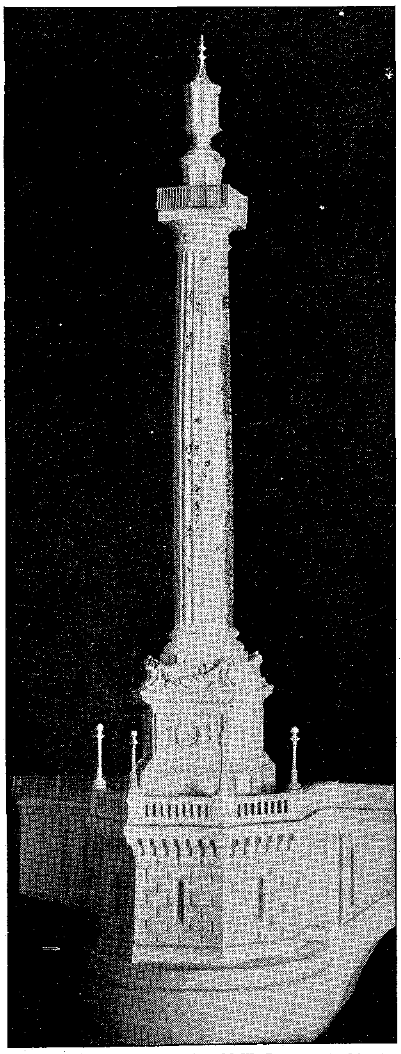
The case is more complicated when we encounter the efforts of city replanning, and the results more disastrous still if one element of the work is subordinated to any other:

> "Sometimes it happens that an enlightened municipality decides to make itself more convenient, pleasanter, and, I say it with hesitation, beautiful. Planning the city which has grown without a plan or with a poor one is then undertaken and various experts are called in consultation. Usually a landscape architect is chosen for his knowledge of laying out the land in streets, building lots, parks, and boulevards, and for his feeling for the surface of the ground. An architect, too, is chosen for his knowledge of buildings, monuments, and public squares, and together they do the work. Either one called first would, of course, request the joint employment of the other, for each knows what stimulation to creative thought comes from two minds of slightly different points of view working on the same problem. Each knows, too, how great the technical difficulties are and has no desire to undertake more than his own share of the work, for there is no glory in success won outside of one's own field. Nor does either wish to have his good work carried to disaster because of somewhat gratuitous attempts to do another's work. Sometimes an architect doing a country place for a parsimonious client will select the location for the house and oversee the construction of roads and gardens. He may make a *succès d'estime*, but should he make even a partial failure in such unaccustomed or gratuitous work will it not injure his

reputation, which he would like to have depend upon his architecture alone?

"The landscape architect and the architect once associated in city planning may decide that the extent of the work is such that an engineer is needed, too. In a very large city a traffic engineer may be needed, for upon the solution of the rapid-transit problems the success of the work may depend.

"An example of such joint responsibility in city planning is the work of Mr. F. L. Olmsted and Mr. A. W. Brunner, in Denver, on the civic center now well under way. This, it may be unnecessary to state, is not simply a civic center to be compared and judged with other civic centers, but it is Denver's civic center designed to fit the local conditions of topography and climate, and to give room for the future expression of Denver's ideals and individuality. It is the beating heart of the city and will some day be the first spot recalled by the affections when Denver is mentioned or thought of."



Ralph Modjeski, Engineer; Arnold W. Brunner, Architect.

A TOWER OF THE TOLEDO BRIDGE.

Only Leonardo could have done this combined work of engineer and architect.

CAN MASTERPIECES BE DICTATED?

AUTHORS WHO SHIRK the drudgery of the pen and by resorting to dictation lay the mechanical burden of writing on another's shoulders have been with us for time uncounted. A writer in the New York *Evening Post* reflects that the practise is "ages older than the most primitive typewriter." What this penman seems to have only lately heard is that Henry James, for some years before his death, had been in the habit of dictating his books. The "revelation," as he calls it, was made, not recently however, in one of the late George W. Smalley's letters to the New York *Tribune*. The *Evening Post* writer feels that "many" have received a "double shock" by such news as this, for "it seemed impossible that such a style" as James's, "apparently losing itself in its own involutions, or evolutions, yet always keenly aware of where it was and whither it was bound, could be the product of oral expression." Such not only was the case with Mr. James, but we have the opinion of Mr. Smalley, who knew James well, that the "third manner," which James critics are fond of pointing out, is distinctly traceable to his acquired habit of dictation. Mr. Smalley thought that this could even be proved by reading James aloud, a test which would not only show the style to be eminently conversational, but also justified. The writer of the editorial has other views—some of them bearing on the matter of the "dignity" of letters. He even invokes a certain "sentiment that such a mode of turning out books" may convict the writer of being "undignified":

"It smacked of the business office. The idea of dictation rudely banished the cherished picture of the author seated at his desk, working in that combination of leisure and disorder which has always been part and parcel of the literary tradition. The moment that one knew, or so much as suspected, that a new book by a favorite writer had been volleyed forth in fragments hurled at a stenographer's flying pencil, or, worse, at a typist's racing fingers, the finest charm of the pages vanished. This was especially apt to be the case if the reader himself was accustomed to dictate now and then: how could anything, not merely readable, but even intelligible, come from so unnatural a process of getting one's ideas upon paper? Henry James went so far as to say that he had never in his life written a sentence that he did not mean to be read aloud. Why should what is meant to be read aloud not go all the better for being written aloud, so to speak? We know one person, however, who tried the effect of Mr. James's suggestion upon a small gathering, only to find, when he had come to the end of the third sentence, about half-way down page 4, that the auditors who were left were waiting for the next pause to enter a unanimous objection to further oral procedure. The reader assures us that their attitude could not have been due to anything in the manner of the reading."

There follows an erudite review of the great "dictators," from Cæsar, who could do the trick "as fast as he could think"—so fast, in fact, that he had to have stenographers in rotation—to Milton and Wordsworth. Milton, poor soul, dictated "Paradise Lost" to "as unwilling a set of copyists as ever recorded words to the meaning of which they were openly indifferent and secretly something more." But much depends, we are reassured, on what is meant by "dictating":

"Ordinarily, the word suggests extempore composition, and doubtless Cæsar's dictating was as spontaneous as that of any modern business man. On the other hand, what Wordsworth did was merely to repeat aloud the final form which his lines had taken as he had turned them over and over in his mind. His achievement remains an achievement, but an achievement of a very different sort from what it would have been if he had been composing as well as dictating. As it was, the thing was nothing more than a feat of memory. It may be difficult to think of Henry James keeping his way through a labyrinth which he constructed as he went, but it is impossible to visualize Macaulay dictating his periods. He said that he revised, not simply sentences and paragraphs, but whole chapters, as many as a dozen times. For such a writer dictation is obviously not a proper instrument. Here lies the great point. If dictation is no more than a convenient means of performing the physical part of the task of transferring thought to manuscript, it is like any other piece of machinery. But if it is adopted as a partial substitute for thinking, as a means of saving mental labor as well as physical and of gaining speed at whatever cost to quality, then it is pernicious. For some reason, many readers feel that not a few of the novels of our time have been dictated rather than composed. And even then writers will be governed by personal limitations. Prescott would have found dictation a great relief in his blindness. He could compose and retain long passages in his mind. But in dictation he felt that his style was injured."

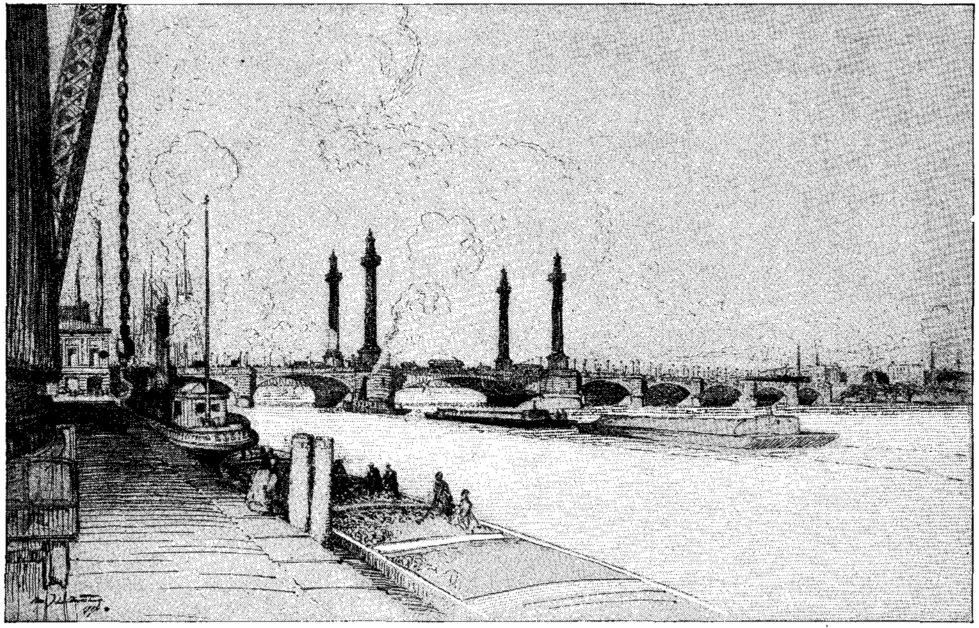
If the results from dictating be as literature "more forcible than pretty," as in the case of "Cæsar's Commentaries," the editorial writer here reflects, we may console ourselves with that literary poultice, "the style is still the man." And even "some old-fashioned literary persons will contend" that the quality and style of Wordsworth's "Excursion" become "understandable as soon as one knows that Wordsworth composed long passages of it in his mind and saved them up to dictate to his sister Dorothy on coming home for dinner or supper." Still the antidictationists have to deal with the fact that Wordsworth also dictated his "Tintern Abbey." And—

"Some critics would even base the ease of Thackeray in 'Pendennis' upon its having been dictated instead of written in more laborious fashion. He really talked the book, and so why should the style not be easy?"

CONFUSED STANDARDS OF LITERARY CENSORSHIP

IT IS FEARED by some who are interested in the welfare of letters in this country that "a literary reign of terror is being attempted." The terrorists who would guillotine books deemed evil are the members of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, founded by the late Anthony Comstock. Books that have come under the condemnation of the society in recent years have been mainly of foreign authorship—some by Russian, some by English writers. But the most recent action has been taken against the work of an American writer, Mr. Theodore Dreiser, whose novel, "The Genius," has been pronounced "lewd" and "profane" in certain specified pages and ordered withdrawn from circulation by the vice commissions of both New York and Cincinnati. The pages banned as "lewd" are more than usually frank, and the "profane" ones reproduce conversations where oaths are interlarded with the speech of certain types. Mr. Dreiser's contention is that these types can not be otherwise represented. After the vice commission ordered the book withdrawn, the executive committee of the Authors' League of America made an examination of the book, and recorded in its minutes that the sense of the meeting was that—

> "The book complained of by the Society for the Suppression of Vice is not subject to condemnation by it, and that the same is not lewd, licentious, or obscene, and it is further the sense of the meeting that the test ordinarily applied in such cases is too narrow and unfair and that it may, if not modified, prevent the sale of many classics and of much of the serious work which is now being offered, and it is further the sense of the meeting that the league take such action as may be possible to prevent the suppression of the work complained of."



Ralph Modjeski, Engineer. Arnold W. Brunner, Architect.

SKETCH FOR THE TOLEDO BRIDGE.

The problem of the cooperating artists here was to carry the traffic cheaply and well, and at the same time "to express the importance of that artery of the city and of the traffic that goes through it."

In reproducing this passage from the minutes of the Authors' League, the Washington *Herald* puts the position of others who voice their protest against the commission's action:

> "It is interesting to learn from these minutes that the executive committee has found that the book is 'not lewd, licentious, or obscene.' But the most important part of the committee's findings is contained in these words: 'The test ordinarily applied in such cases is too narrow and unfair, and may, if not modified, prevent the sale of many classics and of much of the serious work which is now being offered.'
>
> "In this sentence may be found the crux of the whole censorship problem. A censor may be tolerated as long as he keeps his activities within the bounds of reason and justice. A censor will not be tolerated when he goes beyond these limitations. The American people have shown time and again that they resent a curb on their intellectual pleasures and that they rebel against the stultification of art because some individual or group of individuals believes that it embodies something that is not good for the people.
>
> "Some day, and it will not be a distant day, the people will take enough interest in censors to examine their work. The verdict will be the same as that of the Authors' League: 'The test ordinarily applied in such cases is too narrow and unfair.' If 'The Genius' will aid in the awakening of the people to the censorship evil, Mr. Theodore Dreiser will not have labored in vain when he wrote the novel."

The Register, of Des Moines, declares that "no one will read anything by Dreiser merely because there is immorality in it. He is an analyst of the human mind through realism, and appeals only to readers of adult mentality." This paper admits that "if the immoral passages to be found in 'The Genius' were to be distributed among boys and girls in a schoolroom the result would be detrimental," but it asserts that "there is no reason for the expurgation of a work whose only appeal is to adult and fairly studious minds." The New York *Tribune*, bearing upon this point, observes:

> "Many censors and no standards—a confusion of protectors of public morals who have at different times endeavored to proscribe Fielding, Paul Bourget, George Moore, Thomas Hardy, Ibsen, and 'Parsifal.' In nothing are we in America closer kin to England than in the haphazard ways of our artistic censorships. England, to be sure, has its official censor, but it has also its Mudie's Library, which undertakes to decide what its subscribers shall not read.
>
> "They order this matter better in France, and on the Continent generally. There the duty of protecting youth against dangerous influences in literature and on the stage is squarely put upon the right shoulders—those of parents and guardians and educators. We insist that authors and artists and playwrights, publishers, editors, and theatrical managers shall perform that duty for us. It simplifies our already sufficiently difficult task of educating a new generation whose individuality has been made an object of unreasoning worship, but it retards the development of our art, it keeps its interpretation of life in the shallows.
>
> "Still, it is not only youth which we would thus protect by proxy. There are many among us who would regulate the tastes and the interests of our grown-up brothers and sisters as well, for their own good. These censors always suspect the moral weakness of the occupants of the seat beside them at the theater, of the reader across the table under the reading-lamp. Fortunately their battle to impose their narrow standards upon others is usually a losing one."

Mr. Alexander Harvey alleges in *The Bang* (New York) that the vice organization "has been working in the courts and influencing our legislation for so many years that the statutes and court decisions have been shaped to its use," and even a jury's verdict that a certain novel was not obscene did not help the author to reestablish the sale of his book. He continues:

> "The second great weapon in the hands of this organization

is the use of such terms as 'lewd,' 'obscene,' 'lascivious,' and the like in characterizing an author's work.

"A man who objects to the methods of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice is, of course, objecting to the suppression of vice.

"The society has no other function than to endeavor to enforce the law as it exists on the statute-books.

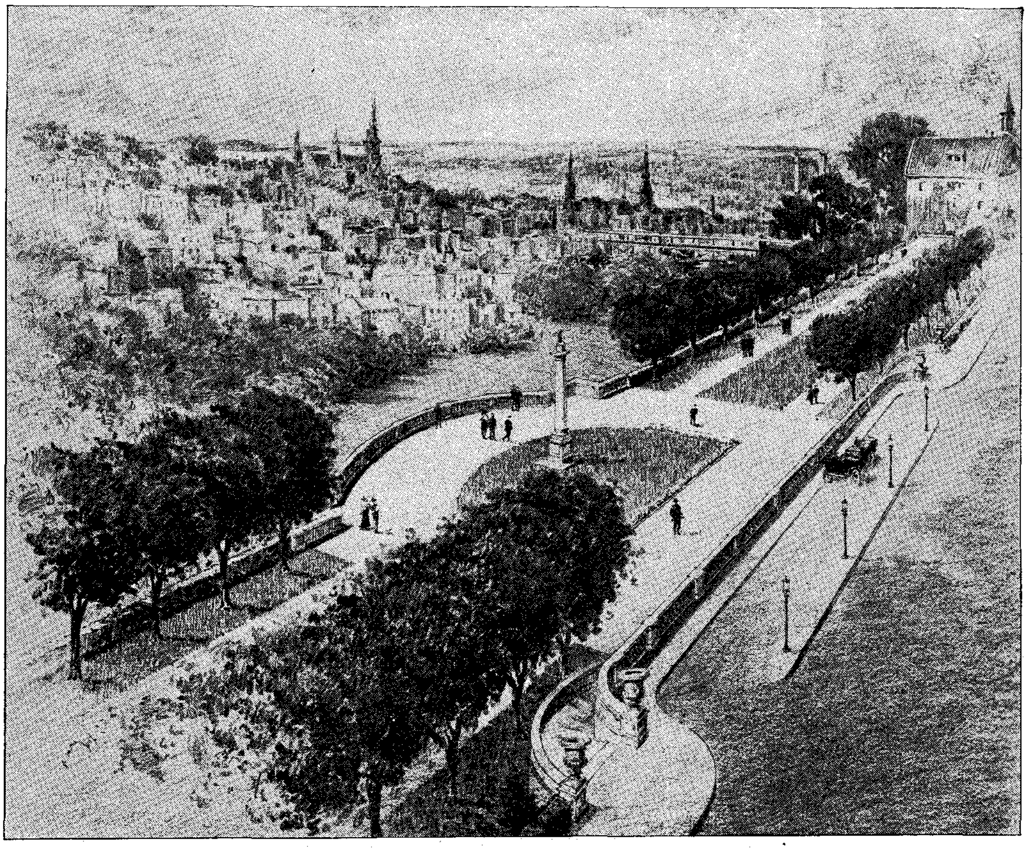
"Any objection to the methods of the society under the law as it exists is met by a reference to the obscene, the lewd, the lascivious, the filthy, and the indecent.

"Thus the society substitutes for a discussion of its methods a totally different discussion on the subject of the obscene.

"It is the very ancient trick known as dragging a red herring across the trail. Practise has made the society expert."

A FRENCH WRITER'S FORECAST

SOCIALISM OR WAR must be our choice for the future, says Anatole France. This statement was given as a sort of "message" to America, tho all the time the great French author protested that he had no message to send. It was the good fortune of a young American writer, Mr. Barton Blake, to see this foremost of French authors who "never has been interviewed successfully." Instead of being interviewed, says Mr. Blake in the Boston *Transcript*, France turns the tables and interviews the visitor on American affairs. In the course of this he reveals the fact that "he does not share the French enthusiasm for Colonel Roosevelt, . . . he dismisses the Rough Rider as 'a mediocre intelligence.'" He "scorns his rivals for the Presidency, Mr. Wilson and Judge Hughes—'pacifists born with the same basic policies of unreasoned opportunism,' is the France impression." After some more dicta of a similar sort he comes to the heart of his reply to Mr. Blake's request:



TERRACE, SHERIDAN PARK, ALBANY, PRESENTS A COOPERATING PROBLEM.

The landscape features are the design of Mr. Charles D. Lay; the architectural are by Mr. Arnold W. Brunner.

"What you ask me is quite impossible. I can not give you a message for America. One can not talk at such a time as this. One can not argue when the mouth of the volcano spits fire and brimstone and the earth is careening. One can not shout down the crater-mouth. Ah, but no!

"The book you have been reading, that book in your hand, 'Sur la Voie Glorieuse,' yes, I consented to its publication even in these times, but only as a work of charity. My publishers tell me that it has made money for the mutilated. That pleases me. I can give to my country that way, at least. But I can not roar a message down the mouth of the volcano.

"I am a Socialist. If you are not a Socialist, how can I talk with you at this moment—talk to you, that is, so that you will understand me or believe me? Here is all I see: The only solution of the future is Socialism. The Internationale must not perish. I have been much criticized for writing that after the war we must stretch out toward our vanquished enemy a fraternal hand!—but what else can we do? It is our world, and we must live in it. . . . Otherwise it is a future of wars only, an eternal war, like the chaos that was before written history. Socialism is the only way out. You suggest as one theory that we are all becoming Socialists at this moment? That England and France are becoming Socialists because the Socialist state is the only means of war-organization strong enough for bringing victory to their side? Ah, when you say that we are all more or less Socialists, you are uttering one of the *bêtises* of the politicians. You of the opposition say to the party-man: 'We are all of your party.' But speaking it does not make it true. Is the capitalist-profiteer a Socialist? Yet Socialism is the only way out. I don't for a moment say that it will be Socialism—only that the choice for humanity lies between Socialism and chaos. That is as near to being my message to America as anything I could say. But it is useless, *monsieur*, to try to interview me. I do not know how to be interviewed."

If France would only consent to be interviewed, Mr. Blake believes it would be "wonderful talk." He has only one rival in conversation—Gabriele d'Annunzio. It is a rare treat to see them together, "capping" one another's stories and quotations. The proof of France as a talker is that—

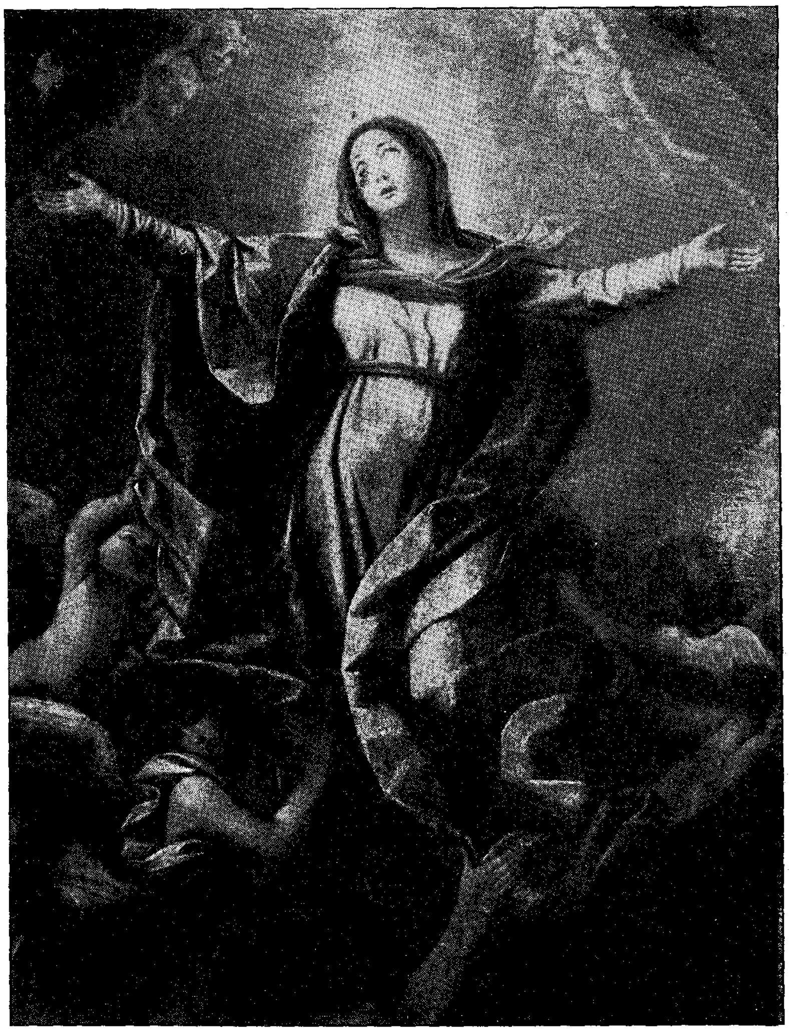
"One sees it in his books, in the conversation of his characters (the best drawn of all being a France in fancy costume), even in those pages of his books which are not nominal conversations. When he talks to the would-be interviewer, even, and refuses to be interviewed, one notes that he talks just like his books; the same numerous citations, the same clarid involutions, the same whimsical charm. . . . Greece and Italy come into his talk, and into the talk that constitutes his books. . . . One naturally asks Mr. France (for in this country every one is talking about Greece nowadays) if he sees more analogy, perhaps, between America and modern Greece than between America and the ancient Greece he loves.

"'Perhaps, but why drag in ancient Greece here? Ancient Greece was not noble in politics. In art, yes. In things beautiful, which I adore. Not in politics. Greece never played a distinguished rôle in foreign affairs. Her great wars were civil wars. She excelled in killing her own. You speak of the Persian war. Yes, Greece had great historians. Thus it is from them that we have heard of her Persian war. But if Persia had had great historians—what then?'"

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SE

A RELIGIOUS ART-GALLERY IN A METHODIST CHUR

IT IS SOMETHING NEW in Protestantism in America to find an important collection of religious pictures as part of the equipment of a Church enterprise. The new Hennepin Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church in Minneapolis, dedicated within the past few weeks, has such a collection placed by one of its wealthy members, Mr. Thomas B. Walker, in the auditorium and Sunday-school rooms of the Guild Hall. The collection numbers thirty-four pictures in all and embraces such well-known artists as Tiepolo, Guercino, and Tintoretto, of the Italian school, several Netherlandish painters of the school of Rembrandt, and such early Americans as Benjamin West and Washington Allston. Mr. Walker has been a collector of pictures and objects of art for many years, and his accumulations have acquired a wide-spread fame. He has, moreover, not been a recluse with his beautiful things. "Any one, citizen or stranger," once wrote the art critic and correspondent, William E. Curtis, "is at liberty to call at his residence any week-day, morning or afternoon, and inspect the gallery at leisure." "He gives his collection daily to his own city," says Dr. B. D. Hollington, the art-writer of Toledo, Ohio, "and all day long men and women are accepting his free gift." This writer goes on to speak of the "two hours spent with a man in the blue blouse of a mechanic, but no refinement of color or form escaped his apprehension and appreciation." Then, "turning at the door, he feelingly said, 'But the best thing about this is that he don't keep this all to himself, but lets us all own it.'" A selection is made of photographic reproductions so that readers of THE LITERARY DIGEST may form an idea of the gift lately made for specifically church purposes. The first is the "Assumption of the Virgin," by Osorio Francisco Menesses. This painting, we learn from the "Illustrated Descriptive Catalog," has "often been claimed as a Murillo." The theme was a favorite one with that artist, and "the drawing, the colors, and the finish come so near those of his great master that it required the judgment of critics well acquainted with the work of both to determine the real author." The second, "Abraham and the Three Angels," is by Martin van Heemskerk, the Dutch painter who died at Haarlem in 1574. The picture depicts the visit to Abraham and Sarah of "the three men" who "announced that Sarah should bear him a son." We read further:



"ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN."

By Osorio Francisco Menesses.

One of the religious pictures given to the Hennepin Avenue M. E. Church of Minneapolis by Mr. Thomas B. Walker.

> "The artist first presents the three men (angels) in front of Abraham's house, and as they make the startling announcement foretelling the birth of Isaac, Sarah stands in the door and laughs. Then another scene is presented showing the three men (angels) with their faces turned toward Sodom. Only two angels (men) appeared unto Lot in Sodom, the other, it appears, tarried, while Abraham pleaded long and earnestly in an endeavor to save Sodom and Gomorrah from destruction, as Lot, who dwelt in Sodom, was Abraham's nephew. The painting is well chosen, and the subject elegantly and artistically treated. The golden-like tones are peculiar but extremely pleasing, the drawing all but faultless, and the perspective most remarkable. Not unlike nearly all religious subjects produced by the old masters, the artist's conception does not follow closely after the text. Van Heemskerk shows us Abraham's home a mansion, instead of a tent, and presents the 'three men' (angels) with wings, while the Bible describes angels as appearing like men. (Genesis xix:1-5, Joshua v:13-14, Judges xii:6, etc.) The picture, however, in addition to being a work of art, showing the trend of religious thought in that early period, is without doubt a characteristic example of this eminent artist's last work. It was at this time that God made his promise to Abraham, that he should be a father of many nations. Isaac, the son promised him by the angel, married Rebecca, and from this union was born Jacob, whom the Lord called Israel. Jacob, or Israel, had twelve sons, and these became the heads of the twelve tribes of Israel. And not alone by inheritance is Abraham the father of many, but Abraham believed God and it was counted unto him for righteousness. And as Christ 'took on him the seed of Abraham,' 'if ye be Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed, and heirs according to the promise.'"

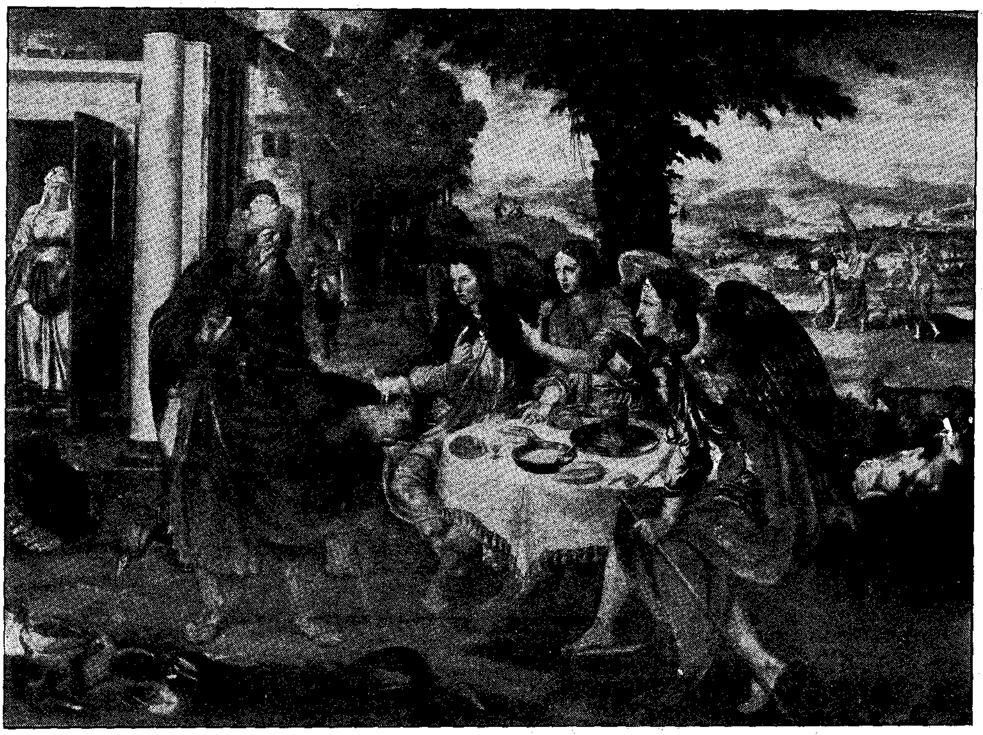
The "Belshazzar's Feast" is by Giuseppe Bezzuoli, of the more modern Italian school. The artist was born in Florence, in 1784, and died there in 1855. Finally, we have an early American master, Benjamin West, who was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, died in London in 1820. Of his ughter," the catalog quotes from the 9, 1911:

> of the series of large religious subjects orge III. from his favorite painter, and is conscience and tact which characterized his career, from his prompt European success last days which he bore with so much dignity and his best period his admirers declared his work of the old masters, with the delightful disregard of or any distinctions among the giants of the past. ing of the woman's pale form rising from the white of her bed, is very fine, with nacreous flesh-tints, and ous shadows. The composition is also genuinely impressive. robes and still life are painted with rich glowing color, and the whole effect is that of a masterpiece of the old school."

A CATHOLIC CRISIS IN BOHEMIA

THERE ARE CATHOLICS in the Entente and neutral countries who fear that the dissolution of the Dual Monarchy, a possible sequel to the war, would jeopardize the existence of the Catholic Church in Austria. But in this fear they entirely misjudge the situation, declares a writer, unnamed, but obviously a patriot, in the French fortnightly, *La Nation Tchèque* (*The Bohemian Nation*), published in Paris by Prof. Ernest Denis, of the Sorbonne. The attitude of the Bohemian people since the outbreak of the war is such as to lead the writer to foresee just the opposite results, which will be to leave the Catholic Church free of the Hapsburgian dominion that now rests as a yoke. We read:

> "Almost immediately after the declaration of the war, the two great political parties of Bohemia, both good Catholics, formed one solid national group. The entire Bohemian people hate the Vienna Government for its anti-Slav policy, considering the Austrian court and statesmen directly responsible for the catastrophe. The simple-minded Bohemian farmer, on his way to church on Sundays, mused over the events, and as a good Bohemian patriot could not help condemning his sovereign for playing into the hands of the Germans and Hungarians, the oppressors of the Slavonic race. Bohemia and Catholic Church being almost identical terms to him, he considered the rulers in Vienna and Budapest as sort of antichrists. And when the freethinkers reproached the Catholic Church with not having used its influence with the Emperor and his court in behalf of the preservation of peace, he painfully admitted the strength of the argument.
>
> "Gradually he began to understand that the Austrian Government merely used the Catholic Church as an instrument of domination and oppression. He took up his Palacsky and the other national historians of his race, who showed him that the Vienna court has tried to degrade the lower clergy to secret agents of the Government, succeeding, alas! in many cases. Even the bishops and archbishops were treated as political emissaries, as sort of inspectors-general of our communal life, and of the schools in particular—further, as chief censors of our literature.
>
> "With the outbreak of the war the old spirit of national independence was aroused. The lower clergy, sprung from the people's ranks, threw off its yoke. The nation was deeply offended when immediately after the declaration of the war the Government asked our bishops to dispatch to their parishes manifestoes condemning the enemies of the monarchy and forcing the clergy to pray for the victory of Germany.
>
> "As early as September, 1914, very significant scenes took place in many village churches of Bohemia. When the priests started reading the letter of the bishop the people ostentatiously left the church. Only he who knows the deeply religious character of the Bohemian farmer, his respect for the priestly charge, and his inborn fear of any direct revolt against dynasty and Government can fully grasp the import of these manifestations. Some of the farm-folk were condemned by court martial, but this served only to inflame public opinion.
>
> "In other villages the priests took the initiative by attacking, from their pulpit, in vehement language, and before crowded audiences, the initiators of the criminal blood orgy, calling down on them the curse of Heaven.
>
> "The whole Catholic press, written in the Bohemian and Slovak languages, supported the antigovernmental attitude of the nation. It is true, the Austrian censor did not hesitate to suppress one paper after the other, and the journalistic field in Bohemia at present resembles a churchyard. One paper was suspended for a cartoon representing Jesus praying for peace. Life became intolerable. Some of our greatest political leaders were thrown into prison, others forced to exile themselves. Several bishops and high governmental functionaries could not stand it any longer; they risked position, liberty, life itself, by declaring themselves publicly against Austria and clamoring for the deliverance of the Bohemian nation from the yoke of Vienna.
>
> "The Catholics saw clearly that should the Church stand quietly by while the Slavonic race is being crusht by the Teutons, its position in the times to follow the war might become critical indeed. Their last illusions were gone when they saw the most fervent anti-Catholics of yore hypocritically fraternizing with the Catholic leaders—as long as the latter were deemed to be 'safe.' An ultra-Catholic organ suddenly became the favorite paper in our pro-Austrian circles.
>
> "But not content with its political and economical machinery in its effort to down us, the Vienna Government dared lay its heavy and clumsy hand on the ecclesiastical organization itself. Some months ago, Cardinal Bauer, Archbishop of Olmütz, died. This famous Moravian diocese, being without political


"ABRAHAM AND THE THREE ANGELS."
By Martin Van Heemskerk.

By some of his contemporaries this painter was known as "The Dutch Raffael," although he really imitated Michelangelo, with whom he had a personal acquaintance.

importance, Vienna decided to transfer there the occupant of the see of Prague, capital of Bohemia, Prince Skrbensky, a church dignitary loved by the Bohemians for his strict impartiality in matters politic. Who was sent to Prague? Count Huyn, Bishop of Bruen (Moravia), a fanatic German, and very popular in those pan-Germanistic circles, who, even before this war, considered Berlin rather than Vienna as their capital. The election met with the protests of some of the deans, but, of course, the choice of Vienna prevailed, altho not until the Government was forced to threaten a division of the Prague diocese into two sections, a Bohemian and a German.

> "This procedure revolted the entire Bohemian clergy, which categorically refuses being used any more as a political catspaw. Both, clergy and nation, are now more than ever convinced that the destruction of Austria will free the Catholic Church of the Hapsburgian domination."

HOLLAND—GOOD SAMARITAN

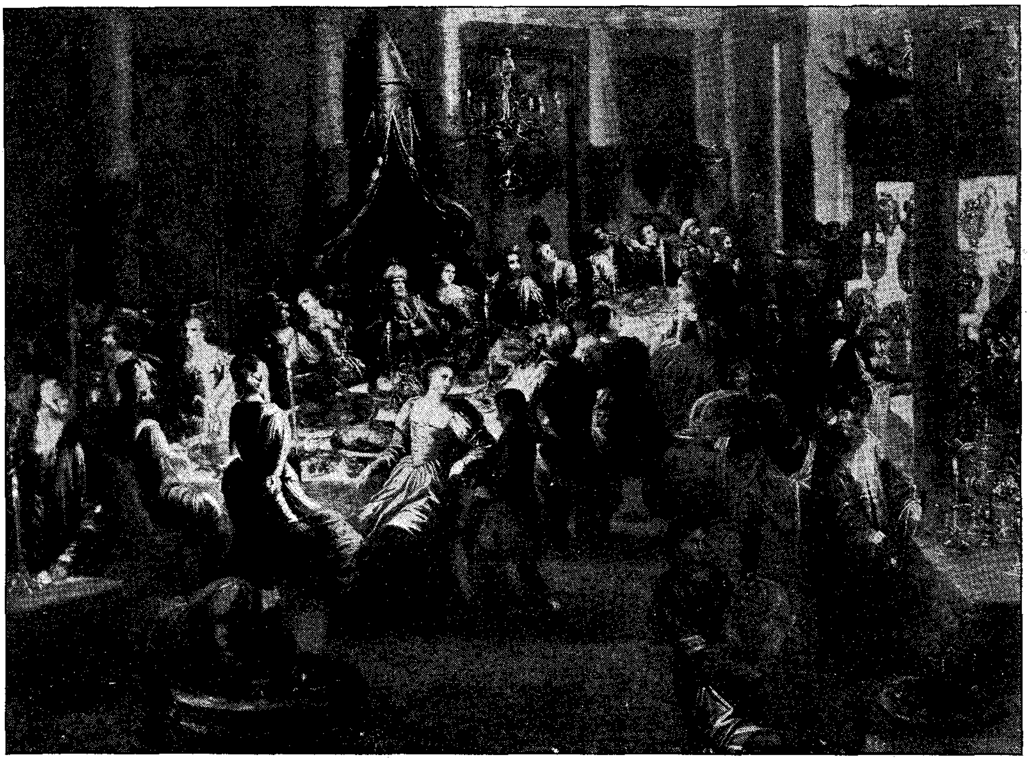
HOLLAND'S RÔLE as the Good Samaritan is shown in her budget for 1916, where "no less than one-eighth of the nation's expenditure is allocated for the maintenance and relief of the Belgian refugees." While this shows how the State spends money, says *The Churchman* (New York), "there has been an equal disbursement of voluntary aid in the work of relief organization." The story of her efforts is summarized here, and brings forward facts that have been overlooked by many:

> "From the first days of the war Holland welcomed without any selfish reservations all the panic-stricken Belgians who came flying over the frontier before the advance of the invading Huns, and what renders the service the more honorable and more distinctive is the disinterestedness of it. The Dutch had nothing to gain either in good-will or future interest, but spontaneously local committees sprang up in all directions, and, in addition to general private hospitality, camps were organized with extraordinary rapidity for the housing and relief of the destitute. One little Dutch village of 1,300 inhabitants made means to welcome 25,000 refugees. Since then the work of mercy and relief has proceeded along lines of well-thought-out and methodical philanthropy, as the problem of dealing with some 100,000 homeless exiles called for something which even abundant sympathy can not continuously supply.
>
> "In four large camps are now concentrated some 16,000 persons who have neither friends nor means to find hospitality like more fortunate refugees. These camps are complete cities of refuge, fully provided with hospitals, *crèches*, dispensaries, isolation wards, and schools. Doctors, nurses, and nuns give their services, and they work in conjunction with the Society of Friends, whose organization, under the leadership of Miss Vullamy, is one of the most remarkable features of the scheme of relief. But in addition to the poorer refugees thus provided for, there are over 80,000 being relieved otherwise throughout the country. The refugees have found a special friend in Baron van Tuyll, the Minister specially allocated for the purpose, who has applied a generous contribution from Denmark to the building of transportable houses, and has also devoted his energies to the establishment of technical schools and cooking- and dressmaking-classes. Better-class refugees who have fallen into complete lack of funds, and have thus become unable to support themselves, have been assisted by the Government. These various forms of relief are being continued, and they are as ample and as hearty now as in the first months of the war."

In addition to this, as *The Christian Work* (New York) emphasizes in a long article, is the "appeal to the neutral nations of the world," signed by nearly one hundred and fifty of the leading citizens of Holland, in behalf of their "sister state," Belgium, which, they assert, "is threatened with the permanent loss of her independence." We read:

> "They quote the Allies as saying that they would conclude no peace in which the independence of Belgium should not be fully restored, and say that by the side of this statement should stand a declaration from the neutrals. They assert that for all the world outside Germany and its allies this ought to be settled definitely. Robbing any State whatever of its independence is to be considered as a crime and a reason for fresh wars.
>
> " 'To us it appears necessary,' the appeal continues, 'that this principle should be uttered now as the explicit demand of all neutral nations.' "

The appeal calls upon all "who live at greater distance, and who yet may be threatened by the same fate when the right of the strongest will once more prevail in the world," to utter a word of warning. It mentions the three Scandinavian countries, the Swiss Republic and Spain, as well as "all American Republics, great and small."


"BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST."

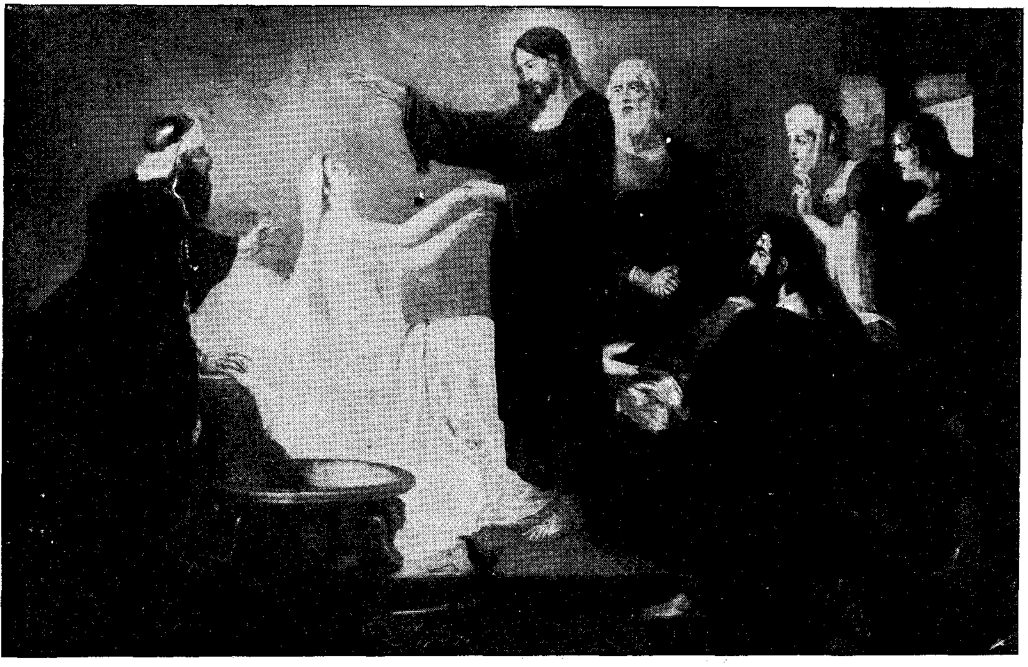
By Giuseppe Bezzuoli.

This artist's principal works are found in his native Italian town of St. Remi, and in the galleries of Florence and Rome, but this one has wandered into remote Minneapolis.

> "The Powers of the Entente declared on February 14, 1916, that they should conclude no peace in which the independence of Belgium should not be fully restored, politically and economically. Such is their reply to the claims of Germany. By the side of this statement we need a reply from the neutrals. Nobody knows with any certainty how this world war will end. But for all the world outside Germany (and its allies) this ought to be settled definitely; robbing any State whatever of its independence is to be considered as a crime and a reason for fresh wars. To us it appears necessary that this principle should be uttered now as the explicit demand for all neutral nations."

SAVING OUR SOULS IN CAMPAIGN-TIMES

JUST BEFORE ELECTION, unlike the small boy anticipating Christmas, the American public is about as bad as it can be, in the judgment of a Chicago weekly devoted to universal religious concord. A Presidential campaign in this country is described by the editor of *Unity* as "a quadrennial insult to the intellectual dignity of America." "Minds otherwise turned to fairness and schooled to analysis are swept into the desert of dogmatic intolerance and an epidemic of distrust," he says; "a deliberate unfairness" seizes upon the academically trained. Dr. Jenkin Lloyd-Jones, presumably the writer, since he edits the Chicago weekly, does not mind mentioning names. He continues:



"CHRIST RAISING JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER."

By Benjamin West.

This painting was loaned by Mr. Walker to the National Gallery of Art at Washington and hung there till July, 1915, when it was removed to its present location in Minneapolis.

> "Not long ago Professor Wilson and Judge Hughes were gentlemen who carried the dignity and refinement that become people university trained. They had minds skilled in analysis and given to the judgments that follow candid investigation. They knew at least that no man was wholly bad and no man wholly good. They were willing to 'give the devil his due' and to measure a neighbor at his best and not at his worst. All this is changed now. The Judge steps down from the Supreme Bench to deal in the extravagances of the stump, to put the meanest meaning into the words of his opponent, and the President of the United States affects a blindness to the evils of his own party and to the virtues of the other side."

Both these candidates, we are told, know that the tariff can not fairly be made a party issue. But "just before election both sides are willing to play battledore and shuttlecock with the tariff." Similarly,

> "Before the campaigning both these candidates knew and taught the follies and wickedness of war. They were conscious of the humiliations that pork-barrel statesmanship brings to the country. But just before election 'preparedness' is a catchword, and munition-makers are courted, and, so far as lies in their power, the pacific inheritance and training of the American people are disturbed."

To add to the confusion which so disturbs the Chicago editor, "leaders of reform, those who affect to be friends of progress and call themselves 'Progressives,' are now dogmatically arrayed against each other and shout themselves hoarse for this platform or the other, that are studied obscurations, in words carefully selected to confuse the judgment, platforms for campaign issues only." Of course the private citizen is affected by all this, and the writer lays down seven rules which may show him "How to Save the Soul in Time of Political Distraction." They are:

> "1. Keep cool. Do not insult the head by letting the heart run wild.
>
> "2. Distrust now as always 'majorities.' Do not be betrayed by figures.
>
> "3. Pay the intellect becoming respect. Do not distrust principle in the interest of expediency.
>
> "4. Guard well your independencies; he only 'throws his vote away' who separates his ballot from his conscience.
>
> "5. Remember that on Election day, of all days in the year, 'one with God is in the majority,' and God on Election day speaks to the voter through his own conscience and judgment. The voice of God is the voice of conscience for him on that day.
>
> "6. Remember that you hope to live with the successful candidate, and that whichever wins you will have a man who may recover his poise and resume the dignity and full proportion of his culture after election.
>
> "7. Lastly, despise the 'issues of the day' that come in conflict with the 'demands of the century.' Good old-fashioned banner-words, sobriety, equity, liberty, progress, refuse to lend themselves to the shibboleths of either party, and they will be at the service of both victor and victim after the polls are closed."

These words are commended to "the private citizen who once every four years shouts himself hoarse for his candidate, who at other times is the subject of discriminating investigation, perhaps of recrimination and distrust."

CROOKED CHURCH FINANCE—Methodism is taken in hand by *The Michigan Christian Advocate* (Detroit) for its "loose financiering," a habit that this denominational paper charges against it "from the beginning." Thus:

> "It became an unwritten creed that money must not be mentioned among the saints. Any allusion to it 'threw coldness over the meeting.' . . . Methodism made its members prosperous, but the inculcations of a bad financial policy permitted rich congregations to worship in vile and shabby old barns without shame. . . . From Wesley down, Methodists have been taught that their preachers have no legal claim on their wallets. Our present code, the Discipline, absolves our members from any claim the pastors have if the members decline to pay."

The Congregationalist (Boston) applauds the Methodist paper for this "castigation of its own people," and thinks the principles set forth below "should be in force among Christians of every name":

> "The present reform in Methodist financiering should . . . teach church-building subscribers that their subscriptions are as solemnly binding as a civil tax. It should inculcate the principle that it is no more honest to let preachers go off to the conference without their salaries than it is for preachers to go off their circuits leaving their grocery-bills unpaid. Laymen and preachers alike who practise this species of dishonesty should be heroically disciplined."

REVIEWS - OF - NEW - BOOKS

NOTABLE FICTION OF THE AUTUMN

Smith, F. Hopkinson and F. Berkeley. Enoch Crane. Pp. 337. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35. Postage 12 cents.

Mr. F. Berkeley Smith has here given to the public a book which represents his father's thoughts and plans and, to a certain extent, his own efforts. The style of the son is not unlike that of the father, in whom were combined good taste and readableness. If there be any falling-down from the father's talent it is in development of the plot, the convincing connectivity of scenes and arguments. There sometimes is an abruptness in the introduction of characters and a lack of completeness in some of the characterizations which did not appear in earlier books. Villainy is foiled and love rewarded, age is protected and "all's well that ends well," but we are conscious of the machinery and not quite as unconscious of our conviction. The story, however, is, in general, well constructed, and many of the descriptions are graphic and beautiful; diction and style are satisfactory even if we are sometimes jarred by too sudden transitions or inexplicable moves. It is a pretty love-story with a guardian angel in the person of Enoch Crane, a gentleman of the old school, with a hidden grief and a spirit which protects those he loves from the dangers of body and soul.

Deland, Margaret. The Rising Tide. Pp. 293. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. $1.35. Postage 12 cents.

It is interesting to view "Feminism" and its effect on the life of to-day through the eyes of different writers. Mrs. Deland's point of view is one to be carefully studied and considered. Perhaps no writer ever makes one feel the realities of life more vividly. No matter what her subject, her narratives are thrilling, inspiring, and conclusive. Her characters are real, her scenes natural, and her conversations familiar to us all. In the present book, she represents a girl of twenty-five, imbued and carried away by the ideas and dreams of the feminist and suffragist, struggling against tie restrictions and conventionality of a past generation as typified by her mother and grandmother, and attempting to live up to new standards while all the time human nature is much the same. Mrs. Deland seems very fair in her judgments, for the "suff" and the "anti" are depicted with equal foibles. She writes: "It's neck and neck. Some of the arguments of the antis indicate idiocy; but some of the suffs' arguments indicate mania—*homicidal mania!* Each side has sound reasons for the faith that is in it, yet they both offer us such a lot of—truck!" Frederica Payton revolted at the purposeless life of "duty" which would have satisfied her mother. She balked at the idea of devoting herself to an idiot brother, and constantly shocked the sensibilities of all her relatives by brutal frankness in speech and a determination to establish a real-estate business. Perhaps in her zeal and revolt she went too far, but her man-of-business, Arthur Weston, and her good friend, Howard Maitland, applauded and admired her, and, like all reformers, she grew selfish as well as modern. When the real woman awakes, she finds that Howard's applause did not mean the affection that he felt for Laura, of the "clinging-vine" variety, and the more womanly type of the old standards. The gradual change in the family attitude toward "Freddy" after heartaches, tragic experiences, and shame is eloquent as the author represents it. The reader feels that the content with which she leans on Arthur at the end is prophetic of future happiness, real love, and a normal life.

In deference to some hundreds of requests from subscribers in many parts of the country, we have decided to act as purchasing agents for any books reviewed in THE LITERARY DIGEST. *Orders for such books will hereafter be promptly filled on receipt of the purchase price, with the postage added, when required. Orders should be addrest to Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York City.*

Wright, Harold Bell. When a Man's a Man. Pp. 348. Chicago: The Book Supply Company. $1.35. Postage 12 cents.

Mr. Wright faced a serious problem when he wrote "The Shepherd of the Hills," for that was to decide whether he should teach "the precepts of the Man of Galilee by voice or pen." His subsequent books have been sermons containing helpful and uplifting messages. This is a story of Arizona, a land where a man, to live, must be a man and where every man is, by divine right, his own king. It is a tale of open plains, and the adventurous life of the cattle-rancher, depicting wholesome, virile characters, the jealousy and rivalry to be found in all communities, and, best of all, a clear presentation of all the incidents and daily experiences of the cowboy. "Honorable Patches" comes as a stranger to the Cross-Triangle ranch looking for work. His reticence about his past history does not deter "The Dean" and "Wild-Horse Phil" from giving him his chance and no questions asked. But it is not all clear sailing; suspicion has to be met and conquered, horses broken, all the details of fence-building, cattle-branding, and round-ups acquired, while love affairs have their usual bearing on the development of the plot. The author cleverly conceals the cause of Patches' presence in "God's country" until the last, and, in scenes of keen interest, stirring excitement, and honest manliness proves that "a man's a man for a' that."

Eaton, Walter Prichard. The Bird-House Man. Pp. 347. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.35. Postage 12 cents.

The atmosphere of this book is typically New England. We are surrounded by flowers, birds, and attractive young people. The Bird-House Man, "Uncle Alec Farnum," is not old, only fifty, but he has the confidence and affection of all the human and feathered tribes and the love of even the reader. As a match-maker Alec Farnum was a success, clear-sighted, and resourceful. All the broken hearts in Southmead are skilfully mended under his delicate manipulation. Even the cracked ones are repaired so that scars do not show. The book is really a series of love-stories, in which the Bird-House Man is the power behind the scenes. Throughout there is an underlying spirit of tolerance, broad sympathy, and an appreciation of difficulties which makes each episode delightful, and all-convincing. The author's love of nature is reflected clearly in "Uncle Alec's" personality. He teaches many lessons in generosity and honest loyalty. Some of the tales do not end with "happy ever after," for Millie Tilton's lover could not be called from the dead, but she acquired a home of her own where some of the mistakes of life could be adjusted. Alec Farnum was always ready to work for any one who was unhappy, and we are glad that, at last, his own dream came true.

Adams, Samuel Hopkins. The Unspeakable Perk. Pp. 290. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25. Postage 12 cents.

Mr. Adams has varied his story, but not his method in this fascinating tale of the Caribbean Sea. For this, like his other books, is characterized by conversational brilliancy, unique exchange of repartee, and an originality of plot quite tantalizing in its fascination. Polly Brewster, with her wealthy and stubborn father, was cruising in a yacht, and, as usual, was surrounded by devoted admirers of different nationalities, but on one of her wanderings on the beach she scrapes acquaintance in a wholly delightful manner with a begoggled young scientist who stimulates her curiosity, interest, and admiration and whom she dubs "Mr. Beetle-man." Chance meetings only seem to add to the attraction between Polly and Mr. Perkins, or "The Unspeakable Perk" as he is called during a series of misunderstandings, local revolutions, plague quarantine, and some heroic evidences of American patriotism. The quaint "Perk" proves to be better than his reputation and is able to justify his apparently scandalous actions, so that Polly finally attains her heart's desire by unusually thrilling meth[illegible]d every one is satisfied, the reader most of all.

Short Stories from "Life." With an introduction by Thomas L. Masson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.25. Postage 12 cents.

To those not acquainted with the prize-story contest instituted by *Life*, and which cost that publication nearly $12,000, Mr. Masson's introduction is enlightening and, because of his inimitable style, it is very amusing to all. The book contains the eighty-one stories which were accepted and paid for. Many besides the prize-winners are worthy of serious consideration, especially in the light of Mr. Masson's definition of a short story, which is concise and definite. "A short story," he says, "must contain at least two characters, for otherwise there would be no contrast or struggle. A situation must be depicted in which there are two opposing forces. The short story must convey an idea much larger than itself. Every short story must deal with human beings, directly or indirectly. It is, therefore, inevitable that the supreme test lies in its climax which must epitomize the whole situation like a revelation to the reader of a supremely interesting human mystery suddenly made plain and there must be no triteness about the vocabulary." The names of many unknown writers appear in these pages. It is not necessary for the reviewer to question the judgment of so many carefully chosen judges.

King, Grace. The Pleasant Ways of St. Medard. Pp. 338. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.40. Postage 12 cents.

This work is less a story than a poetical essay, redolent of the perfume and chivalrous atmosphere of the South of fifty years ago, rambling in its character, moving slowly, with true characteristic Southern lassitude, from one episode to another, all centering in the life of one family after the war and introducing typical characters in the *post-bellum* life of New Orleans among creoles, negroes, French and American inhabitants. It pictures graphically and peacefully the struggles at rehabilitation, the kindliness of neighbors, and the universal humiliation and ruin of the South. It is a story of more historical than fictional significance, more reminiscent than definite, but charmingly atmospheric and sadly and sympathetically truthful.

Rinehart, Mary Roberts. Tish. Pp. 372. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.35. Postage 12 cents.

A collection of five stories by Mrs. Rinehart which have appeared in a well-known weekly publication in the last four years are now published in one volume under the name of their most prominent character. They chronicle, for the most part, the adventurous doings and sayings of three middle-aged women, Letitia, Aggie, and Lizzie, called by Tish's nephew "The Mats" (Middle-Aged Trio), and are all more or less amusing, according to the reader's mood. Tish is a woman of determination, quick impulses, unbending will, and masculine independence, and the scrapes which she gets into are ludicrous and make good reading in jolly company. To some the very improbabilities will seem like jokes, but the conjunction of three such foolish women is almost incredible to one in the right mood. The silly episodes, the unconscious manipulations of fate, and the ridiculous situations into which Letitia leads her followers will be delightful rather than boresome. The Tish stories are usually spoken of as "irresistibly funny"—it all depends on one's point of view—but all will agree that they are [illegible] silly, full of jokes, and amusingly descriptive of foolishly ludicrous situations and naively bland stupidity.

Kendall, Oswald. The Romance of the "Martin Connor." Pp. 312. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25.

It is said that to appreciate a book one must know the author, but that is not always necessary. Oswald Kendall has been a sailor, and is now a soldier at the front, but, whatever he is, he has the power to describe unusual scenery and adventurous life so that the reader not only visualizes the things described, but seems to be a part of the experiences. The *Martin Connor* was a tramp steamer in good condition and manned by extraordinary men. Captain Hawkes, a giant in brain and brawn, Mate Grummet (the narrator), Mr. McLushley, chief engineer, "Cert'nly Wilfred," the cook, Captain Esterkay, special pilot, and "Two cents," a circus cast-off, and *protégé* of the captain. Starting from Galveston on business connected with a big rubber company, the *Martin Connor* encounters hurricanes, Amazonian revelations, exciting *contretemps*, and fights, open and underhanded, in her passage to the headwaters of the Amazon. The description of rankly luxurious growths along the river, animals, and inhabitants of this almost isolated country is fascinating. The narrative moves with a convincing swing which rests on a strong and vivid personality. The encounter with the "blowgun Indians" and the rescue of one of the rubber company's victims make exciting reading.

Candler, Pat. Testore, the Romance of an Italian Fiddle-Maker. Pp. 264. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.35.

This is a biographical romance, written in the first person, as if by Testore himself, who was by turns passionate, lawless, loving, rebellious, and loyal. A young hotheaded boy, whose only restraint was a devoted mother and a beautiful little daughter, he returns from an enforced visit to his ruling Count to find his baby Fanciullina dead. Overcome with sorrow, defiant, and inconsolable, he takes to the road. Adventure soon crosses his path in the shape of a royal maid in distress, beset by an unwelcome and persistent lover. Testore kills the man in honest fight and loves the maid—the typical tale of chivalrous devotion. Social inequality prevented any union, so Testore leaves his lady at a nunnery, and wanders far with his gipsy friends, carrying his love in his heart, until the Church attempts to punish him for his murderous deed. In his wanderings he encounters a dwarf of hideous and repulsive mien, but, because of his friendly demeanor, is shown some wonderful treasures, receives two pieces of priceless wood, from which he later makes the famous violin—"1707"—and is given a password, "*resurgam,*" which extricates him in some mysterious way from all his difficulties. It is not a noteworthy story, but sweet and romantic, dwelling on Testore's undying devotion to "*Angelo mio*" more than his skill as a "fiddle-maker."

Hall, Eliza Calvert. Clover and Blue Grass. Pp. 239. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.25.

Here are six short stories from the pen of Eliza Calvert Hall, who is well known for her Kentucky stories, especially as the creator of "Aunt Jane of Kentucky," a character widely known and admired. The collection contains the "nineteenth and last of the Aunt Jane stories"—"How Parson Page Went to the Circus," "Mary Crawford's Chart," "Old Mahogany," "Millstones and Stumbling-Blocks," "One Taste of the Old Time," and "One Day in Spring." The stories are quiet, quaint, and wholesome, full of helpful, practical philosophy for every-day life, and told sympathetically and vividly so that the reader easily visualizes familiar scenes and simple deeds in old-time Goshen. There may not be much excitement in these narratives, but it is also true that there are no vice-problems, no marital triangles, no soul-mates, "affinities," or anything to poison the sweetness of the atmosphere nor the charming "homey" character of the tales.

Graeve, Oscar. The Keys of the City. Pp. 274. New York: The Century Company. $1.35.

Whether Mr. Graeve meant to show us how seldom real life fulfils the dreams and aspirations of youth is a question, but that seems the only motive that would justify a description of lives that realized ideals so little, that missed the good things all along the line and evidently compromised by assuming, in the end, that self-gratification justified conditions which could be only unconventional, irregular, and illegal. The book is a story of Brooklyn, rather than of New York. The friendship between David Wells, the fisherman's twelve-year-old son in Bay Ridge, and Nora Davenport whose parents and Colonel Craig came there for the summer, is a charming bit of natural and spontaneous youth, including

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a naive friendship between "kids," good chums who fished, swam, shared ownership in Pip, a dog, and built castles in the air as children should. Then came the separation and David had to go to work. He had dreamed that some day the "keys of the city" across the bay would be handed to him, but his goal was elusive. Material success he did achieve, but, strangely enough, David and Nora were always in revolt. When they could love they didn't, when they shouldn't they did, no matter what the cost. The descriptions and style are more agreeable than the story.

Bartlett, Frederick Orin. The Wall Street Girl. Pp. 334. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.35.

Here is a pretty love-story in which Mr. Bartlett shows how a young man, cut off from a big income, may make good in spite of a rich fiancée, with help from a wholesome young stenographer. Don Pendleton had had everything that money could buy—a good education, a luxurious home, and a father who paid all his bills, but, after his father's death, he found that while the house was still his, he would have to earn everything else he wanted. When he realized that he had just thirteen dollars in his pocket, while Frances Stuyvesant calmly told him she needed $10,000 a year for spending money, he was startled into action. With his lawyer's help, he secured a position in a broker's office. We hate to think what would have happened if Sally Winthrop had not seen how helpless he was and given him good advice. The story is a charming, wholesomely sweet history of his awakening to his own powers and responsibilities. The egg-sandwich lunches are part of his discipline. When Don began to notice price-tags on window exhibits, we become hopeful of his sanity, but it takes a terrible jolt to make him realize how serious a part Sally has played in his awakening. Don was a little slow but, once awake, he moved rapidly. Sally was persuaded that she had earned a reward and that she herself was one.

Castle, Agnes and Egerton. A Little House in War-Time. Pp. 276. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

The Castles, with their usual picturesque language and fluent descriptions, have written a book not easy to describe. It purports to be a description of their summer villa in Surrey. According to descriptions, it must be a delightful and happy spot, where every attempt has been made to show sympathy for refugees and soldiers. It seems strange in England to be called "*Signora*," "*Signorina*," and "*Padrone*," but Italian furniture justifies much. The rhapsodies include gardens, "*famiglia*," and Chinese dogs, which are evidently highly prized. As a verdict or judgment, applied to two nationalities, the sentence: "The German people have sunk below the level of the brute, it is the English who have come back to faith and simplicity," might better have been left out. Spontaneous admiration might otherwise be paid to the literary merit and the artistic spirit of these well-known writers.

Benson, E. F. David Blaize. Pp. 365. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.35.

It seems to be a fad, or literary test, with successful writers, to produce a boy's book. With pleasant memories of Mr. Tarkington's "Seventeen," we welcome "David Blaize," by E. F. Benson, which is simply a chronicle of a boy's school life

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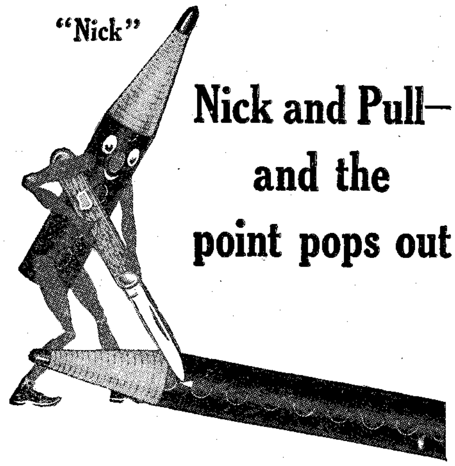

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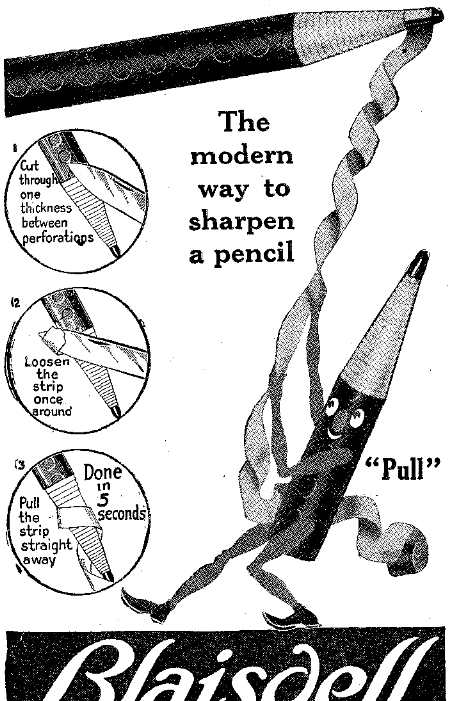
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between the ages of fourteen and twenty. The author tries to present the boy's point of view at a time when to carry stag-beetles in one's pocket and fire ink-darts at one's comrades are the height of his ambition. It is curious to note the differences in the English and American school habits, sports, and systems. The American reader finds too many chapters given up to the details of cricket, which are so much Greek to the average reader, but the boys are interesting and some of the *contretemps* very amusing. There isn't the charm in "David Blaize" that there was in "Seventeen," but perhaps an Englishman would reverse that judgment.

HYAMSON'S "UNIVERSAL BIOGRAPHY"

Hyamson, Albert M. A Dictionary of Universal Biography of All Ages and of All Peoples. Quarto 744—12 pp. $7.50 net. New York, E. P. Dutton & Co.; London, George Routledge & Sons, Ltd.

This work, which aims to give brief biographies of "every man and woman who has achieved eminence or prominence, from the dawn of history until the present day," brings down to date a similar work compiled by the Rev. Charles Hole and published in London in 1865, a revised and enlarged edition of which was edited in the United States by William Adolphus Wheeler and published in New York in 1866, and another edition was published in Boston in 1869. The present compilation, modeled upon these, contains one hundred and ten thousand names of men and women, and gives in addition to patronymics the given name, nationality, profession, calling or occupation, and the annual dates of birth and death of each subject whose name is recorded. The compiler is to be congratulated upon the manner in which he has dealt with American names in general. All the Presidents of the United States, and all the generals of the American War of Secession, as well as the statesmen of that and later times, are found duly recorded. The same may be said for the names of British subjects who have come into prominence. Altogether, Mr. Hyamson has vastly improved the original dictionary. He has made a volume which can not fail to be of great convenience to habitual users of such books. He might confer a favor upon mankind in general if he should supplement this work with a dictionary on the same general plan which should embrace all distinguished living characters.

But, notwithstanding the range of Mr. Hyamson's work, which he modestly describes as "an endeavor to include every one whose work and whose memory can be said to have survived until to-day," the effort has fallen short of the endeavor in one respect, perhaps in more than one, but this one is so striking as to call for special reference. One finds records of Confucius, Mohammed, and Zoroaster, even a record of Pontius Pilate, "Roman Governor of Judea in 38," but nowhere in the book is there a reference to that "just Person" of whose blood Pilate proclaimed himself innocent. Does Mr. Hyamson wish his readers to believe that the name of Jesus Christ and his memory have not survived until to-day? In a book of this kind, the omission is serious. There are other omissions, of course, Peter and Paul we find, but we look in vain for Matthew and Mark. Luke also is nowhere to be found. But it is not the province of this review to exhaust the Biblical subjects, it suffices to know that even as Mr. Hyamson has omitted the name of Jesus Christ, so also has he omitted the name of one of his own faith—Shabbethai Zebi, the Jewish fanatic of the seventeenth century whose cult spread from Cairo to Avignon.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF ENGLISH PLAYS

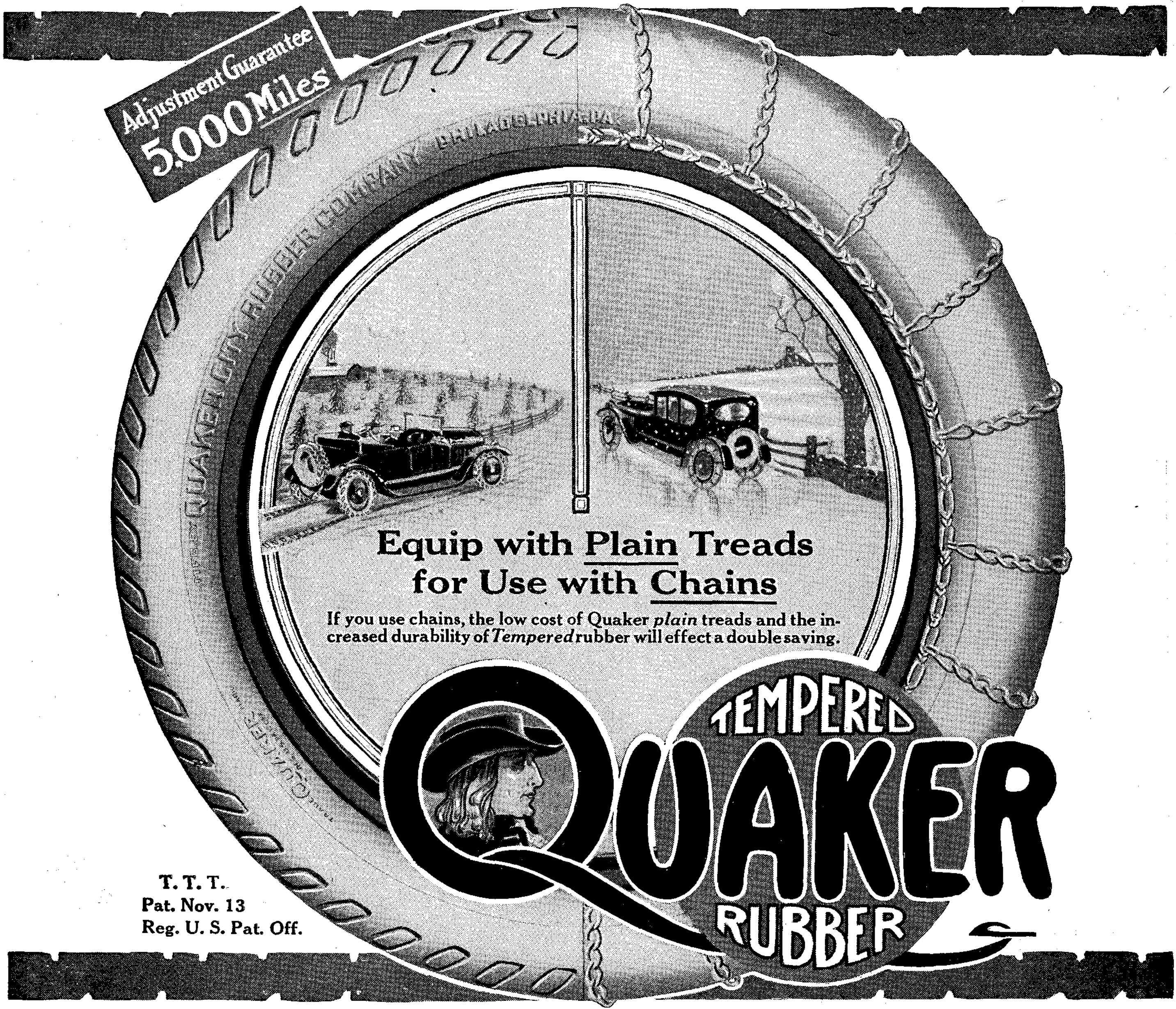
Representative English Plays. From the Middle Ages to the End of the Nineteenth Century. Edited, with introduction and notes, by John S. P. Tatlock and Robert G. Martin. New York: The Century Company. $2.50 net.

A survey of the British drama from the days of miracle- and morality-plays to the time of Oscar Wilde was never before comprised within a single volume. The service rendered by the editors is a genuine one, in spite of the fact that the choice from so large a body of work would likely vary with every such undertaking. The principle of choice, so the editors tell us, revolved around the considerations of "excellence, influence, and historical importance, representative and typical character (for a body of drama or for an age), and the importance of the type." Such considerations, then, militate against an assembly of plays merely as "the best" and explain the absence of some favorites. The prime favorite, indeed, is not here at all, and the editors rather naively remark that in so small a collection the only way to do full justice and honor to Shakespeare is to omit him altogether. The other Elizabethans range before us for the most part in plays that would instantly strike the reader as representative, tho the unfamiliar "Mother Bombie" of John Lyly, we are told, was chosen because it exemplifies the strong Latin influence which helped to transform the medieval into the modern drama. The other periods are less fully represented, but in proportion to their worth the selection is doubtless adequate. The volume ends on the threshold of the modern period—a safe place to pause, but a disappointment to some. Wilde's "Lady Windermere's Fan" is chosen as marking the rise of a "realistic prose drama of genuine literary worth." It closes the period represented by Shelley's "Cenci," Bulwer's "Lady of Lyons," and Browning's "Blot in the 'Scutcheon." Devotees of the modern drama are not generously catered to, but the background of the subject is adequately filled in. The editors have supplied the reader with introductions, and for the older and obscurer plays with foot-notes to assist to a fluent reading.

CLASSIC WORKS ON THE ORIENT

Trübner's Oriental Series. Si-Yu-Ki, Buddhist Records of the Western World, translated from the Chinese of Hiuen Tsiang (A.D. 629), by Samuel Beal, pp. cviii–242, 369; Hwui Li, The Life of Hiuen-Tsiang, with an introduction by Samuel Beal, pp. xlviii–218; Joseph Edkins, Chinese Buddhism, pp. xxxiv–353; P. Bigandet, The Life or Legend of Gaudama, the Buddha of the Burmese, with annotations, pp. xx–267, vii–326; The Life of the Buddha and the Early History of His Order derived from Tibetan Works, translated by W. Woodville Rockhill, pp. xii-273; Madhava Acharva, The Sarva-Darsana-Samgraha, or Review of the Different Systems of Hindu Philosophy, translated by E. B. Cowell and A. E. Gough, pp. xii–281; Alberuni's India, An Account of the Religion, Philosophy, Literature of India about A.D. 1030, edited by Edward C. Sachau, pp. lii–408; Martin Haug, Essays on the Sacred Language, Writings, and Religion of the Parsis, edited by E. W. West, pp. xxxiv–427; John Dowson, A Classical Dictionary of Hindu Mythology and Religion, pp. xx-411; Edwin Arnold, Indian Poetry and Indian Idylls, pp. viii–270, 282. Popular edition, 10 vols., 8vo. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net per vol.

It may happen that the issue of a series of related works is a more important event than the original publication. In the infancy of a science masters are far ahead



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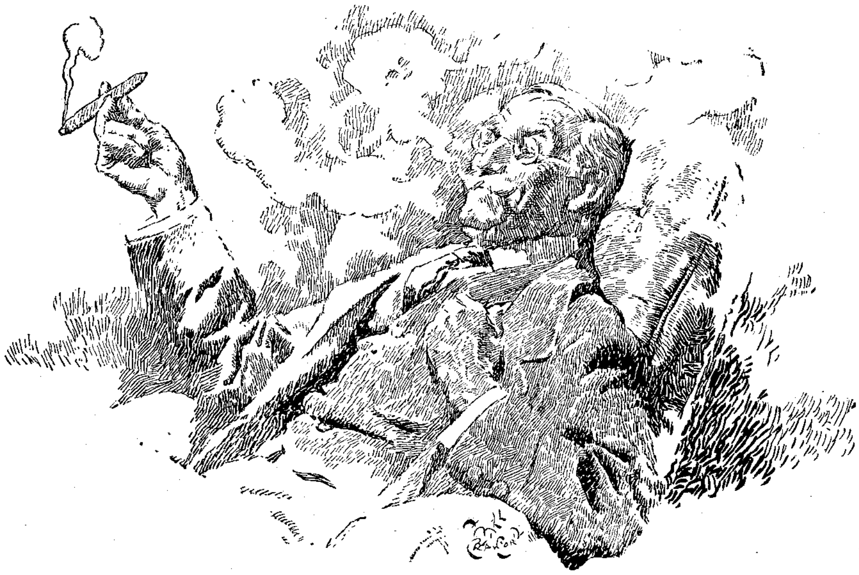

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of their times and produce works the worth of which only a maturer development makes evident. That is the case with a series of volumes in Trübner's "Oriental Series," now being republished on this side by the Duttons, in the sphere of the history of philosophy, literature, and religion. Each of these is a classic of sterling worth, valuable both as the production in English of a contribution to history from Eastern sources and in the way of exposition. The time is now ripe for the appreciation, by, happily, a large corps of students, of works long known only by the few specialists who alone until recent years benefited by them. It is an incident of note that these books may now be bought at a price much below that at which they have hitherto been available.

From the foregoing it must not be deduced that the volumes are of interest only within narrowly prescribed limits. Most of them are of an intensely human sort, and some are, besides, of extreme and permanent value as unique historical documents the loss of which would be a calamity.

Of the volumes mentioned above, the first contains the summary by Tsang, a noted convert to Buddhism in China, of the travels of other Chinese-Buddhist pilgrims to India, with a description of the countries through which they passed, from 400 A.D. to his own time. This early dated information respecting western China and India and Buddhism is invaluable. The life of Tsang supplements the first, and throws much needed light on the Buddhist religion and the Indian people of his day. Edkins's volume retells the story of Buddha as received in China and describes the history and course of the religion there. Published first in 1879, it has never been superseded. Bigandet's work is an exposition of the same material from Burmese sources, is yet unrivaled, and is as authoritative as when first issued. The work by Rockhill, the noted American traveler and diplomat, does for Tibet what Bigandet's does for Burmah. No other work yet written can take its place. The "Sarva-Darsana-Samgraha" is the review by a learned Hindu of the "sixteen" systems of Hindu philosophy and religion as they appeared in the fourteenth century. No student of Hindu thought can afford to be without it. Equally valuable from another point of view is Alberuni's India, written about 1030 by a learned native of Khiva, whose objective view and exposition have maintained the value of this classic. Haug's work on the Parsis blocked out the path later students followed. While a few of its conclusions are superseded by later investigations, much is of lasting merit. Dowson's "Dictionary" is alone in its field, so far as the West is concerned; and Edwin Arnold's translations need no encomium from the reviewer.

All these volumes are exact reprints of the original editions, and contain in full their rich apparatus (prefaces and notes). No student of the life, literature, religion, and customs of the East can afford to be without them. The reprint at so low cost is a boon.

ORGANIZED LABOR IN AMERICA

Groat, George Gorham (Ph.D.). An Introduction to the Study of Organized Labor in America. Pp. xv-494. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

Professor Groat's elaborate study of organized labor in this country constitutes an interesting addition to the rapidly accumulating literature of the subject. While the work is conceived in a spirit of sympathy for the labor organizations and their just aims, it is by no means partizan, the author urging in his preface that he shares with many others a doubt as to the fulness with which organized labor lives up to its weighty obligations. He believes, nevertheless, that in public discussion generally, the unions do not get a fair and intelligent hearing. His book may be regarded as distinctly friendly to the unions.

The author in his Introduction quotes a striking sentence from Carlyle: "This that they call the organization of labor is the universal, vital problem of the world." The words must have been written about three-quarters of a century ago, and the problem has more vitality to-day than ever before. Even in its academic aspect it has become important, as the recent case of Professor Nearing, with its quasi-sensational features, proved. In this latest study of what is undoubtedly the pressing problem of economic, constructive statesmanship at the present time the author concentrates his attention upon the labor-unions, as presenting a very practical and as yet far from exhausted phase of the subject. First sketching in the historic background of the movement, with its beginnings in England and its characteristically sinister association with the Great Plague of 1348, Professor Groat gives an interesting, sympathetic account of the gradual travail of labor from a condition of serfdom to what now seems by comparison independence.

The problems of organized labor, which are of such absorbing interest in the present struggle for political control, did not originate in modern times. This conscientious investigator finds their roots in the modifications of feudalism during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The manorial lords and greater barons "were commuting the primitive forms of feudal dues in the form of payment in services into money payments, such as rents and taxes." This finally led, the author believes, to the more complex relations of later medieval and early modern periods.

Throughout the volume the author has presented both sides of all questions discust, and has tried to hold the scales fairly.

Quite Different.—JUDGE—" You deny having any knowledge of the affair, and yet the description fits you exactly—a beautiful face, a wonderful figure, and dainty feet."

" Oh, judge—I'll tell you all about it."—*Life.*

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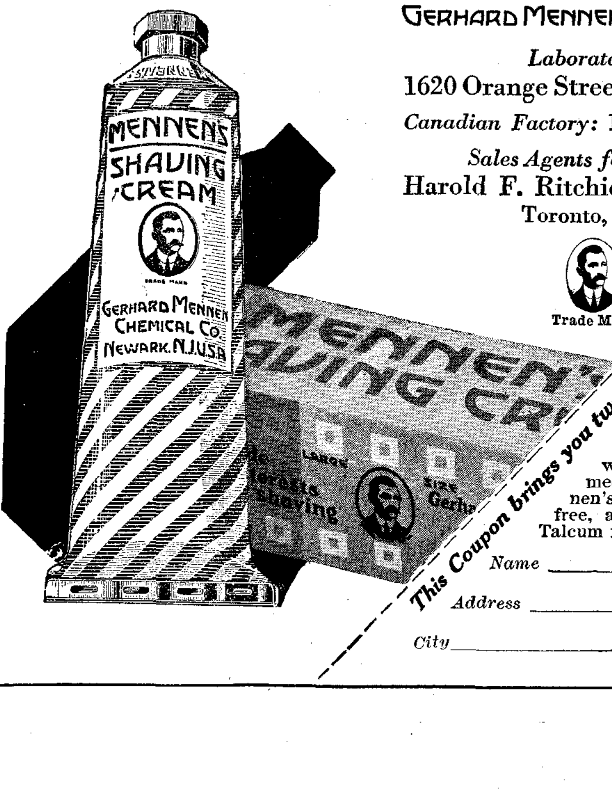

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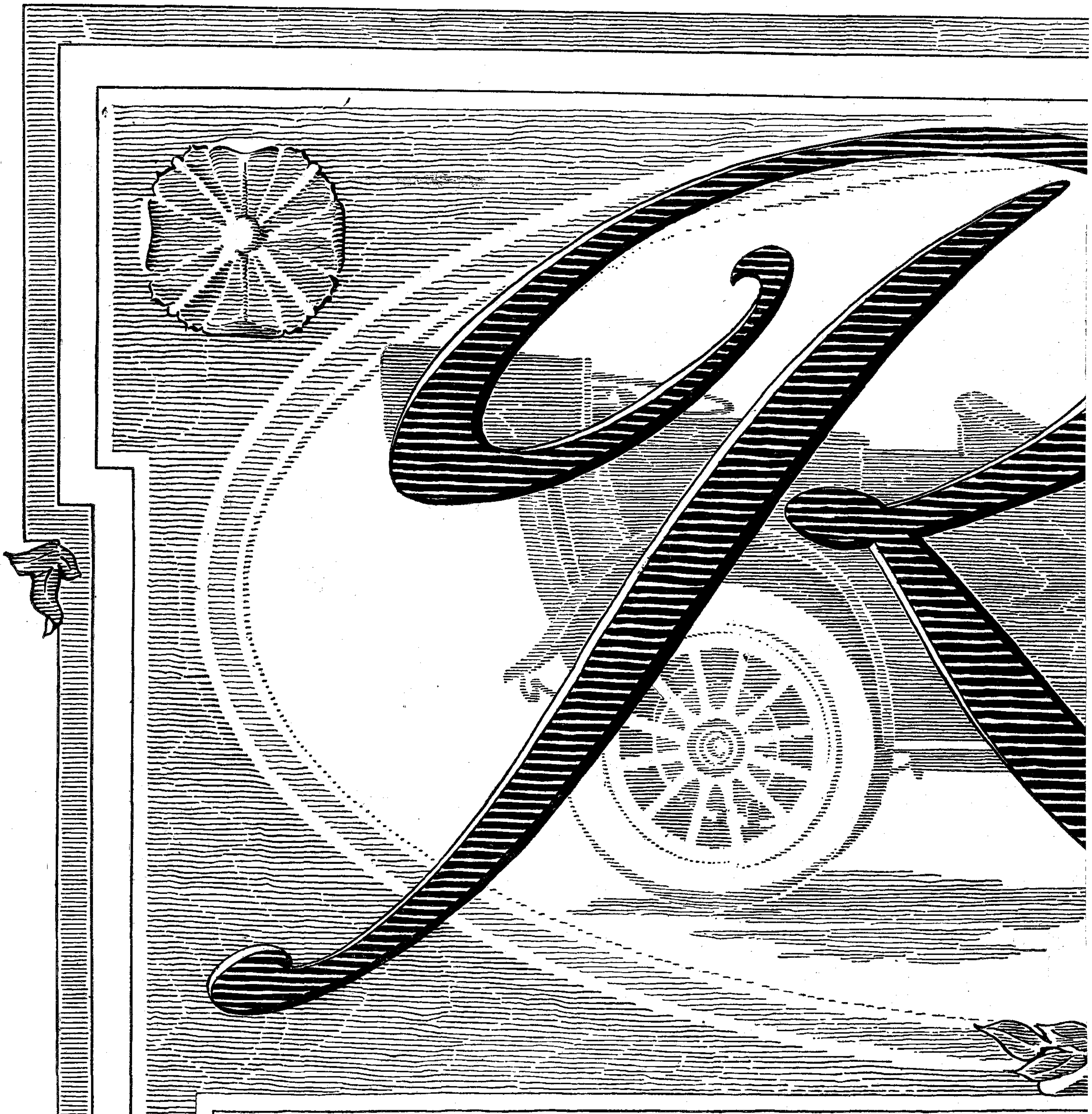

What's

The query is centuries old — the answer ever new.

For the Bard himself did not give an adequate answer, though cleverly he seemed to do so.

There may be everything in a name — or nothing.

Depending entirely on whether or not there is an ideal, a purpose and a will back of the name.

Names die or endure — they get their deserts.

In recent times men seem to have overlooked that fact—that inevitable reward good or ill.

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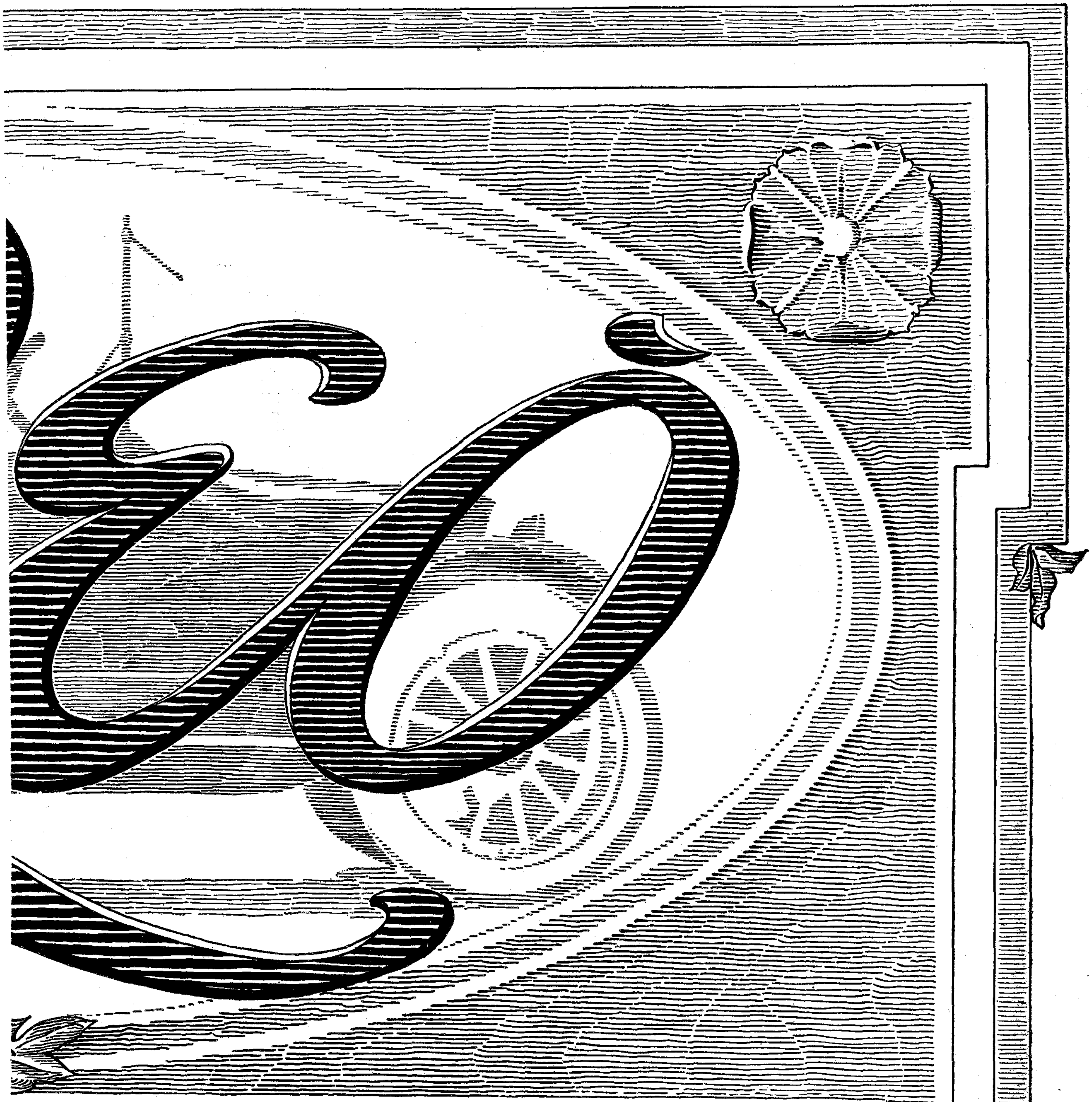
Nothing Utopian or theoretical, bu practical business policy that looks to future—and is willing to wait a little w for the full reward—feeling, knowing,



Name?

ward will be the greater for the time
in deserving it. We Reo Folk believe
Golden Rule so sincerely we apply it in
ss as in personal affairs—week days as
Sundays; in our dealings with custom-
may never see, as with the home folk.

success—and that success has been
than we could have hoped for in the
ing—has been due directly to the ideals
re Reo—and the consistent adherence
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in merchandising, as it stands for the ripest there is in experience and the best in manufacturing facilities.

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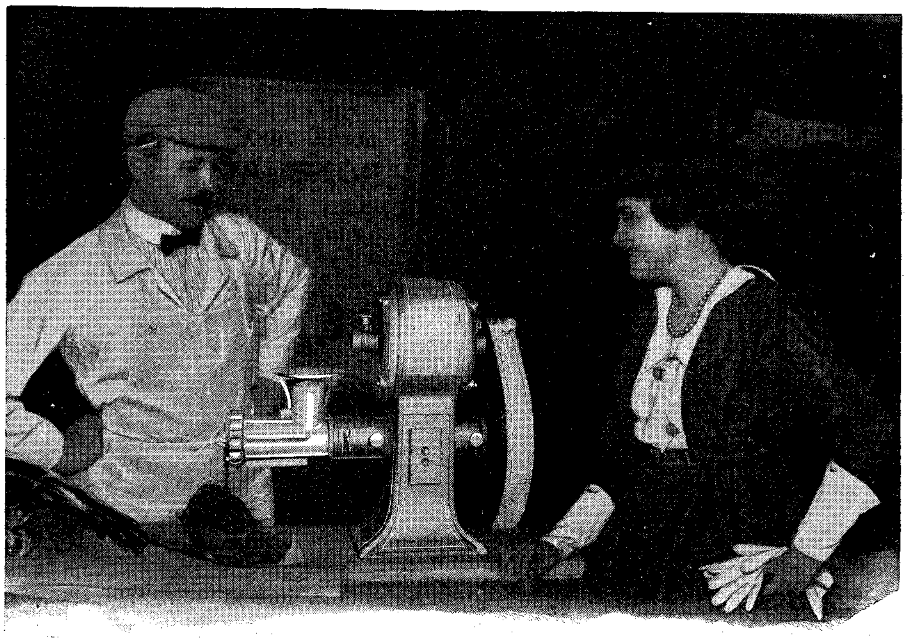

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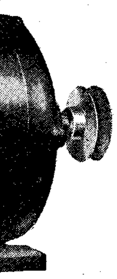
Electrical dealers—Write us for bulletins, prices and discounts. Let us help you close large sales.



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CURRENT POETRY

THE interesting *Poetry Review*, of London, is melancholy reading nowadays. After nearly every poem there is an editorial note telling us that the poet died in battle. The number of young men whose genius has suddenly flowered in the war is astonishingly large, and that so many of them have died soon after proving that they were poets brings clearly before us war's ravages in the world of letters.

As romantic and as tragic a figure as Rupert Brooke was Captain Julian Grenfell, D.S.O., who died from wounds in the summer of 1915. He was a picturesque figure, a great hunter and amateur pugilist as well as a poet. In India he killed thirty-six boars in one season, in South Africa he knocked out the champion boxer of the country—and these strenuous deeds did not keep him from writing poetry. It was during his stay in India that he made this richly colored study of an Oriental landscape, which we take from *The Poetry Review*.

THE HILLS

By Julian Grenfell

Mussoorie and Chakrata Hill
The Jumna flows between
And from Chakrata's hills afar
Mussoorie's vale is seen.
The mountains sing together
In cloud or sunny weather,
The Jumna, through their tether,
Foams white or plunges green.

The mountains stand and laugh at Time,
They pillar up the Earth,
They watch the ages pass, they bring
New centuries to birth.
They feel the daybreak shiver,
They see Time passing ever,
As flows the Jumna River
As breaks the white sea-surf.

They drink the sun in a golden cup
And in blue mist the rain;
With a sudden brightening they meet the lightning
Or ere it strikes the plain.
They seize the sullen thunder
And take it up for plunder
And cast it down and under,
And up and back again. . . .

. . . Here, in the hills of ages
I met thee face to face;
O mother Earth, O lover Earth,
Look down on me with grace.
Give me thy passion burning,
And thy strong patience, turning
All wrath to power, all yearning
To truth, thy dwelling-place.

Here is another picture, with a less august subject. The philosophizing in the last stanza is rather roundabout, but the first stanzas are vividly pictorial.

TO A BLACK GREYHOUND

By Julian Grenfell

Shining black in the shining light,
Inky black in the golden sun,
Graceful as the swallow's flight,
Light as swallow, winged one,
Swift as driven hurricane. . . .
Double-sinewed stretch and spring,
Muffled thud of flying feet,
See the black dog galloping,
Hear his wild foot-beat.

See him lie when the day is dead,
Black curves curled on the boarded floor.
Sleepy eyes, my sleepy head . . .
Eyes that were aflame before.

Gentle now, they burn no more;
  Gentle now and softly warm
With the fire that made them bright
  Hidden—as when after storm
  Softly falls the night.

God of Speed, who makes the fire—
  God of Peace, who lulls the same—
God who gives the fierce desire,
  Lust for blood as fierce as flame—
God who stands in Pity's name—
  Many may ye be or less,
Ye who rule the earth and sun:
  Gods of strength and gentleness
  Ye are ever one.

Here is a magical bit of melody which we find in *The Catholic World* for October. It is good to see that our poets are rediscovering the glories of our own rivers and our own countryside—we have been straining our eyes to see Stratford and the Avon, and been blind to the wonders of the Hudson and—well, Poughkeepsie—for here is a poet who can put even that curiously named city into musical verse.

OLD HUDSON ROVERS

By Michael J. Earls

When the dreamy night is on, up the Hudson River,
  And the sheen of modern taste is dim and far away,
Ghostly men on fantom rafts make the waters shiver,
  Laughing in the sibilance of the silver spray.
Yea, and up the woodlands, stanch in moonlit weather,
  Go the ghostly horsemen, adventuresome to ride,
White as mist the doublet-baize, bandolier, and feather,
  Fleet as gallant Robin Hood in an eventide.

Times are gone that knew the craft in the rôle of rovers,
  Fellows of the open, care could never load:
Unalarmed for bed or board, they were leisure's lovers,
  Summer bloomed in story on the Hyde Park Road,
Summer was a blossom, but the fruit was autumn,
  Fragrant hay-lofts for a bed, cider-cakes in store,
Warmer was a cup they knew, when the north wind caught 'em,
  Down at Benny Havens' by the West Point shore.

Idlers now—and loafers pass, joy is out of fashion,
  Honest fun that fooled a dog or knew a friendly gate,
Now the craft are vagabonds, sick with modern passion,
  Riding up and down the shore, on an aching freight;
Sullen are the battered looks, cheerless talk or tipsy,
  Sickly in the smoky air, starving in the day,
Pining for a city's noise at Kingston or Po'keepsie,
  Eager more for Gotham and a great White Way.

Rich is all the countryside, but glory has departed.
  What if yachts and mansions be, by the river's marge!
Dim tho was a hillside, lamps were happy-hearted,
  Near the cove of Rondout in a hut or barge.
Silken styles are tyrants, fashion kills the playtime,
  Robs the heart of largess that is kindly to the poor,
Richer were the freemen, welcome as the Maytime,
  Glad was child or maiden seeing Brennen of the moor.

Send us back the olden knights, tell no law to track 'em,
  Give to child and maiden story-tellers as of yore,
Millionaires in legend-wealth, tho no bank would back 'em,

Arnold
ARNOLD ELECTRIC CO.
RACINE WIS.
$12.50

Any Victrola or Disc Phonograph Made Electric in 30 Seconds!

No more bothersome cranking of your phonograph. The continual winding and rewinding of the spring takes away much of the pleasure of the music. Many a record is spoiled—robbed of the sweet tone and perfect rhythm—by the spring running down suddenly. The most important and necessary phonograph improvement—the one that does away entirely with cranking. Every phonograph can now be made electric—instantly—without altering or harming machine in any way by the

Arnold Phonomotor

This wonderful motor gives you all the benefits, enjoyment and convenience of the highest priced electric phonographs at a fraction of their cost.

With the Arnold Phonomotor all you have to do is to change records and needles. The Arnold Phonomotor does the rest. It assures a perfect reproduction of every selection because it operates at uniform speed and is absolutely noiseless. You adjust the speed regulating device as you always did, but there is no fluctuation, no slowing down—no discordant sounds or spring noise to spoil the record.

Attaches or detaches instantly—Positively will not harm any machine

To use the Arnold Phonomotor simply let the spring run down and take out the handle. Then set the Arnold Phonomotor so its soft rubber drive pulley touches the metal disc turn-table. Attach the plug to any electric light socket. Simply press the button and the record plays. When selection is finished, if your machine has no automatic stop, press the button again and the record stops—no cranking—no winding or rewinding. There is absolutely no danger—no need to fear harming or defacing the phonograph, because there is nothing to alter or change. The Arnold Phonomotor operates without permanent attachment. Enables you to change back at will to the old way of cranking—but we know you won't.

The Arnold Phonomotor is made by a firm which has specialized in small motors for over 15 years. It is the result of years of test and experiments to perfect a phonograph motor that would render the best possible reproduction of any selection of any kind without noise or vibration—and is fully guaranteed in every particular.

10 Days Trial! Test the Arnold on your own phonograph 10 days before you decide to buy it. Try it on every kind of a record. Note how it assists in getting the very best out of every selection—whether it's the deep tones of Scotti or Caruso, the rich mellowness of Alma Gluck's voice, the sweet strains from Mischa Elman's or Maud Powell's violin, the sharp, stentorian sounds from Sousa's or Pryor's band, or the subtle humor of a Lauder song.

Send coupon today for our 10 days trial and complete description of the wonderful Arnold Phonomotor. It will make your phonograph up-to-date and many times more enjoyable.

AGENTS—write for offer. The Arnold sells on demonstration. It is not sold by phonograph dealers. Ask us why!

ARNOLD ELECTRIC CO., 1414 W. 12th St., Racine, Wis.

Send This Coupon

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Please send me your booklet giving full particulars about the Arnold Phonomotor and details of your 10-Day Trial offer.

Name ....

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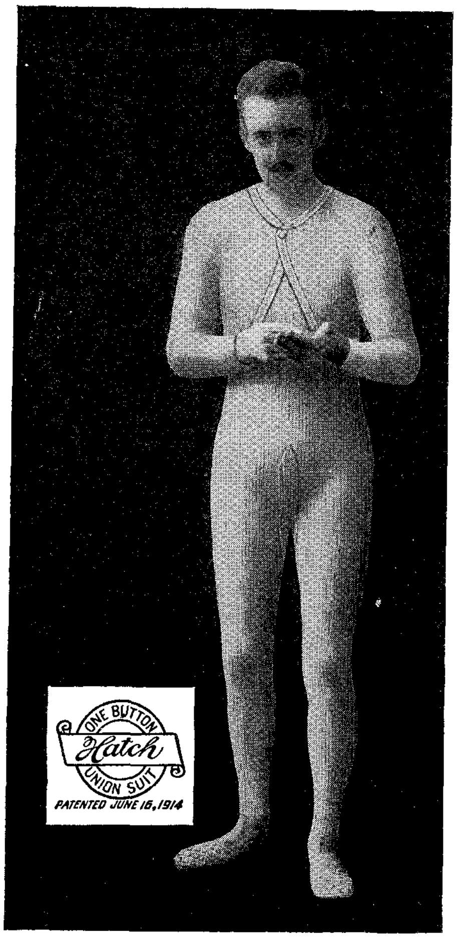
City .... State ....



The right campaign button for your winter campaign against colds is the ONE Button on the

Hatch
ONE-Button
UNION SUIT

Selection Day is coming—the day when you march down to your dealer's to register your vote for winter underwear. So let's simplify the issues that you must decide. First, you want Warmth—and the Hatch One-Button Union Suit's variety of quality fabrics gives you as much as you want. Second, you want Comfort—and this garment's perfect design and careful finishing assure that. Third, you want Convenience—and the unique method of fastening this suit makes it the easiest possible garment to slip on and off and keeps it free from lost buttons and torn buttonholes. So with qualifications like these it's *earned* your vote. Cast it!

The Hatch One-Button Union Suit is obtainable in cotton or wool in all weights suited to the man whose work demands only moderately heavy garments and to the outdoor man who wants the greatest degree of sheltering warmth.

This garment is featured at the best haberdashers' and department stores; but if you cannot get it easily and quickly, send your size with remittance to our mill at Albany, N. Y., and we will gladly supply you direct; delivery free.

Men's Suits—$1.25, $1.50, $1.75, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $3.50
Boys' Suits—75 cents, $1.25, $1.50

Our illustrated booklet describing the complete line of winter and summer weights of the Hatch One-Button Union Suits will be sent free upon request to

FULD & HATCH KNITTING CO.
Manufacturers
Albany New York

BARNES KNITTING CORPORATION
303 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Sole distributor to dealers

But old Benny Havens by the West Point shore.
Off with lazy vagabonds, social ghosts that shiver.
Give to worthy roadmen the great green way,
And we'll hear a song again up the Hudson River,
Ringing from a drifting raft, set in silver spray.

The poetry of Florence Earle Coates always is thoughtful, stately, and exquisitely finished. This characteristic poem first appeared in *Harper's Magazine*.

THE GODS REMEMBER

By Florence Earle Coates

The Gods remember always. We forget,
But they forget not; every debt,
Howe'er we palter and evade,
Maturing, must be paid.

They pity us, the Gods, but naught forgive,
Lest we, who slowly learn to live—
Children scarce wiser in our age than youth—
Should come to doubt their truth!

Loving the brave who strive and will not yield
Tho hurt and fallen on the field,
They teach us not from death to fly,
Lest we, indeed, should die!

For 'tis their will the soul shall rise
Above its earthly agonies:
Triumphant rise, as from the pyre
A phenix, winged by fire!

Interestingly reminiscent of the old broadsheet method of selling poetry are some ballads by Allan Updegraff, printed by the Maverick Press, at Woodstock, N. Y., and sold at five cents apiece at fairs and festivals, the proceeds being given to Belgium. That which we quote is a well-wrought ballade, contemporary in application, but touched with some of the magic of the France of ancient courtly days.

RED ROSES

By Allan Updegraff

What more shall be said of Love? O lady and queen,
What rose shall I bring, what vow of faith shall I take?
All flowers and noblest vows are all too mean
To bear thee the love with my heart-strings break.
Shall I tell thee how gladly I'd die for thy dear sake?
But I guard my life, for my life belongs to thee.
O lady, a strife in Hell is the vow I make—
And a rose, and more than a rose, I'll pluck for thee.

To the lowest circle of Hell, where shapes obscene
Writhe in the poisoned air, and blood-pools shake
With grislier horrors than ever a Dante has seen,
I'll carry thy gage, thy ringing name, and take
Vengeance upon the Beast that hoped to slake
In thy fair body his pride and letchery.
This is my vow; and there, for thy dear sake,
A rose, and more than a rose, I'll pluck for thee.

O lady, few famous heroes of old, I ween,
Have grappled with Death for a fair beloved's sake
More nearly than I, Jean Poilu, for thee, my Queen
My France, my France! This, then, is the vow I take;
To go to the depths of Hell, and there to make
Red, blood-red, roses blossom so merrily
That all despoilers shall learn thereof, and quake—
A rose, and more than a rose, I'll pluck for thee!

L'Envoi

Now France, fair France, I go forth for thy sake,
And if I fall, send no tears after me;
But pray, or ever my body and spirit break,
That a rose, and more than a rose, I pluck for thee.

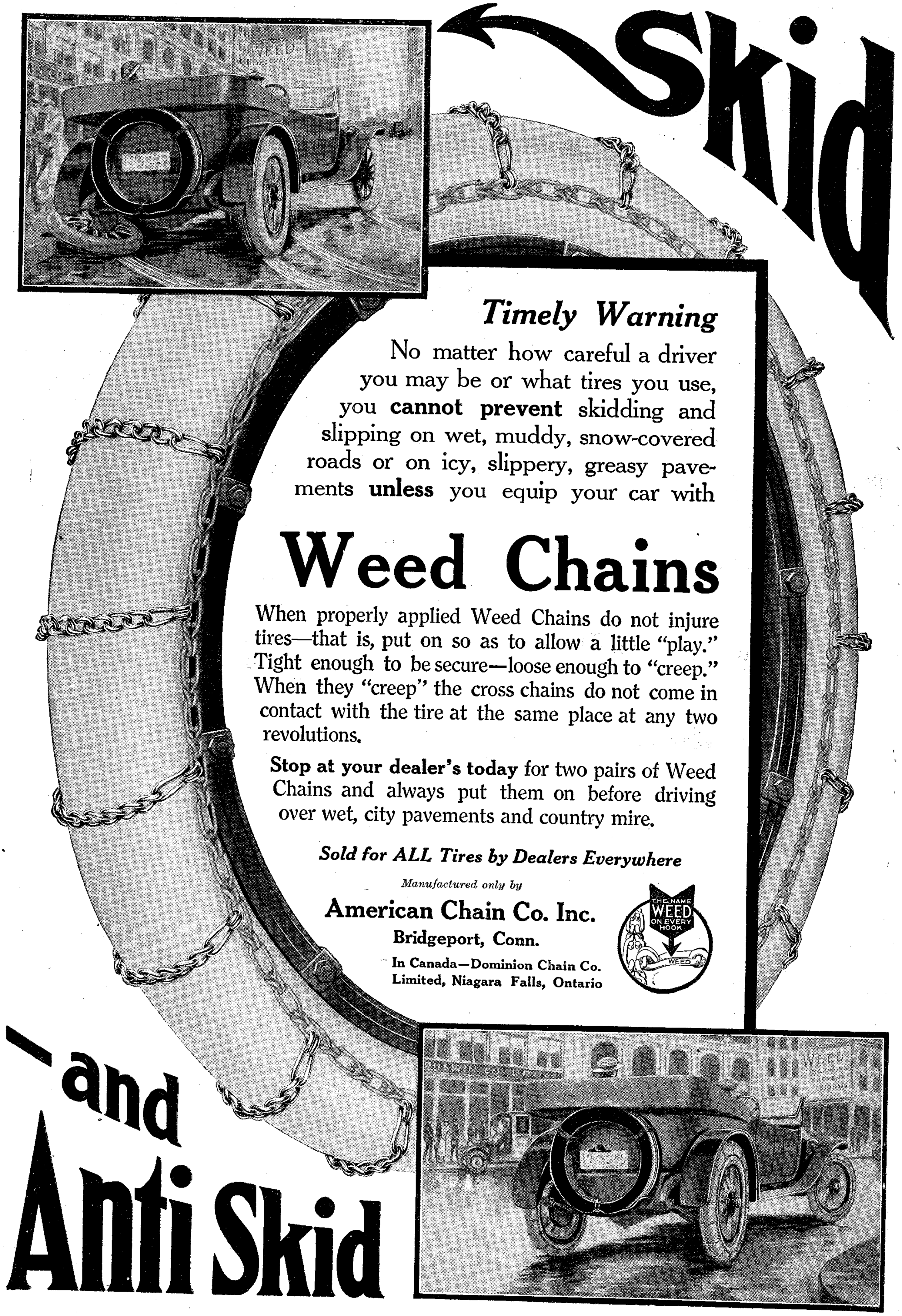
PERSONAL GLIMPSES

ON THE KARPATHIAN BATTLE-GROUND

IN the heart of the Karpathian Mountains, where hundreds of thousands of men of a dozen nations are battling for world-ideals, lies Máramaros-Sziget, once merely a valuable salt-mining country. It has lain there, tucked off in the mountains, far from the currents of European life for centuries, and now the flood of affairs has turned it from a placid back-country into a maelstrom. It was out of the "beaten path," so it had few tourists; now it is the scene of what may be a decisive turn of the world's future.

In a recent issue of the New York *Times*, Miss Lovina Steward Smith, who has visited the place, and knew its quaint, old-world atmosphere, has brought out some of the notable things which impress the traveler. She has seen its commingling of races, heard its babel of tongues, watched its rustic life wind through the days, from spring to autumn and back to spring again. Just now it is much better than a visit to those mountains to read her observations. She begins by telling how Máramaros is reached, and what is seen when we arrive:

> Roumanian gipsies (*Olah*) squatting on the ground, men with long curly hair who play the fiddle, round pretty faces of half-naked urchins dancing for the kreutzers (a half-dozen make a cent), tinsel aprons on maidens, and old women crouching in shawls—this was the first sight on alighting at Máramaros-Sziget, so near to the Russian and Roumanian frontier.
>
> The Ruthenians (Russians) who came as settlers in the sixteenth century predominate as to numbers in this town of 26,000. The ruling and educated class are Hungarians, but a few Slovaks have drifted in, and the Germans are seen everywhere to keep trade alive. A queer combination of Jew and Gentile throngs the streets, and sign-boards are printed in four distinct languages—German, Magyar, Jewish, and the Slavonic letters of the Ruthenians.
>
> The "Art and Culture Palace," to which the Hungarian State donates cash, pictures, and books (the same in all towns of any size), is by far the most modern building. Houses are of cement, usually two stories, with yards. The old Town Hall fills the upper end of the market square, and this is where the interest centers for the traveler. Peasant Ruthenians from the mountainous districts bring in their wares; men and women sit on the ground with feet outstretched in front of them (not squatting), each foot bound in leather strips, and shoulders wrapt in woolly sheep capes. Some of these capes might be luxurious, having long curly wool-like angora, if they were not so dirty, but summer and winter they are worn as the main garment. The peasants thus listlessly sit, waiting for customers, making no effort to sell the jug of cream, milk, or cheese at their side; flat and silent they sit, looking at distance.



Skid

Timely Warning

No matter how careful a driver you may be or what tires you use, you **cannot prevent** skidding and slipping on wet, muddy, snow-covered roads or on icy, slippery, greasy pavements **unless** you equip your car with

Weed Chains

When properly applied Weed Chains do not injure tires—that is, put on so as to allow a little "play." Tight enough to be secure—loose enough to "creep." When they "creep" the cross chains do not come in contact with the tire at the same place at any two revolutions.

Stop at your dealer's today for two pairs of Weed Chains and always put them on before driving over wet, city pavements and country mire.

Sold for ALL Tires by Dealers Everywhere

Manufactured only by

American Chain Co. Inc.
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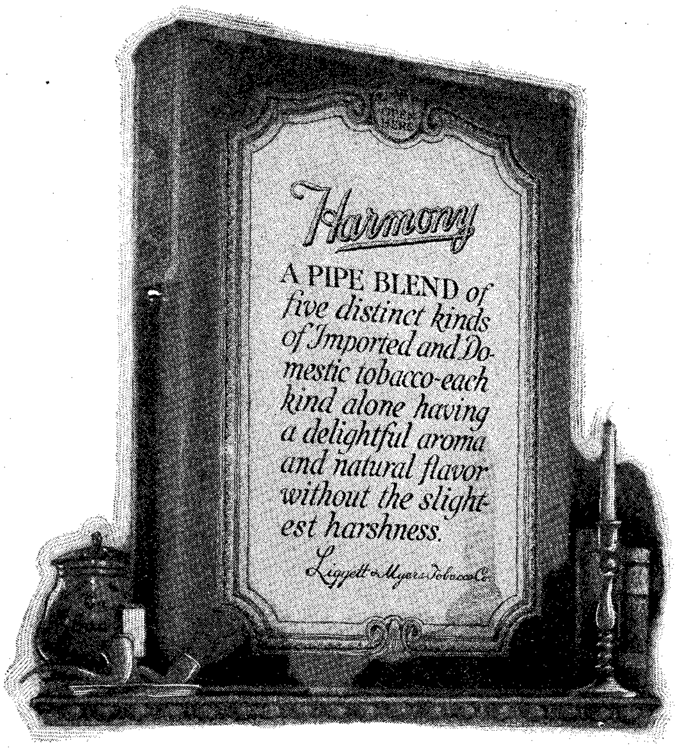
THE NAME WEED ON EVERY HOOK

WEED

and Anti Skid


Harmony
A PIPE BLEND of five distinct kinds of Imported and Domestic tobacco-each kind alone having a delightful aroma and natural flavor without the slightest harshness.
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

SOMETHING that pipe-smokers have never found in tobacco, yet have always hoped for, is full-bodied richness that is delicately mild. Harmony Pipe Blend gives just that flavor—it might be called "rich mildness"—without even a trace of harshness or discord.

HARMONY
A PIPE BLEND

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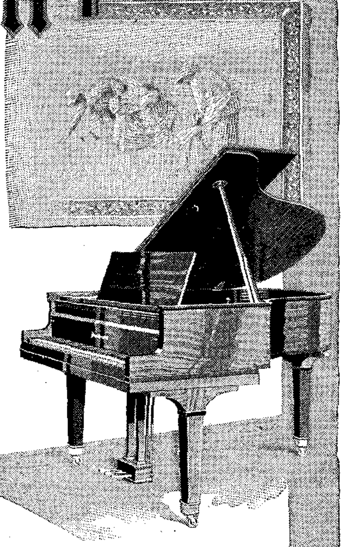
15¢ *In the cream-colored, nut-brown tin*

The Baldwin Piano



AS THE acceptance of a painting by a great museum is proof of its excellence, so the use of a piano by a great artist is of similar significance. Only a superb instrument—only the Baldwin—can meet the requirements of DePachman, Sembrich, LaForge, Bachaus, Alda, Scharwenka, Brown, Levitzki, Amato and many others equally as famous.

Send for The Book of the Baldwin

The Baldwin Piano Co.

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142 W. Fourth Street

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SAN FRANCISCO
310 Sutter Street

DALLAS
1911 Elm Street

Their garments, she continues, are all homespun, home-woven, and home-made. And where the material is not a woven fabric, it consists of home-cured hides. Boots are *comme il faut* for the village maidens, especially if they pretend to social or financial prestige, but for the remainder of the population, *opankas*, or sandals, manufactured with queer leather straps, are mostly in favor. The little groups, sitting as she describes them, with their wares for sale, are glad enough to include with the milk the earthenware jug which holds it. These are crude in form, tho they do betray some innate artistry, and slightly decorated, speak a silent tribute to the development of the native idea of beauty and utility in combination. She passes on to the individuals in the group, observing:

> The little Polish-Jewish boy is the life of the scene. He wears a long, straight curl over each ear, and is alert for the kreutzers. Bright, pretty boys they are, quick in action and intellect, a warrant for progress among these slow Ruthenians. It is said the Ruthenian men will sit elbowing each other for hours, not saying a word, seemingly not moving even a muscle, only staring ahead at nothingness.
>
> The Polish Jew when seen for the first time is a curiosity on account of his headgear; it consists of a piece of felt or velvet, around which is placed a strip of two-inch yellow-fox fur, sometimes the color of his hair; at any rate, the lengths of fur falling over the eyes and mixing with strands of hair give a most disheveled, uncombed effect, and comical in some cases. The curl over the ear is the same for young or old, and this fur cap is worn for Sunday, holidays (which are many), and funerals; the long black robe coat is the daily attire. They have a bad name frequently on account of the neglect of their attire as among other natives, yet Hungary and Austria give the Jews more privileges than the neighboring countries; as to church and financial affairs they seem prosperous enough.
>
> Hungary is known for its salt-mines, one of which centers at Akna-Szlantina mining-camp, a half hour from Máramaros-Sziget. This immense stratum of salt continues south to Torda-Aranyos, and is seen again at Maros-Ujvár. The mine at the latter place is electric-lighted, and is the largest salt-mine in Hungary; but this stratum laps into Roumania, where it is worked at Turg-Ocna by convict laborers.
>
> A village on a high crest is the romantic situation for the Akna-Szlantina camp. We step into the shaft elevator—two benches for seats—and underground we go, while the miner's lamp in hand shows timbered sides down ninety feet. Then comes the solid salt in wavy lines from the process of drilling. We alight at 370 feet depth, where a narrow-gage track has been laid, but workmen can be seen digging fifteen feet below us on a new level.

The immensity of this room, she exclaims, is astounding. It is like standing in the rotunda of some vast national capitol, for high overhead rise the rounded, arched ceilings some 300 feet or more, and the length is double the height. It forms a vast chamber where the sounds of the hammer come so faintly that they sound like the tiny tickings of a watch. Of its structure-material, she says:

> Large blocks of salt are under our feet, and we jump from block to block as tho on floating ice; small crystals crackle under foot when shifted aside, where the chisel had laid them. There is a weirdness about it, and a sense of wonder that grows when we realize we are in the bowels of the earth. On all sides are glistening crystals of the beautifully fluted white walls, like a glorious temple. An altar has been hewn out of salt and stands out as solid rock, even decorated with crucifix and wreath. Each workman bows his head on passing, and our guide lifts his hat in reverence, while we lightly tread as tho on sacred ground and our voices send out strange echoing sounds. A salt-mine can not be compared to the great timbered depths and long drifts of a gold- or silver-mine; it has a grandeur all its own in whiteness and purity.
>
> At last we come upon workmen, their arms uplifted in the stroke, bare back, with perspiration trickling down their bodies; yet we are chilly even with extra clothing, which had been provided at the entrance.
>
> Cakes of salt twelve feet square are blocked out by narrow channels, then about 100 small iron wedges are driven under about six inches apart. When the wedges are struck by strong hammers the slab breaks in a straight line the entire length of the block. These strips are then easily cut into small pieces for loading on the underground cars.
>
> Circling upward at one end of this immense room are serpentine steps 375 feet high, requiring a half hour to mount them, but they are used only in case of necessity. Each miner when he enters by shaft or stairs exclaims "Good luck" with a smile on his face, and as we ascended we heard him repeat "God bless" with fervor.
>
> Outside the works are great piles of block salt waiting shipment, to be crusht into the finer salt. Five to twenty cars daily are sent south to Bulgaria and Servia; Russia also comes in for its supply.
>
> Records have been kept showing these mines as profitable producers far back in the sixteenth century. For one hundred years the Ferenez *bánya* (mine) has been worked. It is the largest mine in this section. The other five mines are greatly hindered by water. The gnawing away by underground streams may be expected at any time. A proof of this is to be seen on the adjoining grounds, for Kunigunda was a noted salt-mine, electric-lighted, and a great producer, noted far and wide not many years back; now it is nothing but a useless hole.
>
> Stepping out on a long platform within an enclosure, we look down into this great funnel of earth, rock, and salt water, half overgrown with underbrush. In 1900 the bottom was knocked out; the crash came as the treacherous river sucked in the melting mass. A deafening noise accompanied the suction, which took place in the early morning. Fortunately no one was hurt, but buildings and machinery were swallowed into this 540-foot chasm, which still yawns as a warning.

"My Check's Been Raised—and You Don't Even Know Who Cashed It?"

BANKER—Of course not. It's payable to "Bearer." Anyone could cash it.

DEPOSITOR—But I never drew a check to "Bearer" in my life.

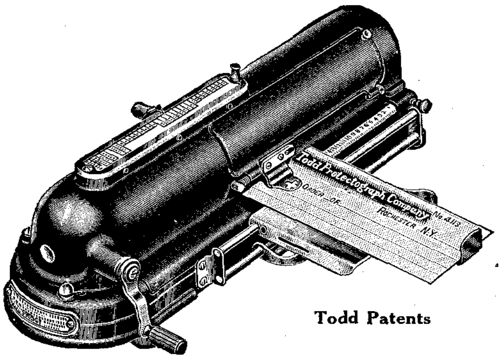
And there you are! Somebody took this man's check, raised it to ten times the original amount, then erased the payee's name with acid and substituted the word "Bearer." It was his genuine check, with his own signature. He hadn't a chance in the world.

Protectograph

Check Writer

FIFTEEN DOLLARS TWENTY SEVEN CENTS

(Writes and Protects in Two Colors—Amount words in Red; Denominations in Black)



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provides the protection that has never failed. The characters are "shredded" into the paper and acid-proof ink in two colors forced through and through the shreds under pressure. (Todd Patents.) A neat, businesslike and extremely legible way of writing and protecting checks—and a big time-saver.

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PROTOD checks and drafts, furnished only to owners of Todd machines, are proof against substitution of names or bleaching. No forger can obtain your PROTOD check, because every sheet of PROTOD is registered, safeguarded, and executed in our own Printing Bureau, under lock and key like Government bank notes. PROTOD checks are made in several desirable colors and printed or lithographed to your own specifications.

Protectograph Check Writer to protect the *amount*. PROTOD Chemical-Fibre checks to prevent *forgery* or substitution of names and dates—That's the Todd System.

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Rochester, N. Y.

FREE—Send to address on enclosed letterhead your book on check frauds by a celebrated detective, and samples of Protectograph Check Writing.

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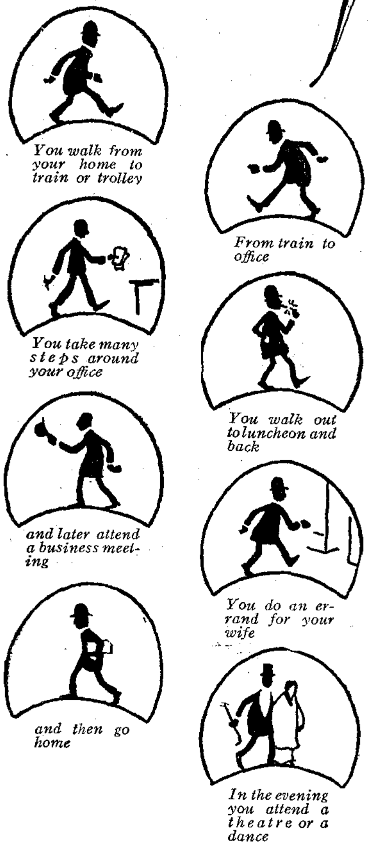
Heel prints that you leave every day


You walk from your home to train or trolley
From train to office
You take many steps around your office
You walk out to luncheon and back
and later attend a business meeting
You do an errand for your wife
and then go home
In the evening you attend a theatre or a dance

—and by long odds the best aid you have in maintaining a serene disposition is in the wearing of—

CAT'S PAW
CUSHION
RUBBER HEELS

Millions wear them in preference to other kinds, because the Foster Friction Plug, set where the wear comes, prevents slipping and makes the heel last longer. There are no holes to track mud and dirt—cost no more than the ordinary kind.

50c—black, white or tan. For Men, Women and Children.

Foster Rubber Co.
105 Federal St., Boston, Mass.
Originators and Patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping.

FOSTER PATENT NON SLIP CAT'S PAW CUSHION HEEL FOSTER RUBBER CO.

"A DESPERATE CHARACTER"—AND HER SOUL

WHEN the police gathered her into the grasp of the law again, for more petty offenses, they were convinced that they had the most vicious and degraded woman in thirty years' experience. She was the center of trouble in the block where she lived, a locality which had a reputation for being a criminal quarter. So they sent her off to prison for safe-keeping, knowing that they could do nothing toward cleaning up the neighborhood until she was removed from activity. The plan, said an officer to the man who writes about it in *Harper's Magazine*, was to send her back again for another old offense as soon as she had served sentence for the earlier ones.

This, the writer remarks, savored to him of revenge; he began an acquaintance with "Prisoner X107." He writes:

> From the moment she believed I was trying to help her she was, as she exprest it, absolutely square with me. She took the chance that the very defenselessness of voluntary and complete confession would outweigh the disgust and despair it was bound to excite. She answered my questions unreservedly, and often with appalling frankness. At my request she bared every detail of her career, altho she knew that the greater part of it I could never discover myself. From first to last she never lied to me.
>
> It was toward the end of her imprisonment that she began to write verse, apparently for the pure relief of expression. She was indifferent to its reception, and took little pride in it. In certain moods she wrote with great ease. But the characteristic of her mind that interested me from the start was its unexpectedness. She never gave the anticipation answered. Her mental processes had strange orbits, and forecast was impossible.

The type of mind that was hers can best be understood from her answer to the question, "If you were given absolute freedom to spend one night in the great city, wholly uncontrolled, where would you go—to the theater, to a dance, or where?" The account thus reports her reaction:

> "I would choose a warm night after a rainy day, a night when all the electric lights wore halos round their heads and everything was foggy. I'd go to the park and walk for an hour up and down the paths, where I could see the reflections of the misty lights in the wet stone pavements. Then I'd like to go to some quiet place where I could hear organ music for another hour. Then I'd go to bed satisfied. But before I got into bed I'd open and shut my door for five minutes steadily. I'd want to know that it wasn't bolted!"
>
> I have said that her poems were outlets of emotion, rather than efforts at literature. This is well shown by an incident which happened after her release. On one of her Sunday visits we were crossing the fields to a point where she could take her home-bound trolley, when she flew into a violent passion over my reproofs and freed her mind in her abusive way. Then she boarded the crowded car for a three hours' ride. The first mail on the next morning brought me the poem "Forgive," written on the back of an old envelope.

This is the poem as he received it, reprinted with a few others from her pen:

FORGIVE

Didst see me on the yesterday,
When meadoward we took our way,
Strike at the hand that lifted up
To my parched lips life's brimming cup?
Didst see me then I say?

And, seeing, didst thou veil thine eyes,
Filled with a saddened, pained surprize?
Or was it planned that such as I
Must know a thousand deaths? Then die
Ere I have grasped the prize?

Didst see me on the yesternight
When sickened soul was black with blight?
Dread quivers of despairing shame
Scorched my poor body like a flame.
Didst see me then—at night?

Upon my heart a little ring
Of whitened scars, that burn and sting,
Reminds me that I struck the hand
That led me to a promised land.
How long doth Memory cling!

APRIL WEATHER

I said, in the night, I shall smile no more,
For my grief seemed deep, and my heart was sore;
But I woke when the sun carest my lips,
And I tingled down to my finger-tips.
So I sang, instead, a lilting lay
To an April sky on an April day.

MY SONG

I can not help but sing, I said,
For joy hath lately found me!
When friendly stars shine overhead,
I can not help but sing, I said:
Wouldst have me weep? The past is dead,
And kindly friends surround me.
I can not help but sing, I said,
For joy hath lately found me!

Asked by the writer how she came to lead the common life, when she was so full of love for the beautiful, she replied by a long letter, too long to quote here, but from it we learn that hers was much the case of a dual personality, one half of which lead her through a life in a cottage, amid peaceful, upright, and beautiful surroundings; the other half drove her to a life in the underworld, with the lowest characters of the criminal cosmos, where filth and crime were her daily atmosphere. Then she was imprisoned. Of this she said in a letter:

> Until I reached the prison I was like a person in a stupor. I was taken there in a motor, for they classed me as a dangerous criminal, who might try to make a get-away on the cars. A matron sat beside me, and the deputy who sat in front watched every movement of mine in a reflecting mirror.
>
> Inside the prison doors, I waited for some time on a long bench in a large hall. At intervals officers passed by and gazed at me curiously and several asked my name. Then I was taken to the receiving-room and turned over to the receiving matron. Piece by piece my clothing was taken from me and thrown into a heap. When I was ordered to bathe in full view of this matron, I was so filled with an agony of shame and indignation that I made up my mind to get even with them, for

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CHAMBERLIN METAL WEATHER STRIP

to my mind they were worse than the people I had just left.

Even when I had put on the coarse, clean clothing, I felt more naked than I had ever done before, and I felt so degraded that the last remnant of respect I had ever had for myself seemed to have been snatched away from me. Another simple little thing maddened me. The shoes were three sizes too large, and when I left the receiving-room I scuffled along the hall, admonished by the matron to step lively. I lost one shoe, and as I picked it up I was filled with an almost uncontrollable desire to hurl it at her head. But I thought better of it, and it's good for me that I did. I said to myself that it wouldn't hurt her to have given me a word of good advice. If she had I probably would have worshiped her.

I was next handed over to another matron, a motherly-looking woman, who proved in after days kind and thoughtful, and who now unlocked two heavily-barred wooden doors and put me into a fair-sized room, and left me there. I sat down on a little wooden stool, and watched her as she left the room. I wished she would say a kind word to me, but it didn't come. I listened as she locked and bolted the doors and the jingling of her keys ceased, and then I realized that I was alone, and this was the end, for I believed that I was going to do my whole sentence in that awful room.

My heart was like a heavy stone. I started wildly up and rushed madly around the room, in a perfect agony of fright. I beat madly on the door, tore my hair, and pulled the clothes from the cot-bed and stamped on them. I raged up and down for hours like a caged beast, with only one wish in my mind—to go mad and forget. Something said, "Pray." But I laughed at the thought.

As the hours passed I became exhausted, and, looking at the bed, it suddenly came to me that here at least I could sleep. A breathless sense of safety swept over me. There was a comforting sense of security, and, strangest of all, the waiting feeling had suddenly left me; and, sobbing and moaning, I crept into the bed and slept.

And thus began her prison life. Soon, after some persons had become interested in her, she was given a chance in a cell with light so that she could read. Then her education commenced, and it continued after she had completed her sentence. Of her prison days, her letters unfortunately are too lengthy for our space, but we learn that she gradually regained her better self, warmed by the faith and trust of kind people. Here is part of a letter from her shortly after she was liberated and taken to a private home to visit until she could get work:

> There are those who wouldn't care to shake hands with a former criminal. And so when those two ladies came out on the lawn and took me by the hand, I was theirs to do with as they wished, and I knew that it would be the right thing always. After you had gone I felt timid, and altho I wanted to thank them and tell them that I meant to do my best, I was clumsy about it, and stumbled and stammered over words that would not come. But once in the beautiful old library, with its red-brick fireplace and huge, comfy

chairs, I felt more at ease, and here they told me that I was to be as one of them, and that from then on none of us was to refer to the past. Think of it! I was to be put on an equal footing with courteous, well-bred, intellectual people, with no slurs or flinging up of past deeds! Oh, it is good to live, and live clean. I have no intimate friends, but I have some books, and every once in a while a letter from a very dear lady whom I know. I sometimes get tired of Mr. Wall and Mrs. Wall and the two little Walls, but then my room is cozy, if small, and I can open and shut the door when I like.

Of her subsequent adventures, and her finding work, and the days in the munitions-factory, these few glances will suffice. They are taken from more of the letters of the "desperate character" who had a great soul. In the fall of that year, she wrote:

OCTOBER 23.

At last I have found a place. I am to start work this afternoon at 2:30, and work until ten o'clock to-night at the munitions-factory. This is the place I spoke of to you, and altho it is a dump, it will help a great deal at the present time. I can not sit down like Mr. Micawber and wait for something to turn up. I only hope that I may be able to stand it. It is horribly dirty, I am told, but the money is clean. It is a place of nations, for all sorts of foreigners are working there. It is like having one's soul hit with a knout to have to go to such a dreary place, away from the sunshine, but we can not have all we like in this life, and I doubt if it would be good for us if we did.

Well, I'm off to help blow up the Germans—if I don't get blown up myself first. Are you still of the same mind about the poems? I hope so—oh, so much!

I wish I could thank you in the way I wish.

OCTOBER 25.

Here I am again. This time I simply had to write to you to tell you what I am up against. Before I went to the new job, which is making shells for the British Government, I heard reports that the plant was threatened, and that it was to be demolished some time this week. I couldn't make up my mind which was worse—being blown up by dynamite or being blown up by an irate landlady!

But I went in at half-past two. Ye gods! What a place! No brains are necessary, just brawn. We work seven and a half hours, with fifteen minutes for lunch! . . . Every moment, at some unexpected noise, the girls will scream; and all lights outside are kept burning, and an extra force of guards patrols the building. The war never seemed so real. It is like working on the top of a rumbling volcano.

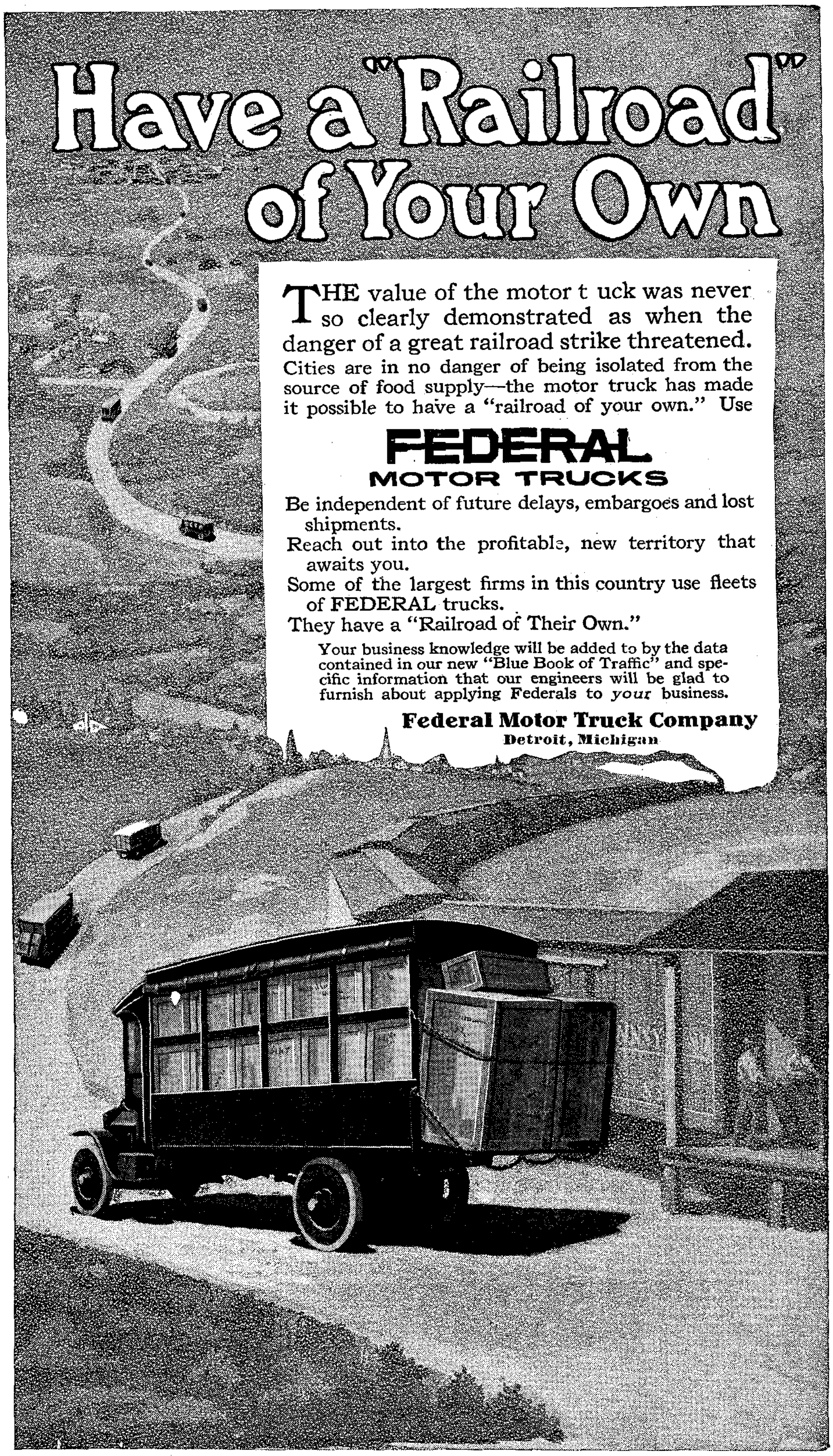
The accommodations for the women are indescribable, and this in cultured Massachusetts.

Our clothes are intermingled in an unkempt mass, and the odors are something weird. However, one must live, and as long as there are no other places for girls, some one is ever ready to take the risk, like

Yours sincerely,

NOVEMBER 9.

. . . The munition-work goes merrily on, and each night I discover some new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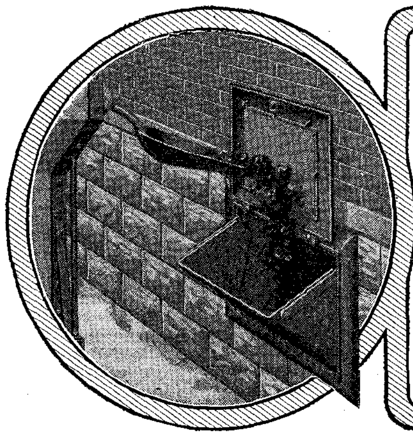
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noise to add to the torture. All the sins I ever committed really should be washed from the slate, for this work is penance. When you step into that filthy place, reeking of lard-oil, and the bell rings that starts that long line all working together like a machine, I feel like hammering on the closed door and getting out somehow; but then the hot wave of anger gradually dies when you wonder how long it would be before you found another place, and you feel rather ashamed that you have rebelled even inwardly at conditions that seem to your coworkers perfectly satisfactory.

Ah, the man that wrote "Where ignorance is bliss" knew human nature, didn't he? The girl next to me had half a chicken for her lunch yesterday, and she confided in me, saying that "the guy she was keeping company with knew the chef at the —— Hotel, who swiped half a broiled chicken for him every once in a while, and her steady passed it along to her." That poor chicken! What travels! Where he might have been served on a silver platter to some fastidious guest, he is instead toted around in the "steady's" pocket, to end ignominiously as the *pièce de résistance* of a cold lunch in a munitions-factory. That chicken must have led a very sinful life, brief as it was, to have to suffer such a fate.

Did I thank you for all your trouble? No, I never do. It makes me sort of ache, you are so good to me.

OVER THE NORTH SEA BY AEROPLANE

MANY an Englishman sails over the North Sea these days without, in the least, "plowing the raging main," for there is usually anywhere from 100 to 5,000 feet between him and the nearest wave. It has become an ordinary matter, since the war opened, to fly across the Channel, and every day those who live along the coast can see the scouting aeroplanes sweep across the sky and disappear over the horizon.

But very few women are taking the perilous trip. Now and then an adventurous Frenchwoman has been known to try her fortune in mid air with a tricky flier, but as war-scouts, or war-travelers, women have not shown themselves in any number. Recently, however, a woman was carried as a passenger in one of the new British seaplanes, built, as she says, for war, and used in war. She was the first woman ever to have that dubious experience, and she has written out her impressions for the New York *Tribune*. She made the flight seated in an ordinary mess-room chair, a rather unstable and uncertain arrangement which had a way of moving about and sliding a little every time the machine took a dip, or the pilot turned abruptly. But it did not interfere with her enjoyment of the sensation. Speaking of her flight, she writes:

> The station from which I made my start lies on a nameless coast, where the waves of the North Sea wash against the painted walls of tall hangars and spread their white spray over a narrow strip of gray sand guarded by England's coast defenses. Between the great blind walls of the hangars and the low roofs of the shops a paved concourse follows the line of the shore. At the foot of this concourse there is a slipway—a portable roadway of boards which slopes evenly to the water.
>
> It was from this slipway that I made my start.
>
> I saw them bringing her out of the shed—the great, gray plane in which I was to make my flight. She was a beautiful plane. She was beautiful because she was designed for service—hard service; because she carried on her spreading wings and her fusilage the marks of her journeys, the marks of her labor for war. The silk and linen cover of her surfaces was stained. There were scars on the dark, polished blades of her propeller, on the curved casing of her fusilage. Honorable scars of honorable service.
>
> They rolled her, this new instrument of war, slowly toward me—three men on either side of her—and faced her to the sea. The men seemed very small in the shadow of her great planes. They slid her from the wooden rollers onto her slipway and set a ladder against her. It was a ladder with a great many rungs, well spaced, but it reached only to the underline of her fusilage.
>
> The helpers held the ladder steady and I climbed into the observer's seat. I sat in a chair, brought for me from the messroom, a deal chair. On either side of me the metal bracing prest against my arms; there were pistols and ammunition on the bottom of the fusilage by my feet. In front of me, in his high-backed seat, my pilot sat.
>
> On the slipway, which was covered by the green, fine moss washed in by the tides, the helpers waited for the signal to start—waited, coatless, with the black oil of the shops on their clothes and their shining rubber boots. My pilot opened up his motor, the propeller flashed in its first wide circle, the plane moved forward on the drenched boards. Slowly. . . . . .
>
> I saw the little waves racing under the moving edge of the wings, little waves washing in the slender, brilliant bits of moss and weed from the sea. I felt the pontoons glide from the slipway onto the broken surface of the water. On either side of me the outer tips of the planes, with their canvas buffers slung underneath, cut the white breakers, and the crystal spray showered above them, scattering brilliant drops, like diamonds.
>
> We rocked with the steady rise and fall of the incoming tide, pushing our way to the open water. Beside us, in the spreading ripples of our own wake, a white gull drifted.

Then the pilot swung the machine into the wind, and for a while it was pretty rough going, planing over the waves. The vibrations, we are told, were terrific, and stinging spray blew about the passengers so that, had they not had waterproofs, they would have been drenched. Suddenly, the traveler tells us, all vibration ceased. It was as if they had completely stopt. Then she saw that the planes were lifting a little above the water, and she realized that they were at last making the ascent into the air. She continues:

> We were climbing, climbing straight

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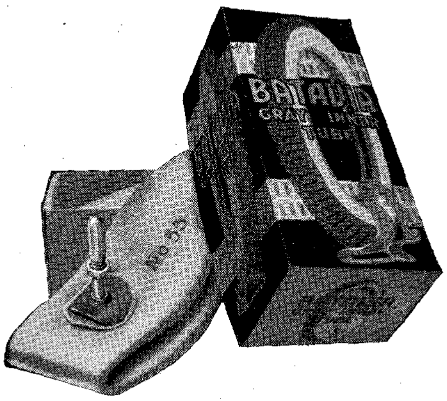

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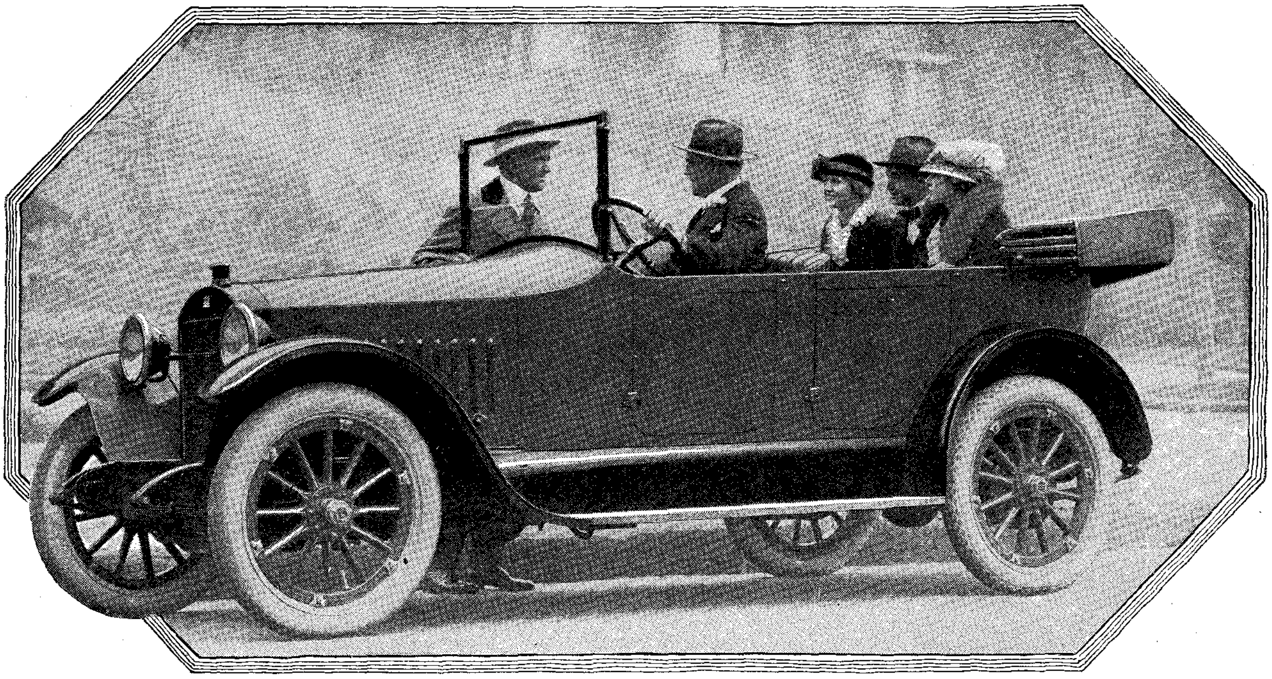

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THIS unusual car has astonished every motorist who has driven it. It makes every hour in the motor car less work to the driver and more comfort to the riders. Ride in it! Drive it! Compare it with every other car for driving ease and riding comfort. You will get more pleasure out of the Liberty than out of any other motor car you have ever known. Read these unusual features of this truly remarkable car. There are many others.

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Imagine a gear shift so sensitive and smooth that it can be shifted silently, with the finger tips alone—even the unusual shift from third to second—at 40 miles an hour. Imagine a steering gear that responds to the slightest pressure of your hand—so important in heavy traffic—so difficult with the ordinary car. The Liberty is the ideal woman's car.

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Because of their unusual balance and adjustment, the rider in the Liberty does not have to slow down for cobbles, tracks, pocky roads or ruts. No matter how rough the road the rider will not leave the seat. The spring movement is undulating—a gentle rise and fall—without pound or shock.

The Liberty is quick, agile, responsive. It gives you the realization of perfect control. It is beautiful in its long, low lines, and in its comfort. The deep, wide driver's seat is so cleverly planned that the 100 pound woman drives as comfortably as the 200 pound man. The Liberty performs steadily and smoothly. It is a truly quiet car.

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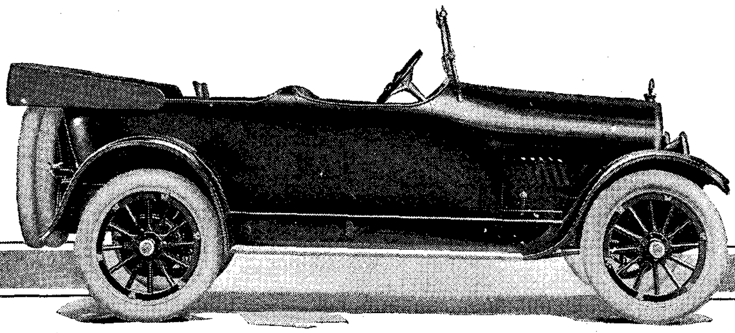

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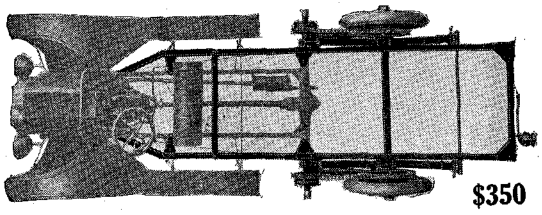

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toward the gray sky. I saw the roofs of the station dropping away from us; the strip of sand narrowed, became brighter, clearer. Already the roofs of the hangars and their great painted walls were taking on new contours. I was imprest anew with the amazing fact that men could fly above the earth.

We were moving toward the open sea. Before me the gray water reached to the gray, sunless sky, a band of low clouds uniting them.

I looked over the edge of the fusilage. Below me, on my left, washed close in to the shore, I saw something rising above the water. It was black, nameless, formless—a wreck beaten in by the heavy tides. There were great strips of wood covered with the slime of the sea; there were twisted, rusted sheets of iron rich with the waste washed up from the bed of the ocean. The little waves circled the black thing, bordering it with a white border, grave and delicate, in infinite designs.

My pilot, leaning over, pointed at the black hull. We were rising above it, climbing swiftly. My pilot smiled and shook his head. He knew better than I the mercilessness of the sea.

I looked over, watching the broken surface of the ocean moving away from us, watched the color of it change, intensify. I saw the horizon, sinking to the land on one side of us, touching the water on the other. This is an amazing thing—to look down on the horizon of the world; the sky does not rise and meet in a tremendous arch overhead, but like a great bowl it seems to press over, to enclose and encircle the earth.

Yes, I was flying above the North Sea. And a stiff side wind was blowing, a cold wind that stung my face and my hands. But we were going forward. At times the slip-stream, that draft of air from the propeller, was heated by the engine and forced back, warm and humid.

It was not that we were making much of an altitude. We were pushing ahead at about three thousand feet, following the line of the coast. I could see on one side houses and patches of white and green fields; on the other side there was the sea. Our machine was the dividing-line between them. And for some inexplicable reason this simple fact created an extraordinary sense of instability. We seemed to be suspended in an enormous void, with the meeting-point of the earth and the sea obliterated. An astounding sort of sensation.

As they turned toward open water, there seemed to be no headway made at all, but this was due to the absence of any land- or sea-marks to determine progress. Then, after a short interval, when they were really forging ahead without sense of more than a slight motion, they caught sight of new objects in the water. We read:

Down below us, little more than black marks on the face of the water, I saw two boats moving along side by side. They spread one wide triangle of white in a double wake. We passed over them. They were two mine-sweepers, twin boats, at the beginning of their long journey—one more evidence of the ceaseless vigilance with which England is keeping open the wide avenues of the sea. They seemed very small, three thousand feet below us, those diligent sweepers. They took no heed of our passing. We were, with them, but a commonplace of the tremendous new business of going to and fro, of passing and repassing, that the purposes of war might be fulfilled. Each day, in the North Sea, countless ships set out upon his Majesty's grave errands; each day, in the uncharted territory above the earth the gray planes add their tithe of labor to this colossal affair of death and pitiless destruction. They are but links, each and all of them, in the black chain of war.

Such is the North Sea. And far above it, so that the sky seemed closer to us than the water, we were banking and making a wide turn toward the land.

Then we did a rather amazing thing. We pushed ahead to the shore, and started climbing again. I looked ahead and saw for the first time the harbor which lay beyond the peninsula toward which we were flying. It was wide, beautiful, with a deep shelving beach rising on one side. And there, at anchor, was the gray flotilla of destroyers.

How small they looked down there—these fine ships in which is concentrated so much of the meaning of war! Then we dropt toward them. They seemed to be rising to meet us. I saw them taking outline against the surface of the sea. First there were the white marks of the decks, each one of them a slender oval with a solid black center amidships and a dark blot on the bow.

Then in the black centers of the destroyers I saw the funnels. They were like round holes, three in each vessel. The decks might have been cut from cardboard, shaped, with fine drawings to mark those grave mysteries amidships. The destroyers did not seem to float above the water. They were level with it. They had form and fine contour, but neither substance nor solidity.

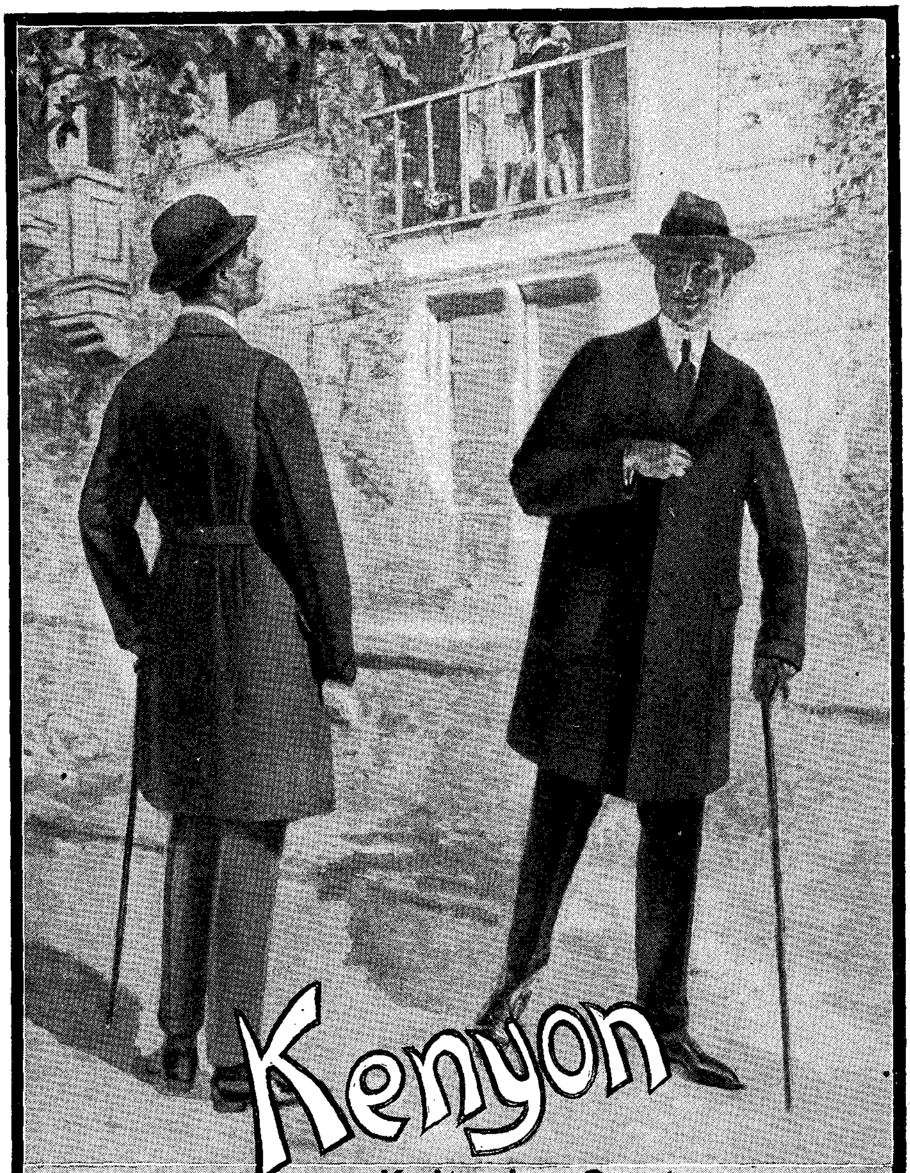
And we were circling down, volplaning toward one of the ships, lower and lower. I saw the deck below me widen, saw at equal intervals the black guns, delicate points reaching out over the lusterless water. They seemed to lie on the face of the sea.

And then, on the deck, I saw something moving. At first I was not sure. It was only a little black dot. But this dot was a human being. It moved forward on the white oval, very, very slowly.

It was then that I realized, for some wholly inexplicable reason, the value of the coordination between the ships of the sea and the ships of the air. I saw, in some measure, how this new war has created new codes and laws of war. The planes are the eyes of the fleet. From their great vantage-point the ships of the enemy are spread below them on a vast chart.

After repeated circlings, they at last turned the machine toward the plane from which they had started out. From a good altitude above the harbor they began the homeward glide. The account concludes:

> I saw the great, gray flotilla advancing and turning in a most disconcerting way. For it seems, always, that it is the earth and the sea which are moving. The plane seems to rest, motionless, poised, beautifully secure.
>
> And so we came back, over the land and the water, to the station from which we had started. Came back through a sudden shower of rain, with the big drops splashing on the wings. And the difficult



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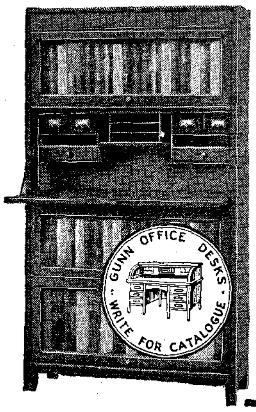

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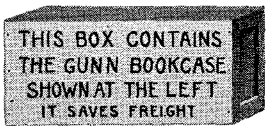
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1810 Broadway, Grand Rapids, Mich.

business of landing my pilot did extraordinarily well.

The men were wading out from the slipway to tow us in. To them it was but the routine of the day—the planes went out and the planes returned. But to me it was a splendid and marvelous thing that I had seen from one of his Majesty's fighting seaplanes, the great seal which Britain has set on that impregnable stronghold of her power, the North Sea.

KEEPING BRITAIN'S UPPER LIP STIFF

THESE are dark days in England; the adjective "merry" has become obsolete. Yet, to many intents and purposes, the casual observer would fail entirely to note the gloom which is in the hearts of the people, for they are keeping up a brave show, regardless of feelings. It is merely another example of Saxon stoicism, for if the Englishman is slow to express his joys, he is equally capable of hiding his sorrows. And thus it is that England seems still cheerful, tho the evil days are full upon her.

A woman correspondent for the New York *Tribune*, who recently went to the British Isles for her paper, reports that even the wounded Tommies, sent home to die in their native vales, are keeping up courage. France has been left tearlessly serious by the coming of the conflict; England has been furnished with a smile. Yet, according to the correspondent, there is a look in British eyes that betrays national suffering, and she adds:

> The war is in their eyes, the horror of it; it is in their words, in their gestures, the misery and the pain of it; it is written in their faces, borne witness to by every fold of their stained and shabby garments. It is France they are bringing home with them, France and the memory of all the gray and wretched splendor of war. This is in their faces; this and courage.
>
> At first, when I walked down the concrete pavement at one side of the pier, with its railway-lines and great, spreading gray roof, I thought that the hundred men or more whom I saw sitting on benches in a square, enclosed place were but one more unit of the soldiers which throughout England bear testimony to the new army of the King. But as I came nearer to them, saw them sitting there, with, on one side of them, the white coaches of the ambulance-train and on the other, anchored close in, the great white hospital ship with its broad band of green, I knew these were wounded men sent home from France. The slightly wounded men, they call them.
>
> "These are not serious cases," the captain who was in charge told me, "shrapnel, mostly."
>
> I looked at the long rows of men in khaki sitting on the wooden benches, with their coats drawn loosely over their shoulders, with their bandaged heads and arms and feet showing a very clear white against the dim and gray light of the pier. How patient they were, and how tired they looked! Slightly wounded; shrapnel, mostly. One of them with his arm bandaged from the elbow to the wrist and supported in a wide sling; one of them

with his feet wrapt thickly in layers of dressings and covered over with heavy woolen socks; one of them with his left hand in a splint and his right arm wrapt in gauze the full length of it; another man, leaning against the man next to him, with his thin hands folded across his knees, and his head and his face almost covered with fold upon fold of white linen. On his forehead a little round dark stain widened on the clean cloth. Slightly wounded; shrapnel, mostly. Such are the terms of war.

She went with the captain to the gangway to watch them bring out the stretchers with the wounded. It seemed, she says, such a big, clean spotless ship, with its broad band of green, like an emerald girdle, about it. It presented almost the symbolism of health in the sunlight, the great scarlet cross gleaming with all its brightness. Then came a sudden change:

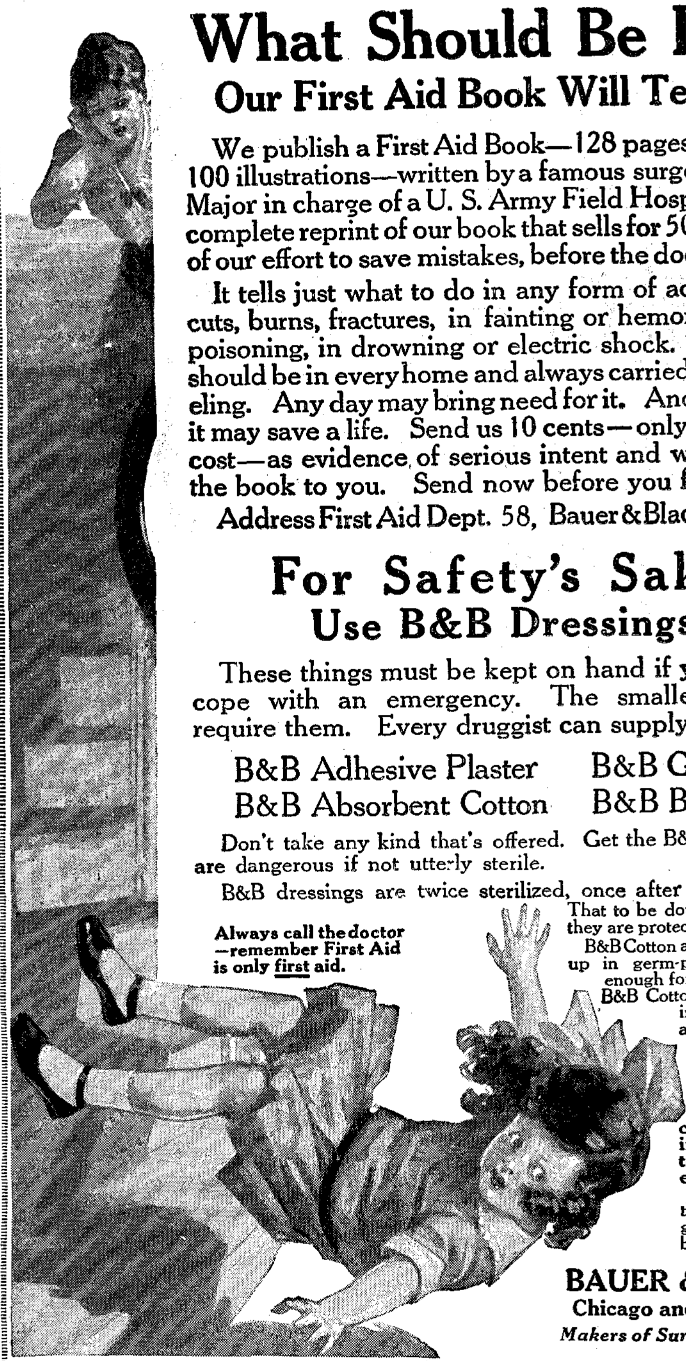
The gangway was lowered; and suddenly the ship, which had seemed an empty ship, became peopled. Men in khaki appeared everywhere. There were rows of them in the cabin-doors; they stood by the rails; they came stumbling along the deck, two and two together, helping each other. Their khaki coats, shrunken, discolored, were fastened about their shoulders like capes, or with one arm thrust through a sleeve; their white bandages were extraordinarily immaculate in the brilliant sunshine, a clear and gleaming white. And all of these men were smiling. They told me afterward, some of them, how they had been waiting for the sight of England; and they told me about war. I knew then that I had known nothing of this war before.

But even when I saw them, these soldiers standing by the rails or stumbling across the deck, I knew that men did not many times in their lives smile as these men were smiling.

Sometimes two of the wounded men would come fumbling and staggering down the gangway together, holding to each other. With intense concentration, without any knowledge of what was taking place around them, looking neither to the right nor the left, they progressed step by step, infinitely cautious. They advised each other, admonished each other, argued in an absorbed, gentle monotone, wholly engrossed, set apart, dedicated to this mysterious and immediate moment which lay between them and the harbor of the benches. With each uncertain step, with each circumspect, tentative advance, I think that a new cycle of destiny was spun for them, such was their earnestness and the simplicity of their world.

Thus, slowly, by open magic, the benches steadily filled. I don't know how many men were sitting there, nor how many more men were in the adjoining enclosure. But while I had been watching the unloading of the ship one ambulance-train had been filled and had moved out, slowly, silently, toward her nameless destination. For each day, as the new offensive on the Western front fulfils the tragic bartering of men for land, the hospitals of England register toll for victory.

From below they were carrying up other men. And these men lay quite still on the stretchers, with their gray blankets drawn close around them. Their faces were very white, that extraordinary clear



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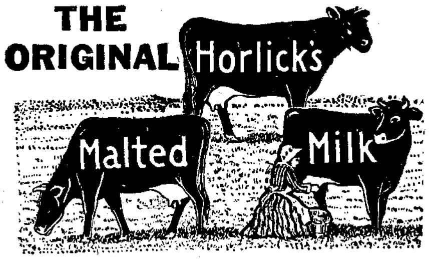

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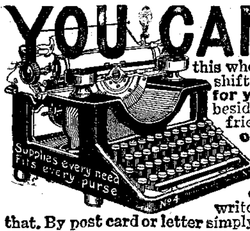

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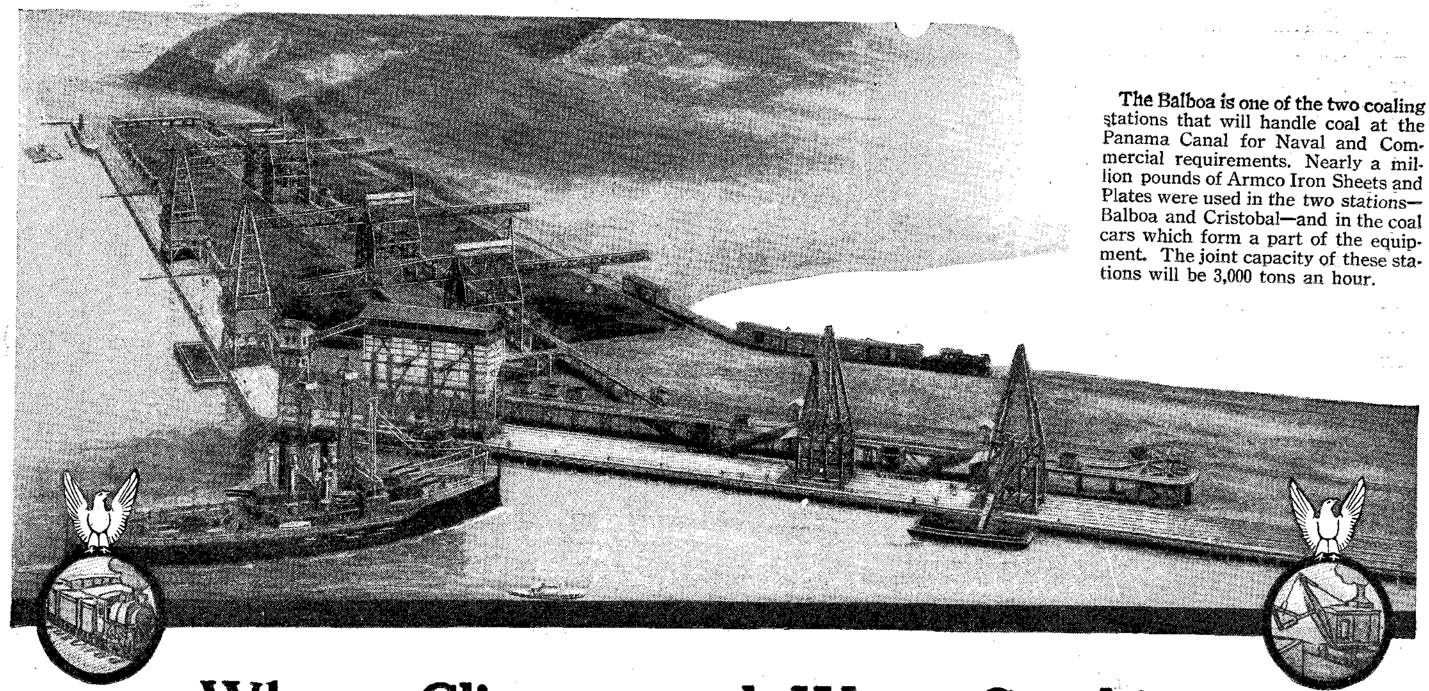

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Armco Iron resists rust because it is pure iron—the purest made; because it is carefully manufactured. Every precaution is taken to keep it free from physical faults—gas bubbles, blisters, cracks, etc. At every stage, inspectors turn back each piece that shows even the slightest defect.

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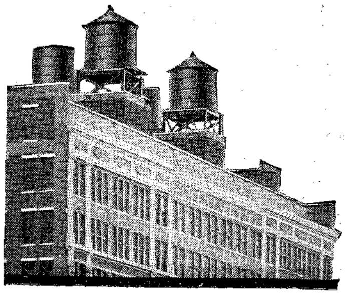
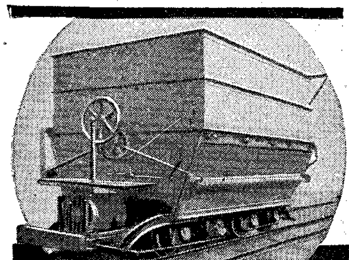
These features of Armco Iron give it qualities, too, other than rust-resistance. The Grand Prize came to Armco Iron at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, for Electrical Conductivity, Welding Quality and Enameling Property, as well as for Chemical Purity and Rust-Resisting Property.

If you use or make products in which sheets or plates play any part, you should know all about Armco Iron.



The failure to specify Armco Iron Water Storage Tanks is an admission that less than the most durable will do.

The need of replacing the plates in this coal car at the Panama Coaling Station is a long way in the future. The plates are of Armco Iron.



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> white of pain. But sometimes when they were carried by they smiled. There was one boy who lay with his hands folded on his chest; his eyes were closed, and the shadow of his black lashes was no darker than the deep circles which furrowed his cheeks. There was neither life nor color in his flesh; his hands had the fine and delicate transparency of a child's hands. Yet, just as he was being carried by, he opened his eyes, made an inscrutable, almost imperceptible, movement with his fingers as if some impulse had impelled him to a gesture which must be unrealized. There was, for one swift instant, the illusion that he smiled.
>
> Yes, there was courage enough among them, these men who were coming home. I marveled at them; I had never thought of that particular degree of courage which lies in the one very simple fact that men —even those men who are coming back to England to die—come back home smiling.

And there were more evidences of British courage in the ambulance-train which, filled up, started for London from the coast. The observer went with the train, sitting in the compartment reserved for one of the doctors. The train was full of wounded men, some very comfortable, some on the last stage of their last journey. Says the author:

> We went down a very narrow corridor and, quite suddenly, I found that we had entered the first coach filled with wounded men. It was deep and narrow, with a white, concave roof. But it was above all a very long coach, and running the full length of it were two double tiers of cots. The aisle between these tiers was of good width and miraculously clean. The cots were wide, with thick mattresses.
>
> In each one of these cots a man was lying. They were lying as if they were asleep, with their faces turned away from the light. The coach was very still.
>
> I walked down the aisle, following the doctor. I was afraid of the movement of the train throwing me against one of those white cots where those curious, inert, motionless things were. But the doctor was hurrying along quite briskly, and explaining to me the amazing new diseases of this war, talking in a low, veiled professional tone and looking at his patients each one, as we passed by.
>
> "There's of course, shell shocks," he said. "General collapse. Nerves simply give way—can't stand it. The wear and the strain, and the noise, the horror, and the rest of it. . . . . .
>
> "They come like this". . . . We had stopt by one of the cots where a man was lying with his face turned straight toward the light. His eyes were closed, his thin, nerveless hands lay, palms upward, on the gray blanket. The slender veins in his wrists showed very clear.
>
> "He's been like that perhaps for days," the doctor said. "Doesn't see, doesn't hear, doesn't feel. Absolutely unconscious. Total collapse.
>
> "Yes, oh, yes, he'll be all right. It's just time, you know. Time and care and patience. Like any other shock—only ten thousand times greater. It's wonderful to see how their memory comes back, slowly, slowly. . . . You wouldn't believe what man can live through. You wouldn't believe it—it's only flesh and bone, after all, you know.
>
> "Then there's this thing of trench-feet —pretty bad that. Wholly new disease. And, for that matter, there are plenty of them—not yet even named, some of them. But, of course, it's mostly shrapnel. Shrapnel and amazing things." . . . . . .
>
> And so, like this, we passed through coach after coach—ninety-five wounded men there were on board. And the doctor was stopping every few steps to look at a dressing or to ask a question. And I was walking behind him filled with wonder and amazement. I had not known it was like this—getting wounded men back from war. They were so patient and so pitiful and so happy. And I think that they, too, were sometimes filled with wonder.
>
> For when I stopt to talk to them they said always that it was a miracle, a miracle being on that train.
>
> "I never knew I was goin' to be 'ere," a Tommy told me. He was lying, both of his bandaged feet propt up at the foot of his cot. "They got me in both legs," he explained. "Fair an' square. Shrapnel. Two days I was lyin' out. Two days. No, you wouldn't believe —an' I wouldn't either, hadn't I done it. Frightful it was. H. E. (high explosive) spatterin' 'round everywhere. They were rippin' things open them two days. Oh, I was sorter goin' out o' me mind toward the end of it. . . . Don't know where I'd got to—we was pushin' on. Down I went. Down I stayed. Wasn't no good tryin' to crawl. . . . Yes, I was a bit out o' me mind, thinkin' all sort-a things out there. Two days, an' a night of it thrown in. 'In the legs I'm 'it.' I said to meself. 'Wish they'd blowed off me arms. . . . I'm done,' I said. But I remember 'em gettin' me hout. Two days I'd 'ad. Two days in 'ell.
>
> "Then I was put in a barn, full up it was, an' they went an' strafed that. Busted out a whole side of 'er. Saw 'er cavin' in—frightful noise. 'That's crocked up,' I said.
>
> "An' now I'm 'ere—'ere in a train. It's 'eaven, I call it." . . . . . .
>
> Then the doctor came for me, and we went together into the next coach. And I saw while I was waiting by the door one of the Sisters making a new tourniquet for a man's arm. Her gray shoulder-cape with its broad crimson band made a great splash of scarlet against the white cot over which she was bending. It was such a clear, brilliant picture; I saw even the fine, frayed edges of the gauze as, fold by fold, the Sister wound it.
>
> When the bandage was done the man smiled and thanked her. His eyes, looking up into hers, were extraordinarily big and dark in his white face.

And so the contact with the seamy side of war went on, each carriage having its own quota of the wounded. The doctor returned to the writer to take her back to his own compartment. After all his own experience, he had not been blunted to the poignancy of suffering. He approached the traveler quietly, and then we learn from the one who had witnessed all this for the first time in her life:

> "Well," said the doctor, "have you seen courage?"
>
> We were just coming under the black roof of the station. I saw beside the platform the gray ambulances with their crosses of red. Beyond, by the railings, a

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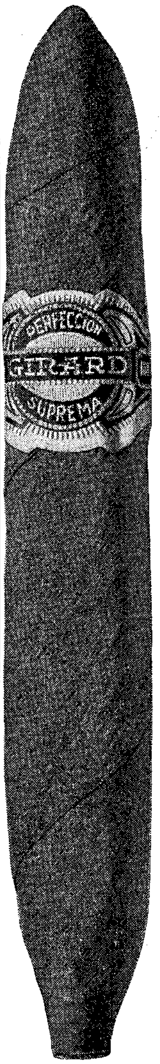

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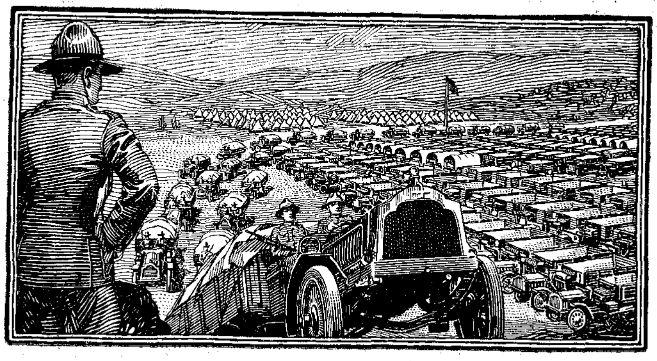

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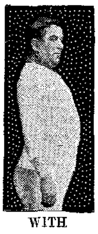

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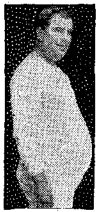

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great crowd waited. I knew there would be cheering and splendid moments when the doors of the white train were opened. But I was thinking about all of the things I had seen—of the orderlies coming and going with their heavy stretchers, of the great organization by which wounded men are brought from the trenches to the hospitals of England. I was thinking of the terrible toll of war.

The train stopt. The doctor stood up to tell me good-by. I thanked him as best I could. There were many things for which I owed him my gratitude. He had admitted me to a new world. I had seen at other times, in other places, the faith, the hope, the strength which go into the making of war. But in his world only had I found in its fullest measure the greatest of all these things—the courage of Britain.

AFOOT ALONG THE HUDSON

THOSE who live in or about New York are familiar with the opportunity offered by the Hudson Valley for walking—and seeing while you walk. Thousands of Americans have taken tramping-trips along the Rhine; now is the time to take an even more picturesque tour through the valley of our own Hudson. And recently a reader of the New York *Sun* realized this for the first time, and, filled with the pleasure of all that he saw while walking along the river from Hastings to West Point, he has detailed it all for us. It is almost as good as covering the ground yourself to read his cheery, personal remarks. He begins:

> It is just possible that to most of those who may be beguiled into reading this the ground over which it takes them is as familiar as the lights of Broadway. But I am sure none of them has seen it in my way.
>
> "Going to walk all the way to West Point?" The stout widow who keeps the hotel at Haverstraw looked at me in frank astonishment when she asked me the question. Remembering the man who was eating his pie from his hand, and his retort to the question about the use of a fork, I reminded the lady, as delicately as possible, that legs were made before gasoline-engines.
>
> "Why don't you get some automobilist to give you a lift?" she asked compassionately. Then she turned to a friendly Yankee who had just come into the hotel-office from a car that was sputtering outside.
>
> It was useless to attempt to make her see the case from my point of view. There wasn't any money in tramps, not even in genteel ones. So she left the key to the single room that I was to occupy on the counter for me to take or leave, and addrest herself to the friendly Yankee.
>
> When a man walks on a country-road, he finds that he is in a class by himself, an exclusive, if not an aristocratic one. From Hastings to Nyack which may be reached by ferry from Tarrytown, I had not met a soul of my particular description. A roving band of musicians had taken toll of the automobilists on the ferry-boat for playing the familiar Broadway airs. They jarred on my nerves for two reasons: a discordant note was injected into unfamiliar surroundings, and, being a tramp, I felt that I had a right in a share of the money. At Nyack, however, a German journeyman with the *Wanderlust* questioned me about a trolley to Newark. There wasn't any trolley, so

he footed it for a mile in the opposite direction. This gave me a fair chance to pump some good American doctrine into him. He had been in the United States for twenty-six years and had come from a little village, a day's walk from Stuttgart, to avoid military service. He winced at the compliments I paid to disloyal German citizens, and got some views that his long residence in the United States should have made it unnecessary for me to give him. We sat down later under the shade of a tree and my luncheon served for both.

He breaks into his own account with the observation that the scenery along the Hudson would inspire a poet, but poetry, he fears, is out of fashion for tramps. At least, poetry is out of fashion for true tramps, not the Bohemian tramp-poets, like the famous Mike Ranger, of the Washington Square legends. Every real tramp, sagely concludes this writing peripatetic, looks only for a saloon, walking being conducive to thirst. But as far as neglecting the scenery goes, he is no worse than many others, for every automobilist is looking at the steering-gear, every teamster watches his horses and keeps an eye out for motors—so the scenery is as a fair woman in an empty ballroom.

After this bit of philosophizing, he returns to the journey, saying:

> Just this side of Stony Point a trio of farmhands were loading a plentiful crop of hay. I climbed over the stone wall and asked if they wanted any help. They did. "How much a day?" "One seventy-five." "Give me a fork." "But you'll have to see the boss to be put on the job." "Where is he?" "Up to the house." As I left the field in all good faith to find the boss, the man on the load called after me: "Say, do you want work, or are you just kiddin'?" I looked diligently for the boss, but failing in my search I concluded that they were "just kiddin'."
>
> You pass under the welcome shade of a double row of fine trees that distinguishes one of these river hamlets, Tomkins Cove, I think, and then out again upon a stretch of hot road. I came across a couple of bespectacled young men, stript to the shirt for a husky hike, cutting the foliage from long walking-sticks they had secured from the young growth on the edge of woods while they leaned against a rock at the only cool spot on this dusty stretch. They looked like a couple of Columbia students chasing butterflies, but they weren't. One of them was a syndicalist. His special ambition in this new social adjustment was to eat the good grub that the fellow syndicalists prepared. He wasn't a hypocrite. I had to admire his cool candor.
>
> "Have you noticed the supercilious air with which these motorists regard us?" he asked as the cars whisked past us.
>
> "No; I have been observant only of their remarkable friendliness. Why, half a dozen have made the offer to give us a lift and have just missed by an inch," I replied.
>
> And, then, Bear Mountain! But what is the use of telling New Yorkers of Bear Mountain where the Hudson River, shut in on all sides by the piling green hills, looks like a sparkling landlocked lake? All of New York, from the metropolis to the towns along the lower and upper stretches of the river, visit it in droves. But I must

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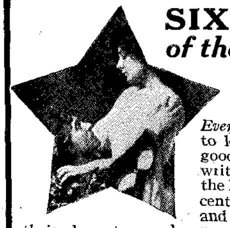

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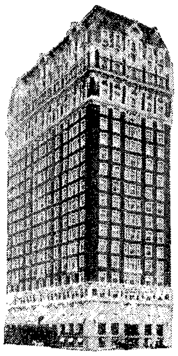

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Edgar Allan Poe discovered that the vowel "e" is used far more frequently than any other letter in the alphabet, that "i" and "o" are also very frequent, and that of the consonants "s" and "r" make most frequent appearance.

The total of all the letters forming the last names of the twenty-seven different men who have been Presidents of the United States is 184. Of this number "e" is by no means the letter which occurs most frequently, being, indeed, only fifth in numerical order, and being led by two vowels and two consonants.

In fact, a consonant, "n," leads all other letters, thereby fracturing in several ways the usual recurrence of letters in the average English word, for in Poe's scale "n" is led by several consonants and four of the five vowels.

The letter "n" occurs exactly twenty times in the last names of the Presidents, closely followed by the leading vowel, "a," which occurs nineteen times; "o," which occurs seventeen times; "r," which occurs sixteen times; then "e," which occurs fifteen times; "l," which occurs thirteen times; "s," which occurs twelve times, and "i," which occurs ten times. These are all of the letters which occur ten or more times.

Also interesting is the number of letters with which the names of the Presidents begin. In this the letters a, j, m, h, and t lead, with three each, followed by w, p, and g with two each, and v, f, b, l, c, and r with one each.

Should President Wilson be reelected this order will not be changed, of course, either in initial letters or in complete names, but if Mr. Hughes is elected, while the changes in the totals for all letters would be very slight, there would be a marked change in the order of initial letters of the President's last names, inasmuch as the letter "h" would then lead all the rest with a total of four.

It is rather interesting to note that the first President's name began with the letter "w," which did not occur, either as an initial letter or in any portion of the surname of a President, until the election of President Wilson, the latest of the Presidents, whose name also begins with "w."

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The letters q, x, and z are entirely absent from the names of the Presidents, in which they are running true to form, inasmuch as these letters occur less frequently in English words than any others.

It is also interesting to note that of the twenty-seven names twenty-five are Anglo-Celtic in origin, all of them, with two exceptions, being of direct English derivation. These two exceptions, Van Buren and Roosevelt, both of New York, are of Dutch derivation. Therefore, it appears plain that, altho every native American has at birth an equal theoretical chance for the Presidency, and the son of the rawest immigrant has, in theory, an equal chance with a descendant of one of the *Mayflower* expedition or a lineal scion of a first Virginia family, yet, in practise, men bearing Anglo-Celtic names have an enormous advantage—an advantage entirely out of proportion to their relative strength in the population.

Another interesting fact about the letters of the names of the Presidents is that, on the average, they are considerably shorter than the average surnames of American citizens. Washington, the first President, had the longest name; it contained ten letters. Only three of the remaining twenty-six Presidents had names of nine letters, and these were all forceful characters, being Jefferson, Cleveland, and Roosevelt. Seven had names of eight letters, these being Van Buren, William Henry Harrison, Fillmore, Buchanan, Garfield, Benjamin Harrison, and McKinley.

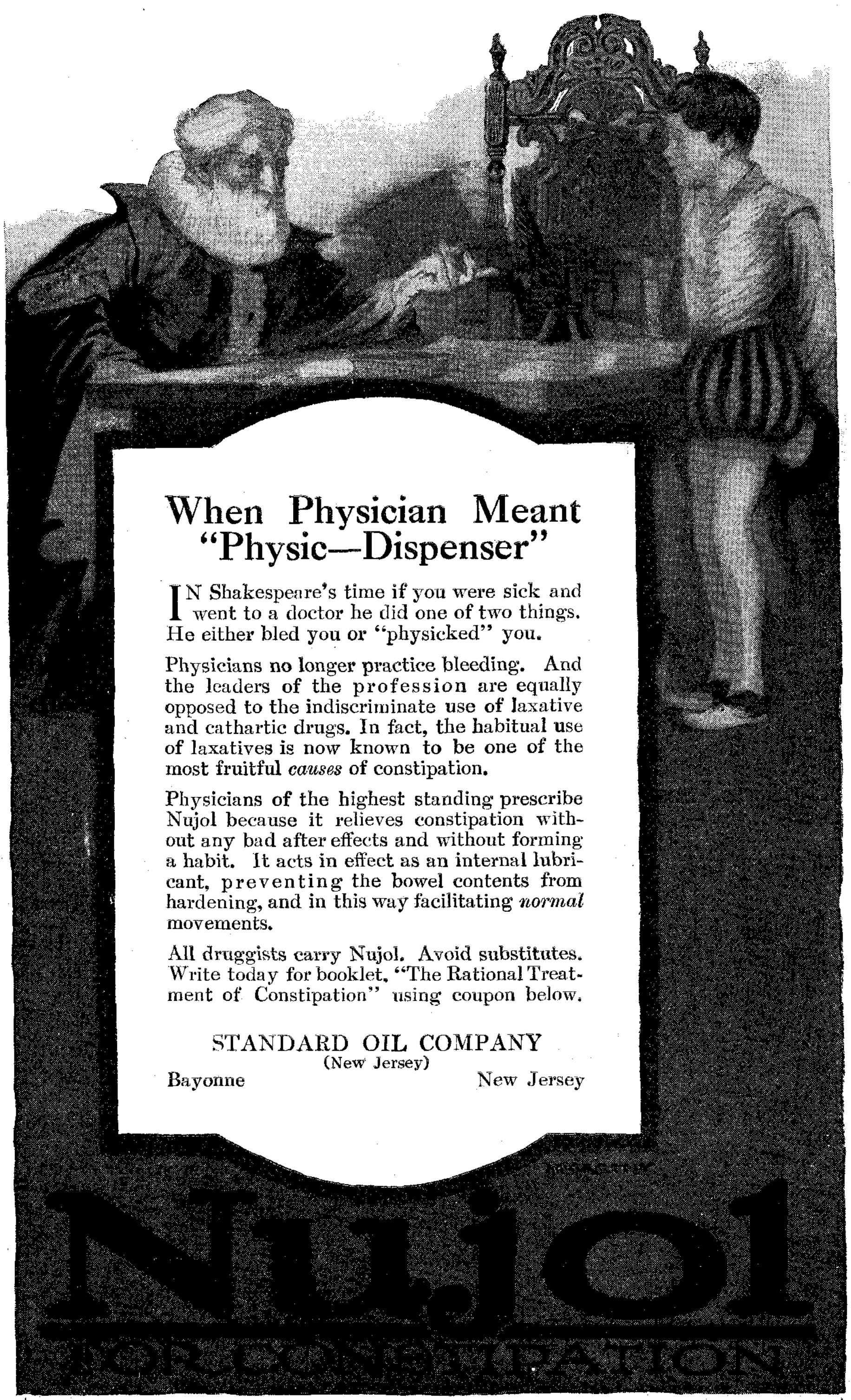
Four had names of seven letters, these being Madison, Jackson, Lincoln, and Johnson. Five had names of six letters, these being Monroe, Taylor, Pierce, Arthur, and Wilson. Five had names of five letters, these being John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Tyler, Grant, and Hayes. Two had names of four letters, these being Polk and Taft.

There is nothing on the face of the fact to say how helpful it may be, but some of us may be glad to learn that the average number of letters in the last names of the Presidents is $6.81\,^{13}/_{27}$. And, moreover, having received and accommodated that startling bit of information, no one need be disturbed by thinking what changes will be made in it by the next election, since both candidates have the same number of letters in their names—six. It seems plain, adds the statistician, that the boy with the short name has the best chance to sit in the White House.

Regarding the first names, and that is always important to those who want to christen the newest arrival with a name which will bring success, we learn:

Of the first names of the Presidents the common "John" does not lead, but is tied for second place with "William," there having been three "Johns" and three "Williams," while the lead is easily held by "James," of whom there were no less than five. These were James Madison, James Monroe, James K. Polk, James Buchanan, and James A. Garfield.

Of the twenty-seven Presidents nineteen had only one first name, while eight had middle names or initials. Those with but one first name were George Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe, Andrew



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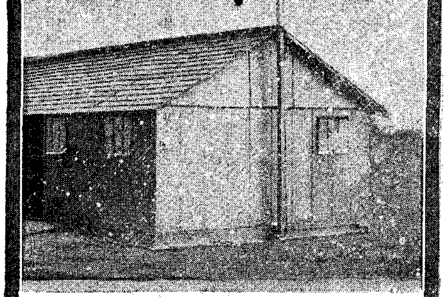

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Jackson, Martin Van Buren, John Tyler, Zachary Taylor, Millard Fillmore, Franklin Pierce, James Buchanan, Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, Grover Cleveland, Benjamin Harrison, William McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt, and Woodrow Wilson. This list would be somewhat altered, however, but for the fact that both Presidents Cleveland and Wilson, as they came to manhood, dropt their first names and became known by preference by their middle names, President Cleveland having been christened "Stephen Grover" and President Wilson having been originally named "Thomas Woodrow."

Therefore, apparently, the boy with a simple name, and even more so the boy named after a prophet or a saint, has a better chance to become chief magistrate of the nation than one with a fancier and more euphonious name.

Despite the fact that Charles is an extremely common English name, there have been no Charleses among the Presidents, and Mr. Hughes, if chosen, will be the first.

All in all, the consideration of the names of the Presidents and the letters composing them sounds a note of optimism. It shows, in the first place, that the American people are given to choosing men whose ancestry has struck deep roots in American soil; secondly, that simple names attract the voters more than complicated ones, and, thirdly, that religious first names are preferred, from which can be made a strong argument that, despite modern luxury and the unparalleled prosperity and growth of this nation, we still retain our preference for homely things and are still essentially a simple and religious people.

THE CHILD THAT LEADS THEM

WHEN we are in Rome, we do as the Romans do; but when the Romans are with us, or at least their southern countrymen, they apparently often show us what to do. This is the case with sixteen-year-old Luisa Viggiani, who recently headed the list of the scholarship winners in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx in New York. Luisa was born in southern Italy, but that did not prevent her from leaving far in the rear many a native-born son or daughter of Manhattan.

Moreover, while the indorser of the melting-pot may be pleased at the success of one lately come to our shores, the suffragist may enthuse over the statement that two of the three leaders for scholarship were girls. The New York *Times*, so often on record as opposed to woman suffrage and "women's rights," nevertheless "plays up this fact," as it remarks:

> Of the three pupils who made the highest grades in the last term in the high schools of Manhattan and the Bronx, the first two are girls. One of the three is herself an immigrant, another is the son of immigrants to this country. The third is the daughter of parents both of whom were born in New York City. These three brightest pupils, whose names headed the list of scholarship winners made public during the week by the State Board of Education in Albany and printed in full in last Tuesday's *Times*, present an interesting study in the sociology and democracy of New York's public schools.
>
> Heading the list of all of the high-school pupils in Manhattan and the Bronx was Luisa Viggiani, of 443 East 116th Street. Luisa is sixteen years old, she was born in southern Italy and was brought to this country by her parents when she was three years old. Her grade percentage for the four years she was in high school was 95.99. Like her closest rival in the list, Marie Weston, of 330 West Ninety-fifth Street, Luisa is the oldest child in her family. Each of the girls has two brothers and two sisters. But there the similarity stops.
>
> The Italian girl lives on the third floor of an old brownstone house in a block congested with foreigners, east of First Avenue. A large family lives on each floor, and the front steps as well as the stairway inside the house—for, of course, there is no elevator—is usually crowded with playing children.
>
> In this atmosphere the girl, who outranked all other pupils in the city's high schools, carried on her studies during the four years that she was a pupil at the Hunter College High School Annex at Ninety-Third Street and Amsterdam Avenue. It was a coincidence that the second pupil on the list was a pupil at this same school and a classmate of the Italian.
>
> Luisa Viggiani spent the greater part of the day that the announcement of the scholarships was made public away from her home. A reporter stopt at the house in the morning, and Luisa bashfully said she didn't want to be "interviewed." Then she escaped as soon as possible to visit a friend for the rest of the day. She is a slender little girl, slightly over five feet in height and wears glasses. She is determined to take the full four-year course at Hunter College. The State scholarship entitles the holder to $100 a year for four years. Her father is not of the laboring class, but received a good education in Italy before he came to this country, and is now employed in a publishing house in this city. He makes his home in the crowded upper East Side house, it is said there, so that he can afford to give all five of his children an education.

Luisa's present ambition, we learn, is to be a teacher. Teaching languages will be her forte, if her plans mature, and she is said to be well-fitted along those lines, not only because she outrivaled all her classmates in the study of various tongues, but because even in her block, possibly a dozen languages are spoken, and having grown up in a polyglot atmosphere, she should be more than facile at mastering the details of the speeches of many lands.

Continuing the details about the winners, *The Times* says:

> A few doors from Riverside Drive, on Ninety-Fifth Street, in a large apartment house that, after coming from the brownstone building with the plaster peeling off around its doorway, appears almost palatial, the girl second on the list lives with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Weston, and her younger brothers and sisters. Her percentage was 94.29. Marie's is a more novel ambition. She wants to become an architect. She excelled in mathematics and geometry at school, and she

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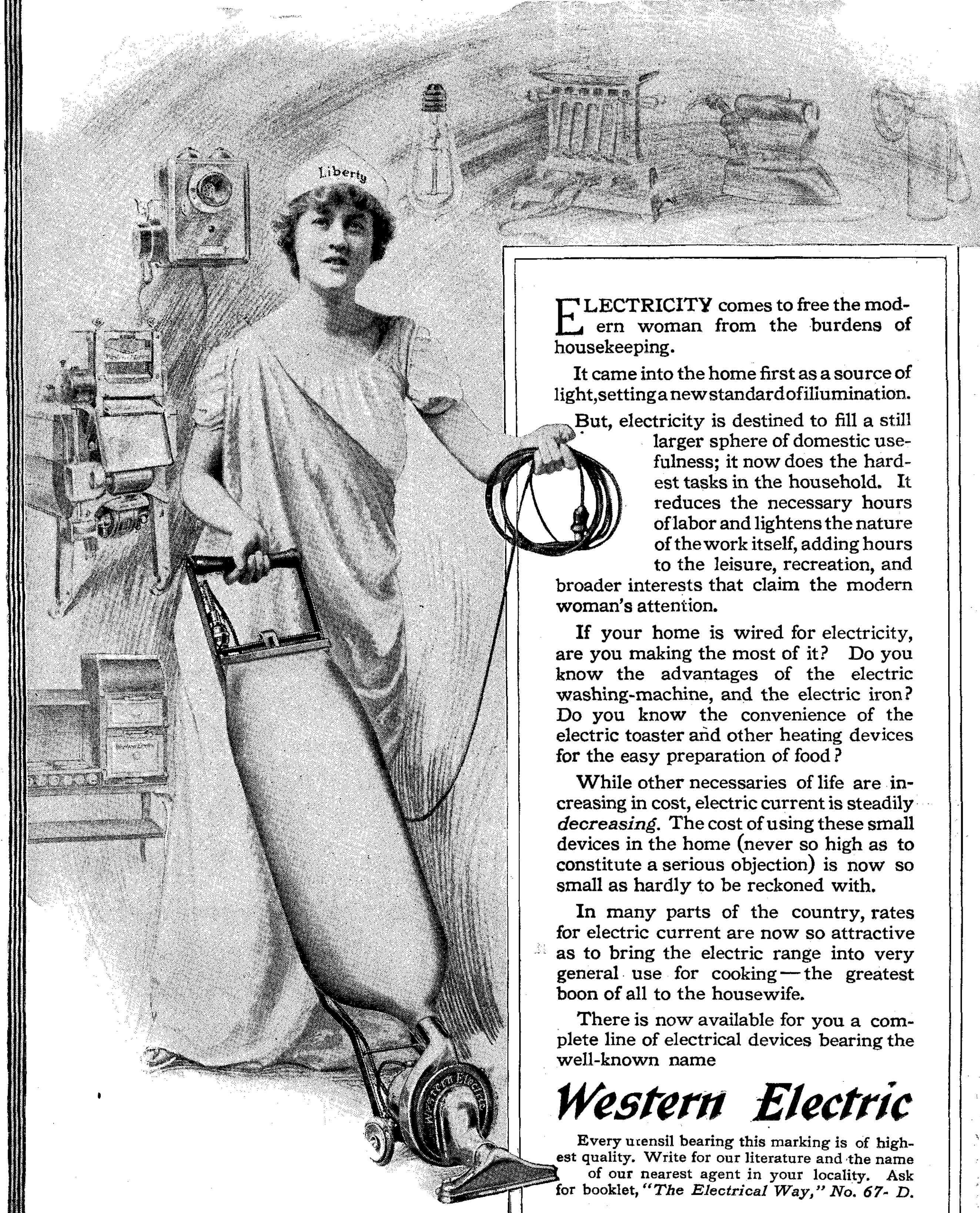

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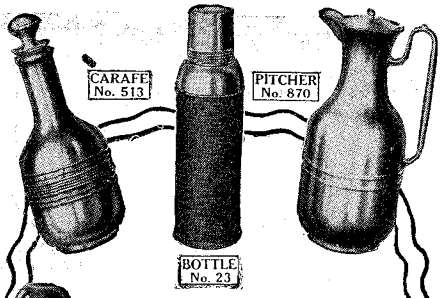

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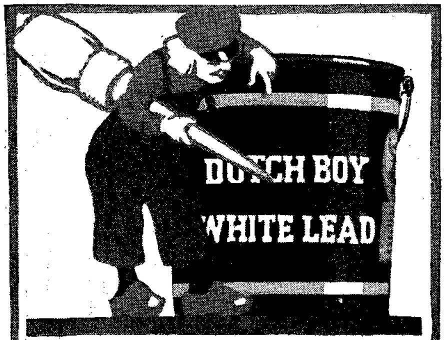

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thinks that apartment houses, for instance, planned mostly by masculine architects, wouldn't be quite so boxlike and unhomelike if women had more to do with their planning. Marie's father is the manager of a wholesale house downtown, and the girl, like her Italian classmate, has spent most of her evenings at home studying. She hasn't taken a vacation yet this summer, having attended a special summer course in Latin at her high school after the regular term had ended. She, too, plans to take the full four-year course at Hunter College. She has a little brother, who was racing about the apartment when a reporter called. The youngster asserted that the record made by "sis" in high school wasn't anything compared with the record he will make when he gets there. Then he confided that afterward he is going to be a sailor.

The person to receive 94.24, the third highest percentage for scholarship during the four years at high school and the highest of all among the boys, was Alexander Greenberg. He is a tall, sallow youth of sixteen, the son of Nathan Greenberg, proprietor of a little jewelry repair shop over a delicatessen store at 1015 Third Avenue. The shop is a few doors from Sixtieth Street, and you walk up an uncarpeted stairway to get to it. A bell rings when the door is opened, and somebody hurries from a back room to see what you want, for the family, composed of three sons and Mr. and Mrs. Greenberg, live in the rooms back of the shop. The father was born in Russia, the mother in Germany, and the sons in Brooklyn.

Alexander is the only one of three who was not a first child. He has one elder brother, Solomon, who was graduated from high school last year and was listed among those making the highest averages, but was not high enough to win one of the scholarships. The older brother studied dentistry last year and hopes to be able to continue his course next term. Neither boy is taking any vacation this summer; instead, both are working in a picture-frame shop on East Fifty-Ninth Street.

"The jewelry business is very poor at present," the father explained. "I hope it will be possible for the boys to continue their schooling, but I can't tell yet. Maybe business will improve before school opens. Maybe Alexander will get the Pulitzer scholarship also. The two together would make it possible for him to continue."

In one of the rooms back of the jeweler's shop are several complicated looking "toys" with which Alexander plays after he gets home from work in the picture-frame shop, where he is making $7 a week. These are home-made electrical appliances. His ambition is to study electrical engineering at Columbia University. In length of years, at any rate, his is the most difficult aim of the three, for it is a six-year instead of a four-year university course which he has picked out.

Qualified.—The railway board had met to consider the case of old Tom Jones, who in a train accident had become deaf.

"Well," said a director, "old Tom has been with us a long time now, and we want to find him a new job. What do you suggest?"

"I know," said the chairman. "Let's put him in charge of the complaints department."—*Tit-Bits.*

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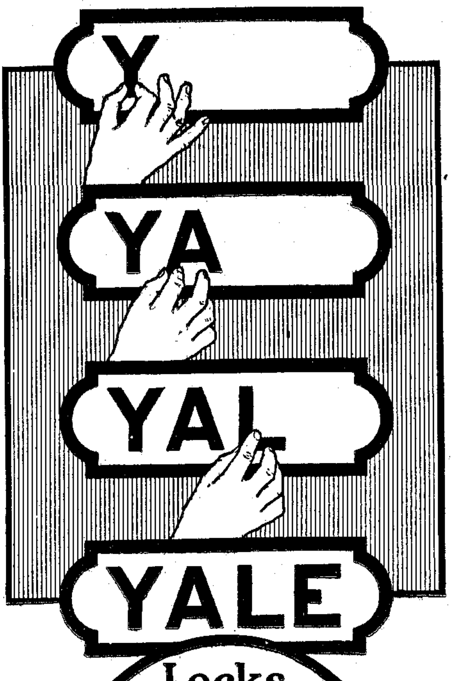

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The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co., New York

SPICE OF LIFE

An Optimist.—THE CANARY—" Well, I certainly prefer a big muzzle like mine to a little one like Fido's."—*Life.*

Fatal Kindness.—MINNIE—" So sorry to hear of your motor accident!"

LIONEL—" Oh, thanks; it's nothing. Expect to live through many more."

MINNIE—" Oh, but I hope not!"—*Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.*

Leap-Year's Acme of Guile.—A Scientific Poultry Raiser and Truck-Farmer wanted, for a business partner, by a childless widow, living on her valley farm. Address in English, Box 42, Rest, Oklahoma.—*The Fatherland.*

Or Congress.—" What would happen if an irresistible force should meet an immovable body? "

" It is not necessary for anything to happen. I maintain that arbitration is always feasible."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

His Reason.—" Footlyte actually seemed pleased at leaving a $300-per-week theatrical engagement to serve as a $30-per-month sergeant on the border."

" Why not? Three dramatic critics are privates in his company."—*Puck.*

Too Far Gone.—" Does my practising make you nervous? " asked the man who is learning to play the cornet.

" It did when I first heard the people round about discussing it," replied the sympathetic neighbor.

" But now I'm getting so I don't care what happens to you."—*Contributed.*

A Mean Advantage.—" I hear that Laura's engagement to the young minister is off."

" Why, yes, she told me. He was horribly jealous and so unfair."

" In what way was he unfair? "

" Every time she would make an engagement to go motoring with some other man he would pray for rain."—*Liverpool Post.*

Professional vs. Amateur.—Little Nelly told little Anita what she termed a " little fib."

ANITA—" A fib is the same as a story, and a story is the same as a lie."

NELLY—" No, it's not."

ANITA—" Yes, it is, because my father said so, and my father is a professor at the university."

NELLY—" I don't care if he is. My father is a real-estate man, and he knows more about lying than your father."—*Auckland (N. Z.) News.*

News to Her.—A traveling man one night found himself obliged to remain in a small town on account of a washout on the railroad caused by the heavy rain, which was still coming down in torrents. The traveling man turned to the waitress with:

" This certainly looks like the flood."

" The what? "

" The flood. You've read about the Flood, and the Ark landing on Mount Ararat, surely."

" Gee! mister," she returned, " I ain't seen a paper for three days."—*Harper's.*

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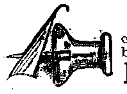

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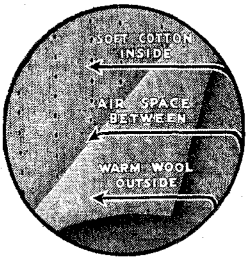

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Her Old Habit.—MEDIUM—"Ah, I hear the knocking of your late wife!"

PATRON—"That so? Who's she knockin' now?"—*Puck.*

One For All, All For One.—"Well, well, well, now what's the matter, little boy?"

"That er—Socialist feller over there speakin' went an' took the box off'n my wagon to stand on, an' he won't give it back."—*Harper's.*

A Simple Request.—MURDERER—"Is this the guy who is to defend me?"

JUDGE—"Yes; he's your lawyer."

MURDERER—"If he should die could I have another?"

JUDGE—"Yes."

MURDERER—"Can I see him alone for a few minutes?"—*Boston Transcript.*

As Things Go Now.—"What are you going to make of your son Charley?" I asked.

"Well," replied Charley's father, "I made a doctor of Bob, a lawyer of Ralph, and a minister of Bert; and Joe is a literary man. I think I'll make a laboring man of Charley. I want one of them to have a little money."—*Life.*

Why Proof-readers are Bald.—Przasnysz and Przemysl are not the only things that the Russians have to contend with, for some day their whole advance may be wrecked upon one of the following:

Berezszaz.
Hajdu Szoboszo.
Nyiregyhaza.
Dzialoszice.
Wloszczowa.
Szczuczyn.—*Columbia State.*

A Long Wait.—POLICEMAN (giving evidence)—"After being ejected from the cinema, he was discovered with a large bouquet in his arms on the doorstep of the back entrance to the picture-palace."

MAGISTRATE—"Did he give any reason for his extraordinary behavior?"

POLICEMAN—"His speech was very indistinct, yer worship, but from what I could gather, 'e was waiting to see Mary Pickford 'ome."—*Passing Show.*

Sane This Time.—While a certain Scotch minister was conducting religious services in an asylum for the insane one of the inmates cried out, wildly:

"I say, have we got to listen to this?"

The minister, surprized and confused, turned to the keeper and said:

"Shall I stop speaking?"

The keeper replied:

"No, no; go along, go along; that will not happen again. That man has only one lucid moment every seven years."—*Tit-Bits.*

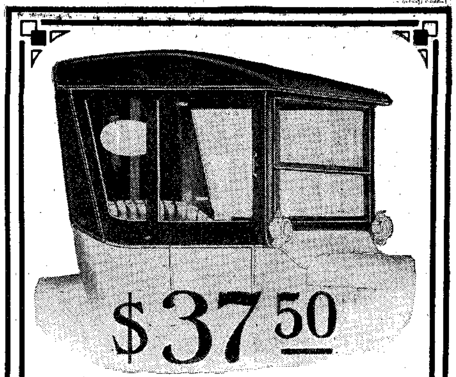
The Water Cure.—A Swedish farmer, who lived on his wheat farm in Minnesota, was taken ill and his wife telephoned the doctor.

"If you have a thermometer," answered the physician, "take his temperature. I will be out and see him presently."

An hour or so later when the doctor drove up, the woman met him at the door.

"How is he?" asked the doctor.

"Vell," said she, "I bane put the barometer on him like you tell me, and it say 'Very dry,' so I give him a pitcher of water to drink, and now he ban gone back to vork."—*Philadelphia Record.*



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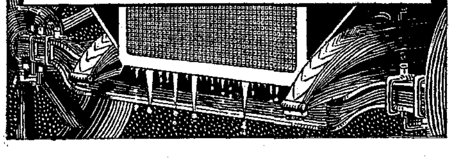


CURRENT EVENTS

THE EUROPEAN WAR

WESTERN FRONT

October 5.—One sharp attack by the French north of the Somme is the only activity of note reported for the day along the Western front. A German trench is taken, and numerous counter-attacks by the Teutonic forces are said to have been futile. East of Morval, in the French attack, nine 3½-inch German guns are taken.

October 6.—More Allied gains are reported from the Somme sector as the British advance northeast of Eaucourt l'Abbaye toward Le Sars, and the French push on from Bouchavesnes in the flanking movement on Péronne and Mont St. Quentin. Continued activity is reported from Verdun, but without notable result.

October 7.—In a joint attack the Allies gain two-thirds of a mile along the Somme, northeast of Morval. Le Sars is taken, and after the progress reported above the British and French announce themselves within 2½ miles of Bapaume.

October 8.—The German garrison of Le Transloy win back a series of lost trenches to the southwest of the village, but all other attempts to retake Somme territory are frustrated by the Allied forces, says London. Gains are made by the Entente troops southwest of Gueudecourt and north of Courcelette, while the British finish the occupation of Le Sars.

October 9.—In an attack near the Stuff Redout, north of Thiepval, the British gain more ground, and take 200 prisoners. Gas is reported to have been used by the Allies, who meet little resistance as they enter German trenches.

October 10.—South of the Brook Ancre the British improve their position by taking a few additional German trenches southwest of Givenchy, together with 268 prisoners.

Important gains by the French troops are reported from Paris, as an advance is made south of the Somme, Bovent taken, the north and west outskirts of Ablaincourt occupied, together with the greater part of Chaulnes Wood. In addition to the ground gained, 1,200 prisoners are also taken. The result of these gains, says the report, is to pocket Chaulnes.

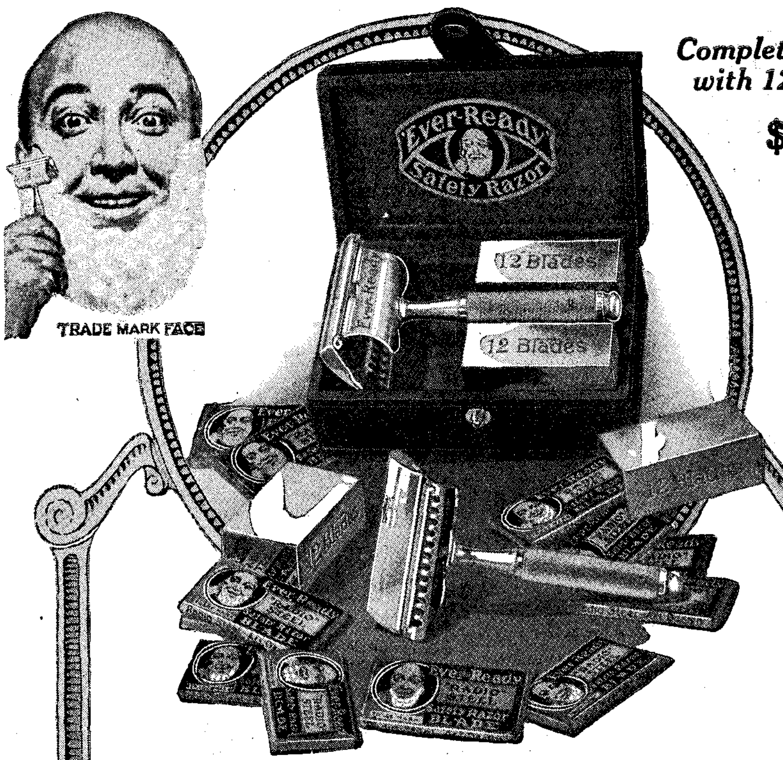
EASTERN FRONT

October 5.—A series of stubborn battles is reported from the Eastern front. On the River Bystritza a number of German outposts are defeated and prisoners taken, says Petrograd. Berlin denies that the Russian activity is attended with any success.

October 6.—In a battle of increasing fury the Russians continue the attacks toward Lemberg, says London. Five hundred prisoners are taken, and by counter-attacks the Germans take an equal number of Russian prisoners.

October 7.—General Brussiloff's forces gain some ground near Bogorodochan, on the Bystritza, while the Teutons concentrate their defense in the Vladimir-Volynski region.

October 9.—A Russian advance of a few hundred yards toward Kovel and Lemberg, purchased at what London admits to be a "frightful loss," is the day's report from the Eastern front.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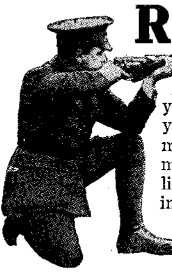
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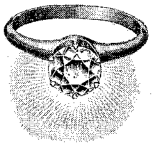

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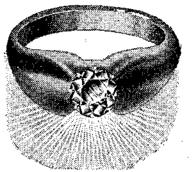

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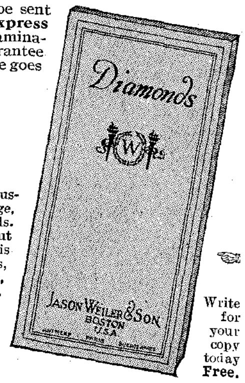

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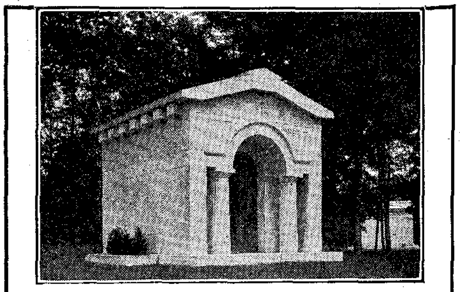

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THE ITALIAN FRONT

October 5.—The Austrians retake from the Italians the peak toward Col Bricon Piccolo, in the Travignolo Valley, according to an admission from Rome.

October 6.—Rome reports the taking of an Austrian position on the slopes of Cima di Costabella, in the Dolomites, as well as Italian consolidation in the positions on Col Bricon. One hundred and two prisoners are captured.

October 7.—The Italians take a peak 8,187 feet high in the Vanoi Cismon Valley, northwest of Trent. The enemy is reported by Rome as annihilated.

October 9.—In a night battle the Italian forces operating in the Trentino drive the Austrians down the slopes of Monte Busa Alta, inflicting heavy losses, according to Rome.

IN THE BALKANS

October 5.—General Sarrail's forces cross the Cerna in the drive on Monastir, compelling a Bulgar retreat, says Paris. London also claims the occupation of Janikoi and points on the Demirhissar-Drama railway.

In Albania the Italian forces take Georgucgates, Ediskopi, and Episkopi, and establish a communication with the garrison at Argyrocastro.

Sofia announces that the Bulgar troops have hurled the invading Roumanian Army back, "completing the destruction" of 15,000 men. Bucharest denies that the forces have been wiped out, saying that they have withdrawn across the Danube. The six Bulgarian villages which they had captured are retaken by the Bulgars. From the Dobrudja, the announcement states that the battle is still undecided, altho the Russo-Roumanian offensive against Mackensen is progressing. The fighting extends all along the forty-five mile front.

October 6.—East of the Struma, the British bombard and take a number of Bulgarian villages, as well as driving the Teutonic forces from Nevolyen, east of the river.

Berlin announces a new defeat of the Roumanians in Transylvania, where the Teutons rout the invaders and take many prisoners and guns. The defeat is administered near Koehalom, fifty miles from the Roumanian border. Since the loss of Hermannstadt and Petroseny, the only town remaining in Roumanian hands, according to Berlin, is Kronstadt. Fogaras, formerly the Roumanian headquarters, is also retaken.

October 7.—The British capture five villages in the drive on Seres, at the same time preventing the Bulgars from retaking Nevolyen. On the southern shore of Lake Presba the French occupy German trenches, while the Italian troops are advancing on the towns of Matnica and Poroj, which the Bulgars took from them some time ago.

The Roumanian troops are reported to have recrossed the Danube into Bulgaria. The Russian offensive in the Dobrudja still continues slowly, says London, altho Berlin states that General Mackensen's forces have repulsed their enemy with losses.

October 8.—In Western Macedonia the French and Servians gain control of the Baba Mountains, and also occupy the summit of Dobropolje, southeast of Monastir.

The Roumanians are driven back to their frontier from Transylvania as the Germans retake Kronstadt and the Austrians reoccupy Szekely Udvarhely. Further north, London admits, the Roumanians are retreating in the Georgeny Mountains, before the Austrians. A Teutonic invasion of Roumania is considered imminent.

October 9.—London reports that the Bulgars continue to fall back at both ends of the Macedonian line. The Servians take Skochivir with 200 prisoners, while the British, also advancing, announce themselves very near Seres, after taking five Bulgarian villages.

Bavarian troops are reported to have taken Toerzburg, southwest of Kronstadt, on the way into the Roumanian passes. The Germans also take an island in the Danube opposite the Roumanian city of Zimnitzea with about 160 prisoners. Bucharest admits evacuating Kronstadt to save it from destruction by the Austrian batteries.

October 10.—The British occupy Kalendra and Homondos, in Macedonia, as the Bulgars withdraw before them. On the western end of the line the Bulgars admit a continued Servian advance toward Monastir, including the crossing of the Cerna at two points east of the Florina-Monastir Railway.

In Albania the Italians take Klisura, southeast of Tepelini.

London admits that the Roumanian defeat has been turned into a rout as the late invaders of Hungary flee in disorder through the mountain passes, pursued by the Austrian troops. The latter take the passes in the Hargitta and Carole mountains. To the west of the Vulcan pass the mountain of Negrului is taken by the Austrians.

GENERAL

October 5.—In a new offensive the Russians beat back the Turkish forces along a wide front from the coast west of Trebizond well into the interior, says Petrograd. The move was aided by the Russian fleet in the Black Sea.

A Reuter report to the effect that Enver Pasha has been sentenced to death for conspiracy against Turkey reaches Amsterdam.

London announces that the Cunard liner *Franconia*, in use as a transport, has been sunk in the Mediterranean by an enemy submarine. Twelve of the crew are missing.

October 6.—According to conservative Danish estimates, says Berlin, the Russian loss in the two years of the war has passed 6,000,000 men.

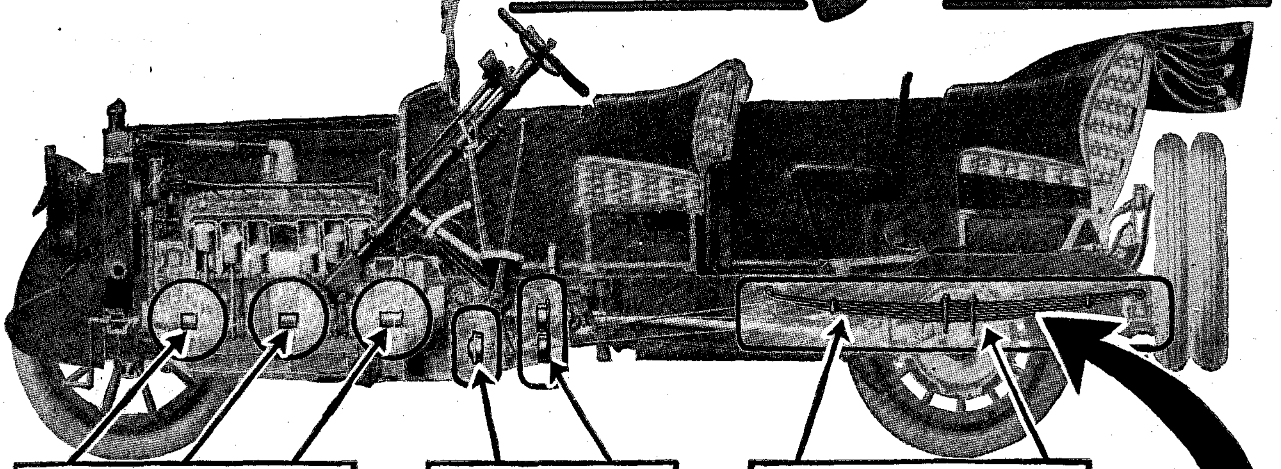
That Ambassador Gerard, on the way home from Berlin, is bringing a peace proposal from the German Government is rumored from authoritative financial sources. The German Embassy at Washington denies the report, which, however, still persists.

October 7.—The French Foreign Office is advised by the Spanish Embassy that the Spanish mediation has been a success, and that the German authorities will restore the exiled citizens of Lille to their homes.

The Russian offensive forces the Turks out of the fortress at Petra Kala, five miles south of Tireboli and the Black Sea coast. In Persia the Russians enter Kashan, ninety miles north of Ispahan.

A German war-submarine, the *U-53*, arrives at Newport, R. I., where it remains a few hours, stopping only long enough to put ashore a message for the German Embassy at Washington. Its appearance is believed at Washington to herald a series of attempts on munition-liners. Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, the British Ambassador, protests to the Government against permission to the submarine to take supplies at American ports.

Easy Riding or Money Back



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Between the Leaves of Every Spring From Tip to Tip

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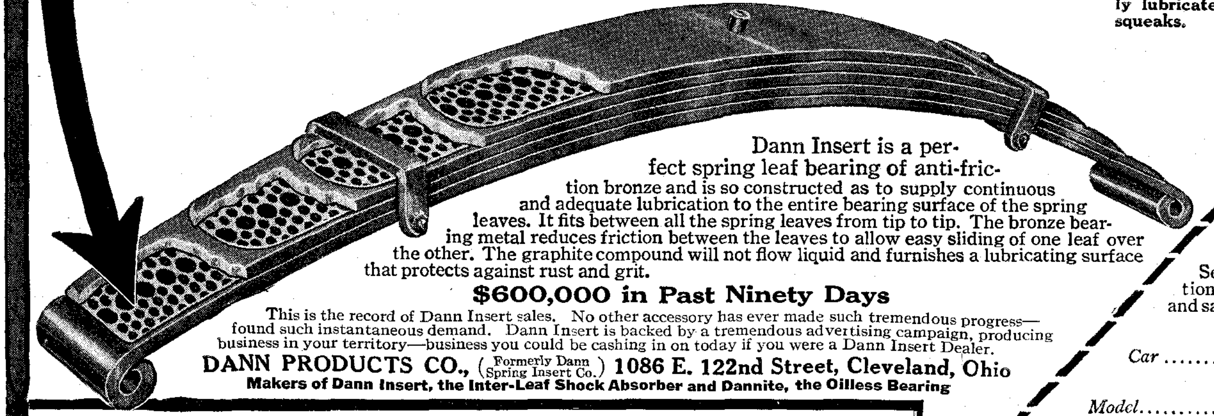

Dann Insert is a perfect spring leaf bearing of anti-friction bronze and is so constructed as to supply continuous and adequate lubrication to the entire bearing surface of the spring leaves. It fits between all the spring leaves from tip to tip. The bronze bearing metal reduces friction between the leaves to allow easy sliding of one leaf over the other. The graphite compound will not flow liquid and furnishes a lubricating surface that protects against rust and grit.

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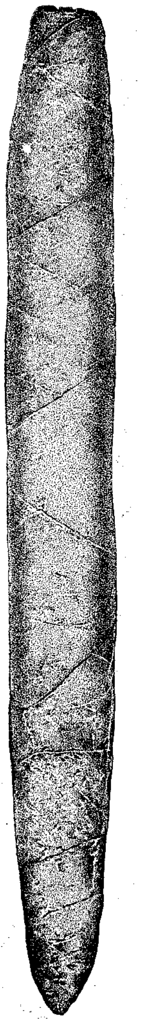
For the benefit of those who do not know—Panatela is the name of a certain shape of cigar.

A Panatela is usually about five inches long, extremely slender and clipped off at the end—with a minimum of taper.

The Shivers Panatela is a trifle thicker than the average Panatela but is not too tightly rolled—which makes it free-burning.



Shivers' Panatela
EXACT SIZE AND SHAPE

The Panatela is naturally a milder, lighter smoke than the plumper shapes such as Perfectos, Invincibles, etc.

When you learn to like Panatelas—when you get the Panatela habit—you reduce your smoking. You smoke with less intensity when you smoke Panatelas because you actually consume less tobacco. Yet none of the flavor or bouquet of the tobacco is sacrificed.

Many of our customers, men who could afford to pay almost any price for their cigars, have standardized their smoking by adopting the Panatela as their cigar. The "twenty-five centers" that are sometimes forced upon them, they give away.

They have the Panatela habit.

Just experiment with our Panatela. You will not hear many fairer propositions than this one.

Our Offer is: Upon request we will send fifty Shivers' Panatelas on approval to a reader of The Literary Digest, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at our expense and no charge for the ten smoked if he is not satisfied with them; if he is pleased and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

Our Panatela is a hand-made cigar, with a wrapper of genuine Sumatra, and a filler of long, clean Cuban-grown Havana. It is made under wholesome conditions in our own factory in Philadelphia by skilled adult cigarmakers.

Any cigar answering the above description will sell 3 for a quarter in the usual retail store.

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In ordering, please use business stationery or give reference and state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars.

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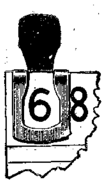

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October 8.—An unnamed representative of a foreign Government at Washington gives out the unqualified declaration that the missing merchant submarine *Bremen* has been captured by the British submarine-nets and is held at Rosyth, on the east coast of Scotland. The officers and crew are declared imprisoned in England.

The submarine *U-53* which visited Newport, R. I., Saturday, and another unidentified submersible torpedo six steamships off Nantucket Island. Four British vessels, one Dutch, and one Norwegian boat are sunk. No lives are reported lost. All the vessels are reported warned before being struck, so that the crew and passengers could take to the boats. Allied cruisers patrol the steamship lanes in search for the submarines, while American destroyers rescue the shipwrecked crews.

October 9.—Two *U*-boats, preying on commerce off Archangel, are reported by Petrograd as sunk by a Russian torpedo-boat.

FOREIGN

GENERAL

October 6.—Special delegates are sent from St. Thomas and St. Croix, D. W. I., to Copenhagen to assert that the natives of the two islands favor the sale of them to the United States.

October 8.—Prof. Spyridon P. Lambros, of the University of Athens, consents to accept the office of Premier and form a new cabinet, according to advices received in London from Athens.

October 10.—Colonel Barragan, Chief of Staff to Carranza, announces that Mexico expects the United States to sign an agreement and to withdraw the Pershing troops before other matters can be taken up by the international commission now in session at Atlantic City.

DOMESTIC

October 5.—President Wilson appoints the board to investigate the eight-hour railway law. It will consist of Major-General Goethals, Edgar E. Clarke, of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and George Rublee, of the trade commission.

October 6.—The milk-dealers attempt to end the New York milk strike by yielding to the farmers the desired increase for October only. The strikers insist on a six months' guaranty, and Commissioner Dillon, of the State Department of Foods and Markets, states that he sees hope of their demands being granted.

President Li Yuan-Hung requests Minister Koo to reconsider his resignation as Chinese Minister to the United States. No further action is as yet taken by the Minister.

October 7.—Twelve distributing firms sign the agreement to give the farmers the demanded six months' guaranty of increase, and the New York milk strike is pronounced broken.

John Reid, Sr., widely known as "the father of golf in America," dies in Yonkers, N. Y., at the age of seventy-six.

October 8.—A new line to connect New York with South America is announced. Boats will run from New York to the River Plata, with connections to Cape Town.

October 9.—Thomas Mott Osborne, well known as an advocate of prison reform, resigns from the office of Warden of Sing Sing Prison. Political friction is said to be the cause of his action.

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the current use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"G. O. C.," Scio, Ohio.—"I attended a spelling-bee and was retired on the word *boulder* which I spelled as in the text herein. The authority used to decide spelled it 'bowlder.' From your newest STANDARD DICTIONARY, I take it that *boulder* is preferred. Will you please discuss briefly the authority for the two spellings, also suggest where the weight of authority lies?"

The consensus of opinion of the various authorities gives *boulder* as the preferred form and *bowlder* as the second choice. This includes Scott's "Introduction to Geology" and Geikie's "Text-Book of Geology," both of which use the form *boulder*. In some fifteen or twenty quotations from various authors, the majority prefer the spelling *boulder*.

"O. K. T.," New Kalilche, Wis.—"Kindly give the definition of the word *bromide*. It isn't in any of the dictionaries. Is there such a word?"

The word *bromidic* is defined as "(Recent). Commonplace; inevitable; obvious; sedative."

"J. P. M.," Buffalo, N. Y.—"Which is the correct word to use in this sentence:—'Is your brother Henry *older* (or *elder*) than you?'? Give rule governing the use of the forms *elder* and *eldest*."

Dr. Vizetelly in his "Desk-Book of Errors in English," says: "*Elder, eldest; older, oldest:* Discriminate carefully between these terms. *Elder* and *eldest* are correctly applied only to persons and usually only to persons in the same family, as, 'his *elder* brother.' *Older* and *oldest* are used of persons or things without any restriction; 'the *oldest* inhabitant'; 'the *older* road is now closed.'" Therefore, the correct word to use is *older*—"Is your brother Henry *older* than you?"

"J. C. P.," Galesburg, Ill.—"(1) Kindly tell me if I use the word *invidious* correctly when I have the meaning in mind of not being disagreeably inclined—'Without being *invidious* I do not care for her voice.' (2) What authority is there for slurring the last syllable in the words *library* and *literary*, or is it an affectation?"

(1) The use of the word *invidious* in this sentence is correct, as the meaning intended is evidently "unjustly discriminating; disagreeable." (2) The slurring of the final syllable in such words is a vulgarism. Their correct pronunciation is *li'bra-ry—i* as in *pine*, *a* as in *bake*, *y* as in *city; lit'er-a-ry—i* as in *pit*, *er* as in *over*, *a* as in *bake*, *y* as in *city*.

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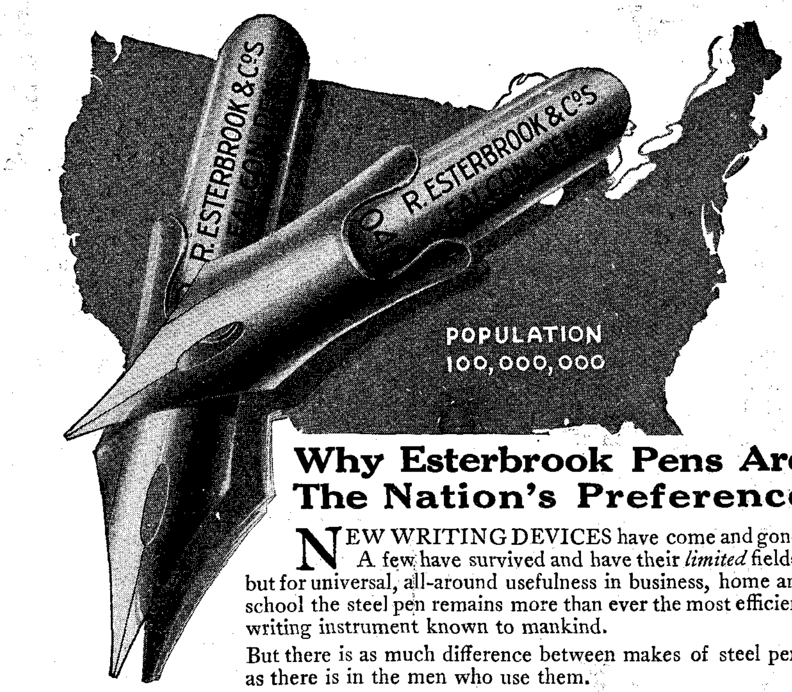

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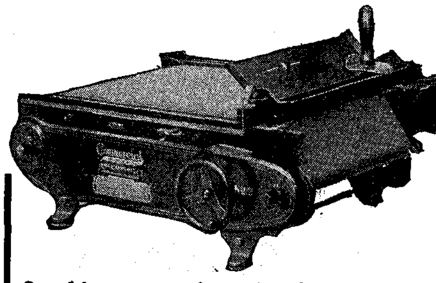

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Handy-Digest
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(Third Edition, Copyrighted 1916)

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This booklet, prepared for the convenience of individuals and fiduciaries within the scope of the Law, is a comprehensive digest of the new Act and all authoritative Rulings under the Act of 1913. These include the 199 Articles of the Regulation of the Treasury Department pertaining to the Law, over 100 Treasury Decisions, various departmental letters to Collectors and special explanatory letters and telegrams to individuals and firms, together with opinions of the Attorney-General and Court Decisions.

From this mass of material, our Income Tax Department has prepared a summary, concise and intelligible in form, with an efficient index. The complete text of the new Law of 1916 is appended and fully indexed.

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INVESTMENTS - AND - FINANCE

MORE JOBS THAN MEN TO FILL THEM

It is not alone the supply of domestic servants that has fallen off in this country since the war began, nor is it alone a shortage in errand and office boys that has occurred; labor in general has become more and more scarce. To some extent the recent strikes and threatened strikes have had to do with shortage in some forms of labor, but it seems to be well established that an unusual "surplus of jobs," so to speak, is the main cause of present conditions. A suspension of immigration accounts in large measure for the shortage of domestic servants. No doubt also employment in munition-factories and other industries stimulated by the war has drawn away from the servant class many who otherwise might be employed in families.

It was noted recently by a writer in the New York *Times Annalist* that if one turned to the "Want" columns of daily newspapers he would find under the caption, "Help Wanted," from four to seven columns of advertisements, whereas under the caption, "Situations Wanted," he would find not more than one. If one were to turn back to the files of newspapers for recent earlier years—say before the war, or during the first six months or more after the war began—he would find these conditions reversed. In that earlier period there were more men than jobs wanting them, whereas now there are more jobs than there are men to fill them. The *Annalist* writer has interesting comments to make on the situation in general:

"The passage of the Eight-hour Act under pressure, the traction strike in New York City, and other important industrial disputes in various parts of the country are but products of the remarkable industrial conditions obtaining as a result of unbounded prosperity. As always happens when the demand for workers outruns the supply, labor is taking advantage of the opportunity to get as large a share of prosperity as it can, and in some cases perhaps more than it is entitled to get. That opportunity has never been so good as it is now, for profits are amazingly large, the demand for goods is urgent from both foreign and domestic consumers, and the supply of labor from immigration has practically ceased.

"The employer, in order to keep his business going must bid for hands in a market in which competition is at the moment, and for months has been, very keen. Moreover, in not a few cases, he is at the disadvantage of bidding against industrial concerns engaged in the production of war-materials ordered regardless of price, and which can, therefore, afford to pay wage-rates that appear distorted in comparison with the more staid industries. For example, the Anthracite Bureau of Information states that 20,000 is a conservative estimate of the number of men, mostly unskilled workers, who have deserted the anthracite fields for more remunerative employment in munitions-plants and other war-stimulated industrial fields. There is no doubt that similar competition has exerted a strong influence on the labor market in other directions than coal-mining.

"The latest available statistics of the state of employment are those published in the New York State Industrial Commission's September bulletin. These figures, covering fully a third of the factory labor in the State, over 500,000 factory-workers employed by 1,400 firms being represented, show that the wage bill in August was greater than in any other month of the last two years, during which period the statistics have been gathered. As compared with the preceding month, there was an increase of 2 per cent. in wages and a slight increase in the number of employees. The total increase in wages compared with August, 1915, was 32 per cent., and compared with the same month, two years ago—the first month of war—43 per cent., whereas the increases in the number of employees were 18 and 22 per cent., respectively.

"In other words, the industrial situation has so changed since the outbreak of war that the wage bill is more than two-fifths larger, while the number of workers employed is a little more than one-fifth greater. Wages of New York factory-workers, therefore, have increased in the neighborhood of 17 per cent. since the war began and about 12 per cent. in the last year.

"It is probable that conditions in New York are representative of other industrial sections of the country in this respect. At any rate, confirmation is found in the returns of the Federal Bureau of Labor Statistics on employment in identical establishments in a number of industries in July, 1916, and which make this showing in comparison with the same month last year:

Industry	*Establishments*	*Period*	*Number on Payroll*	*Increase P.C.*	*Amount of Payroll*	*Increase P.C.*
Boots & shoes....	63	1wk.	39,097	23.4	$450,317	38.0
Cotton mfg......	51	1wk.	40,781	*1.0	320,850	13.3
Cotton finishing...	14	1wk.	8,542	4.2	82,107	25.9
Hosiery & underw.	51	1wk.	26,228	8.0	223,287	14.3
Woolen..........	43	1wk.	32,473	10.1	304,877	39.0
Silk............	47	2wks.	14,123	13.7	271,204	16.9
Men's ready-made clothing.......	35	1wk.	16,074	8.6	198,432	14.0
Iron & steel......	98	½mo.	125,613	27.1	3,597,452	49.5
Car building and repairing......	18	½mo.	22,383	17.0	639,730	20.7
Cigar mfg.......	56	1wk.	17,270	*4.9	175,308	.2

*Decrease.

"From this table it appears that the increase in the number of workers is, roughly, about half as great as the increase in the amount of wages paid. That is to say, the laborer has not only been able to find employment more readily, but to get a good deal more for the work, while it is probable that he is, on the average, working a shorter time to secure the higher pay. He has gained in leisure and, despite the rise in prices, probably has a greater command of goods.

"Further evidence of the unbalanced state of the labor market is afforded by the operations of the Division of Information of the United States Bureau of Immigration. The division placed 16,309 persons in employment during July, an increase of 4,349 over June and of 10,274, or 170 per cent., over July, 1915. As will appear from this table, the number of workers applied for by employers during the month was almost as great as the number of applications for places. Comparison with corresponding months of last year will bring out the change in conditions strikingly:

1915	*Applications for Help*	*Applied For*	*Applicants for Places*	*Referred to Employment*	*Actually Employed*
May.....	638	3,826	12,132	3,752	3,495
June.....	1,249	3,601	14,530	5,131	4,646
July......	1,160	8,665	18,061	6,360	6,035
Aug......	1,279	7,931	17,827	7,321	6,757
Sept......	1,201	4,551	13,334	5,671	5,405
Oct......	1,104	5,423	12,215	5,460	5,006
Nov......	847	4,650	11,908	4,459	4,146
Dec......	698	3,588	11,902	2,622	2,170

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The ablest artists we know, designers and craftsmen, have devoted nine months to these superb creations. For we intend them to reveal some new standards in fine cars.

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To these we have added many touches of our own. And some quite important features. So each Mitchell enclosed body excels any rival in a good many ways, you will find. And we don't believe that you will find one wanted detail lacking.

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7-passenger Limousine,	**$2650**

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Ninety-eight per cent of the Mitchell is built under these efficiency methods, and in our own shops. The saving we make is enormous.

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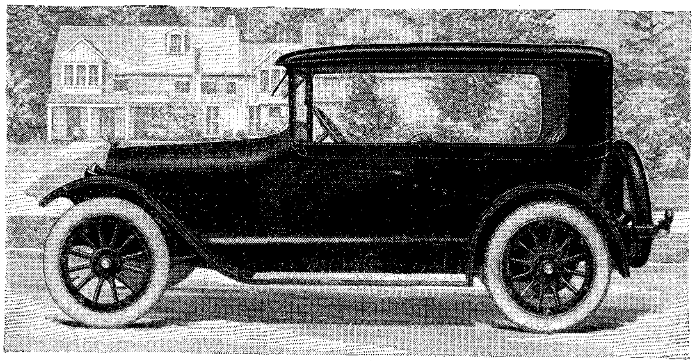

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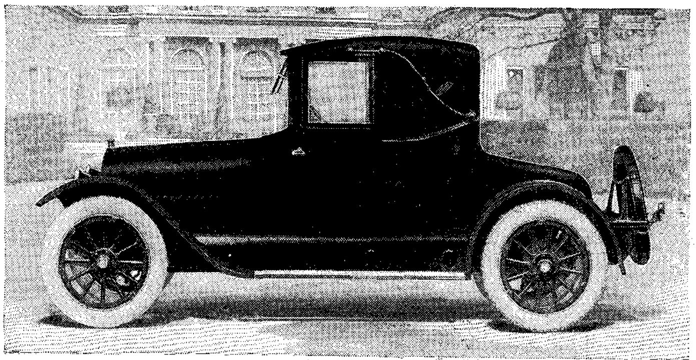

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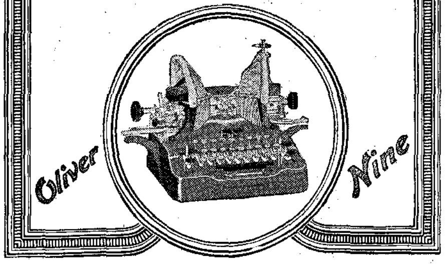

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1916	*Applications for Help*	*Applied For*	*Applicants for Places*	*Referred to Employment*	*Actually Employed*
Jan.	933	5,063	15,015	4,300	3,419
Feb.	1,423	6,413	14,257	5,036	4,185
Mar.	3,443	10,209	19,484	8,113	7,030
Apr.	3,805	12,104	13,498	8,843	7,653
May	4,918	21,326	17,614	12,938	11,453
June	4,826	17,402	18,824	13,839	11,960
July	5,488	23,657	24,058	17,608	16,309

"In the last three months given in the table employers asked for 62,026 workers, while only 60,496 applications for work were received. This is just the reverse of the normal situation. In the three months ended with July, 1915, for example, there were 44,723 applications for employment and only 16,092 workers were applied for. The job is seeking the worker instead of the worker seeking the job. Tho there are disadvantages, that is a condition which, on the whole, is much the more desirable. It is certainly better to have too many jobs than too many workers.

"Of the 327 strikes and lockouts reported in July, exactly two-thirds occurred in Pennsylvania, New York, Massachusetts, Ohio, Connecticut, and New Jersey. It is significant that manufacturing is largely centered in these six States and that they are also the ones which have received the bulk of war-orders. The chief causes of disputes were demands for higher wages, resulting in 102 strikes, and for increases of wages and decreases of hours, which were responsible for thirty-five disputes. Demands for recognition of unions were also fruitful as a source of industrial strife."

THE GROWTH OF OUR URBAN POPULATION

Some further statistics as to the drift of population in this country from the country to the city were presented in a recent Census Bureau Report. Figures show that this drift has now covered a period of a century and a quarter, or from 1790 to the present time, 1790 being the year in which the first census of population was taken. Since that time the drift has been practically uninterrupted. In 1790 cities were extremely rare in this country. Only one had a population of more than 30,000. This was New York City, which had at that time 33,131 inhabitants. Next came Philadelphia with 28,500, and then Boston with 18,320. In the entire country there were only 3,929,214 people. The Census Bureau's figures, as summarized in *Bradstreet's*, contain other interesting data:

"Ten years later, that is, in 1800, when the population of the country had increased to 5,308,483, there were only two cities with a population in excess of 30,000 each, and their inhabitants together numbered 101,735, or 1.9 per cent. of the total, or more than double the proportion noted in 1790. In 1850, when the population of the country had grown to 23,191,876, the cities of over 30,000 inhabitants had increased to nineteen, with a total population of 1,703,302, or 7.3 per cent. of the whole. In that year New York was still the largest city, having 515,547 people within its limits.

"In 1910, or sixty years after the last-mentioned date, the population numbered 91,972,266. The number of cities of 30,000 inhabitants or over had meanwhile grown to 184, with a total population of 27,316,407, or 29.7 per cent. of the whole. Finally, in 1915, with an estimated population of 100,399,318 on July 1 of that year, the number of cities in the 30,000 class had grown to 204, and their aggregate number of inhabitants was 31,168,150, or 31 per cent. of the entire number for the country. To put the net result of the comparisons in

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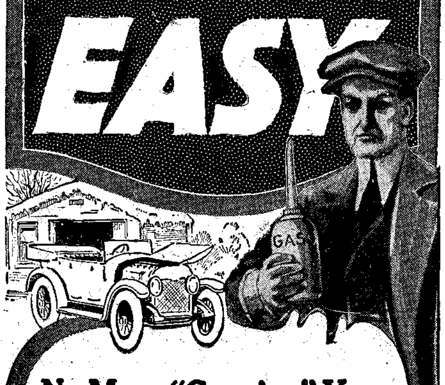

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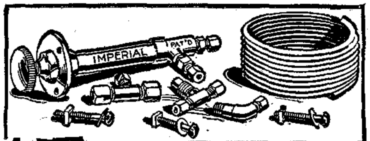

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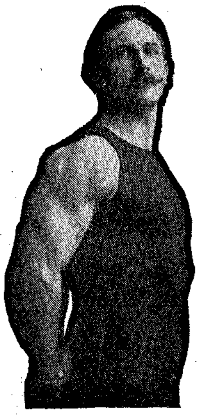

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another way, the population of the cities of 30,000 inhabitants, which was less than a tenth of the whole number of the country's inhabitants in 1790, was not far from one-third in 1915.

"Some striking figures indicative of the importance of the fiscal operations of cities appear in the report. For example, it appears that the net Governmental costs of the 204 cities reported on for 1915 amounted to $1,057,125,696, a figure which exceeded that for the United States Government by $9,290,729, or .9 per cent. Complete statistics for the 204 cities are, however, not available for a series of years. The first year for which financial statistics were compiled by the Census Bureau was 1902, when, of course, the number of cities having 30,000 inhabitants was considerably smaller than at present. For the years since that date, however, comparative statistics are available for 146 cities. For these cities the net governmental cost payments amounted in 1915 to $996,061,502. This sum was less by $51,773,465 than the net governmental cost payments of the National Government for that year, tho, as has been said, the total of the latter was less than that for the whole number of 204 cities. For purposes of comparison, however, it will be more convenient to use the figures for the smaller number of cities, particularly where the relative burden per head of population is in question. It appears that during the years from 1903 to 1915, inclusive, the total net cost payments of the National Government increased from $640,323,450, or $7.91 per capita, to $1,047,834,967, or $10.44 per capita. The net governmental cost payments of the 146 cities grew from $514,189,206, or $24.64 per capita, in 1903, to $996,061,502, or $34.53 per capita, in 1915. In other words, while the cost of the National Government increased by 32 per cent. in the interval, the cost of the 146 municipalities grew at the rate of 40.1 per cent.

"Turning now to the important question of governmental indebtedness, we find that while the net debt of the National Government increased from $925,011,637 in 1903 to $1,090,148,006, or 17.9 per cent., in 1915, the net debts of the 146 cities for which comparisons are available for the period increased from $933,004,632 to the remarkable total of $2,245,906,412, or more than double the amount of the national debt. The per capita burden of the national debt, in fact, showed a decrease, owing to the growth of population, from $11.44 in 1903 to $10.86 in 1915, while, on the other hand, the per capita debt of the cities considered increased from $44.71 in the first year to $77.86 in the last year mentioned, an increment of 74.1 per cent. These are striking comparisons, which, it may be said, suggest a closer study of municipal finance and the problems connected therewith than has yet been made."

NET RAILROAD EARNINGS OF A BILLION DOLLARS

With the completion returns of railway earnings for the year ending June 30, 1916, it became possible to arrive at a statement as to the year's net earnings by practically all roads. The year thus ended was the first in which the railroads of this country returned net earnings in excess of one billion dollars. A writer in the New York *Times Annalist*, with the official statistics before him, has had interesting comments to make on this showing:

"Gross operating revenues established a new record, the figures for Class 1 roads—those earning $1,000,000 or more gross annually—reaching $3,396,808,234, and while operating expenses, amounting to $2,220,004,233, were also considerably larger, they did not increase proportion-

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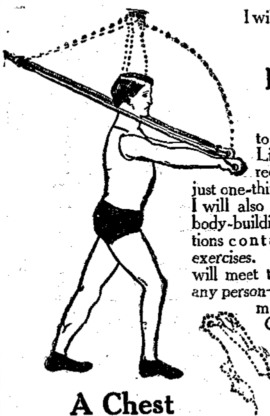

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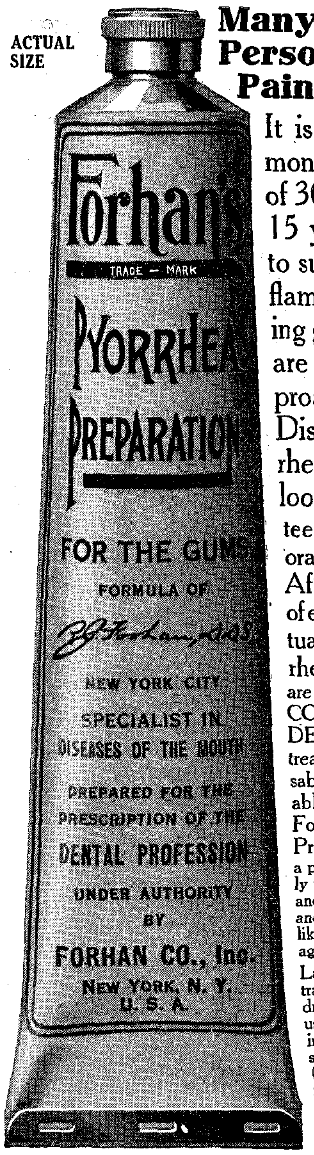
ately as much as the former. Consequently, net operating receipts, which aggregated $1,176,804,001 against $850,402,433 in the preceding year, gained relatively much more than did gross earnings. The net revenues from operation were so large that even after the deduction of tax accruals and uncollectible revenue, they still exceeded a billion dollars, the operating income being $1,029,241,804, establishing yet another record. On a per mile basis, net revenues from operation were $5,134, which was an increase of $1,371, or 36.5 per cent. Taxes, it may be noted, amounted to $146,754,477, an augmentation of several millions of dollars. Over a ten-year period the increase in this item amounts to approximately $66,000,000, or probably about as much as will be added to operating expenses if the eight-hour day is upheld by the courts. Freight traffic contributed $2,409,393,699 to the gross revenues, while passenger-service yielded $673,472,119; mails, $60,057,967; and express, $81,014,684 in gross earnings.

"But the figures for the fiscal year, remarkable as they are, do not make such an exhibit in prosperity as the returns for current months are almost sure to make. Net operating revenues for June, 1916, the last month of the fiscal year, were $103,481,443, or about 25 per cent. greater than in the corresponding month a year before. Preliminary estimates for July indicate still larger earnings for that month, and railroad people assert that gross earnings in August will undoubtedly exceed those of any previous month.

"Besides the enormous increase in the volume of business—and after some hesitation toward the middle of the year there are signs that the brake of excessive caution has been released to some extent and trade is again expanding—there are several other factors which are currently contributing toward the establishment of record railway earnings. Panama Canal traffic, suspended for some months owing to slides and recently resumed, has not yet attained full proportions, while no ships are available for the route around the Horn and in consequence transcontinental freight traffic is increased. Also, in the face of heavy exports of munitions and other materials to Russia, the operations of the Tehuantepec National Railway in Mexico are paralyzed. Ordinarily not a little coast-to-coast freight and export business from the Eastern seaboard to Asiatic and Australasian points takes that route. Now the whole, or practically the whole, of it follows the all-rail course to Pacific Coast ports and so helps to swell the volume of traffic handled by American carriers. The fact that there was a net shortage of freight-cars in the United States and Canada on September 1, with the peak of the crop-moving season still to come, is an indication of the trend of earnings.

"The rate increase which the Interstate Commerce Commission granted the railroads when business was checked by the outbreak of the European War is also an important factor in expanding earnings to new records. Under that decision a horizontal increase of 5 per cent. was allowed, save for traffic moving by lake and rail, and for anthracite coal, iron ore, bituminous coal and coke, and some other minor exceptions.

"Railroad officials estimate that in Trunk Line and Central Freight Association territory—that is, the territory north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi—freight-revenues are 2.8 per cent. larger under the present rates than they would be were the schedules ruling prior to December 18, 1914, still in force. Assuming that freight-earnings the country over were increased in that proportion, the higher rates must have accounted for about $66,000,000 of the gain in gross in the fiscal year 1916. Since the larger part of the traffic in commodities on which no in-



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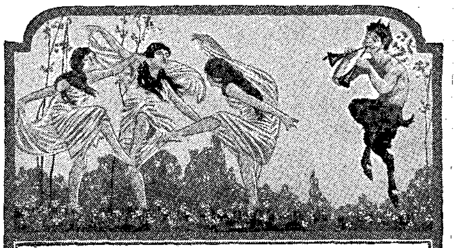

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creases were allowed is in the territory mentioned, it is probable, however, that the gain due to higher rates was substantially larger than the sum mentioned. Of course, almost all of the increase from that source would figure in net revenues."

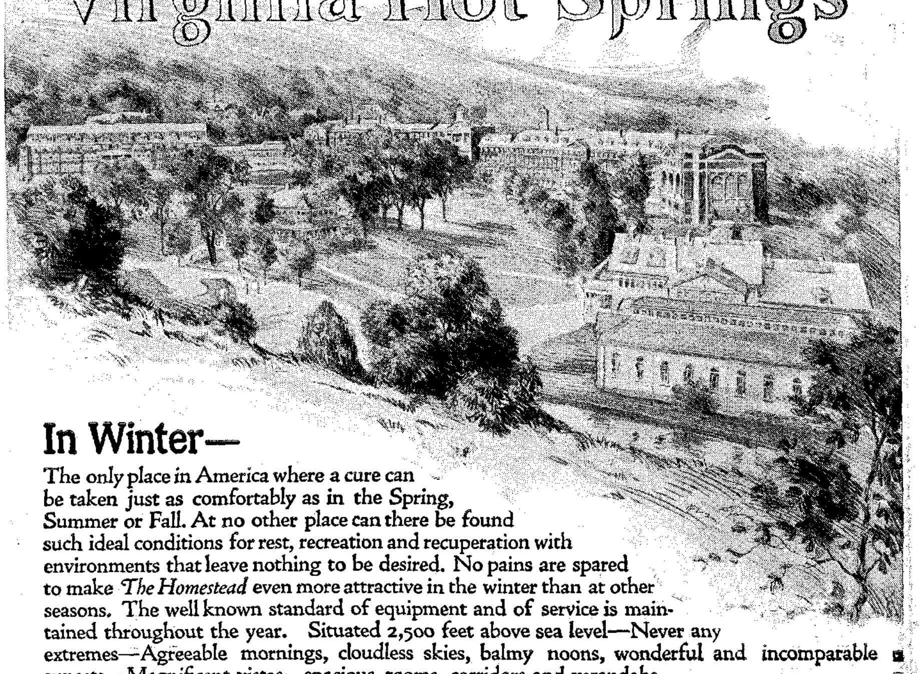
THIRTY YEARS OF THE TROLLEY

It is now little short of thirty years since the first successful trolley-line was put in operation in Richmond, Virginia. An earlier experiment had taken place at Baltimore, but it was not until the Richmond enterprise was started that the trolley was placed on a commercial basis. It had been predicted before this that electrically propelled vehicles would be found impractical when used on city streets. How completely the pessimists have been suppresst no one need now be informed. Frank J. Sprague, who installed the successful system at Richmond, is still living and in practise in this city as a civil engineer. Nor is he yet an old man, having been born in 1857. A writer in *Bradstreet's* makes a few comments on the subject, apropos of a recent address made by Mr. Sprague at a convention in Atlantic City:

"The industry has prospered to such an extent that there are, in terms of money, some $6,000,000,000 invested in it; over 300,000 men find employment in the enterprise, and the gross earnings of the industry approximate $600,000,000 per annum. Yet this is the industry in which interest was wholly academic at the time the association was organized, and, in fact, for a few years thereafter.

"Indeed, these street-railway men knew much about horses; very little, however, did they know about the powerful force that was destined to supplant horses. It is related that a man who later came to be manager of one of the large electric railways of the country thus described the motor used in the Bentley-Knight experiments in Cleveland: 'It revolved rapidly, 1,200 revolutions a minute, and I asked what sort of a volcano it would make if it parted under the car, and was told that it would be terrible—that the pieces would travel two or three miles. It was a sort of nitroglycerin magazine.' A rush to adopt electricity followed the Richmond installation, and gave to the country in the our years following 1888, 900 miles, and n the fourteen years to 1902 more than 16,000 miles of electric railways."

Virginia Hot Springs



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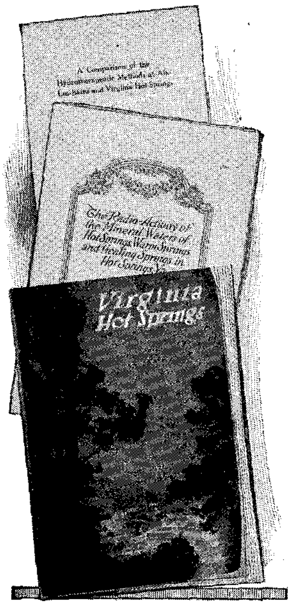

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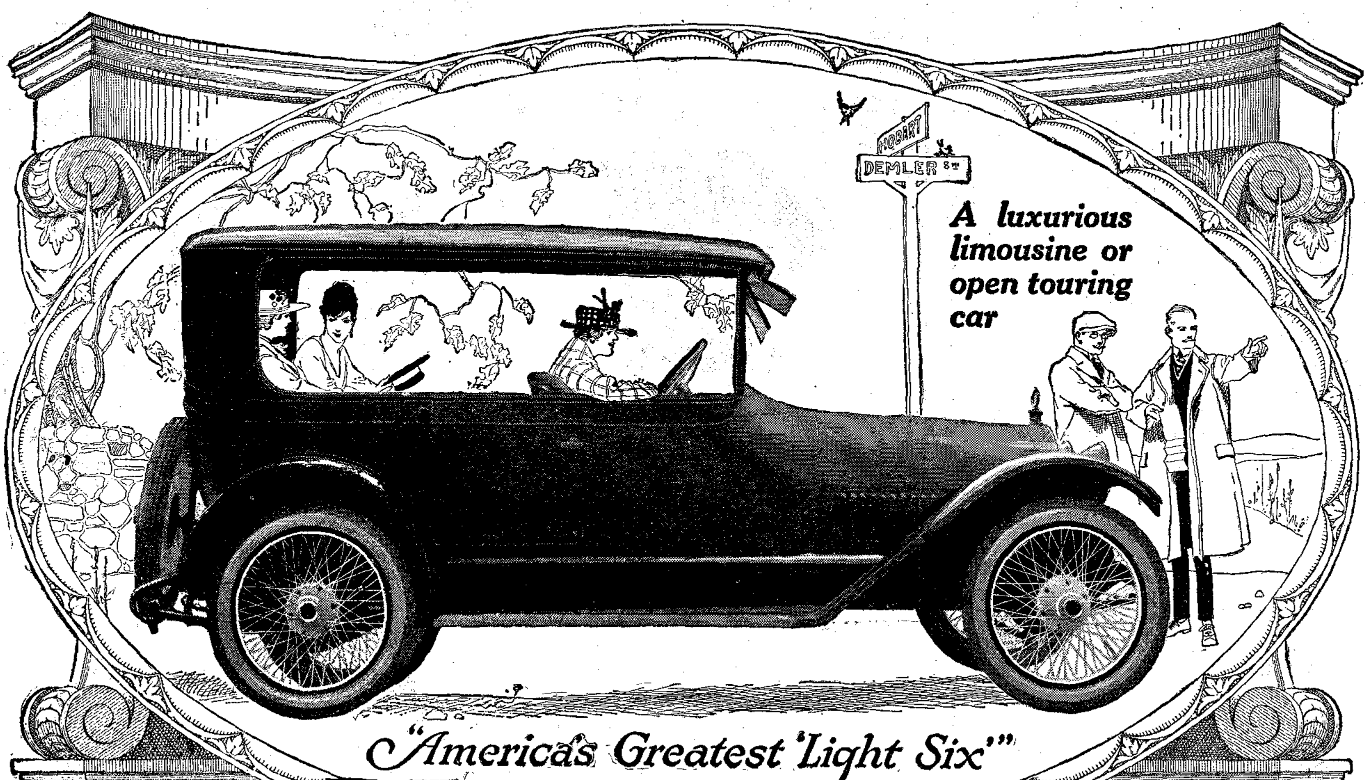
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